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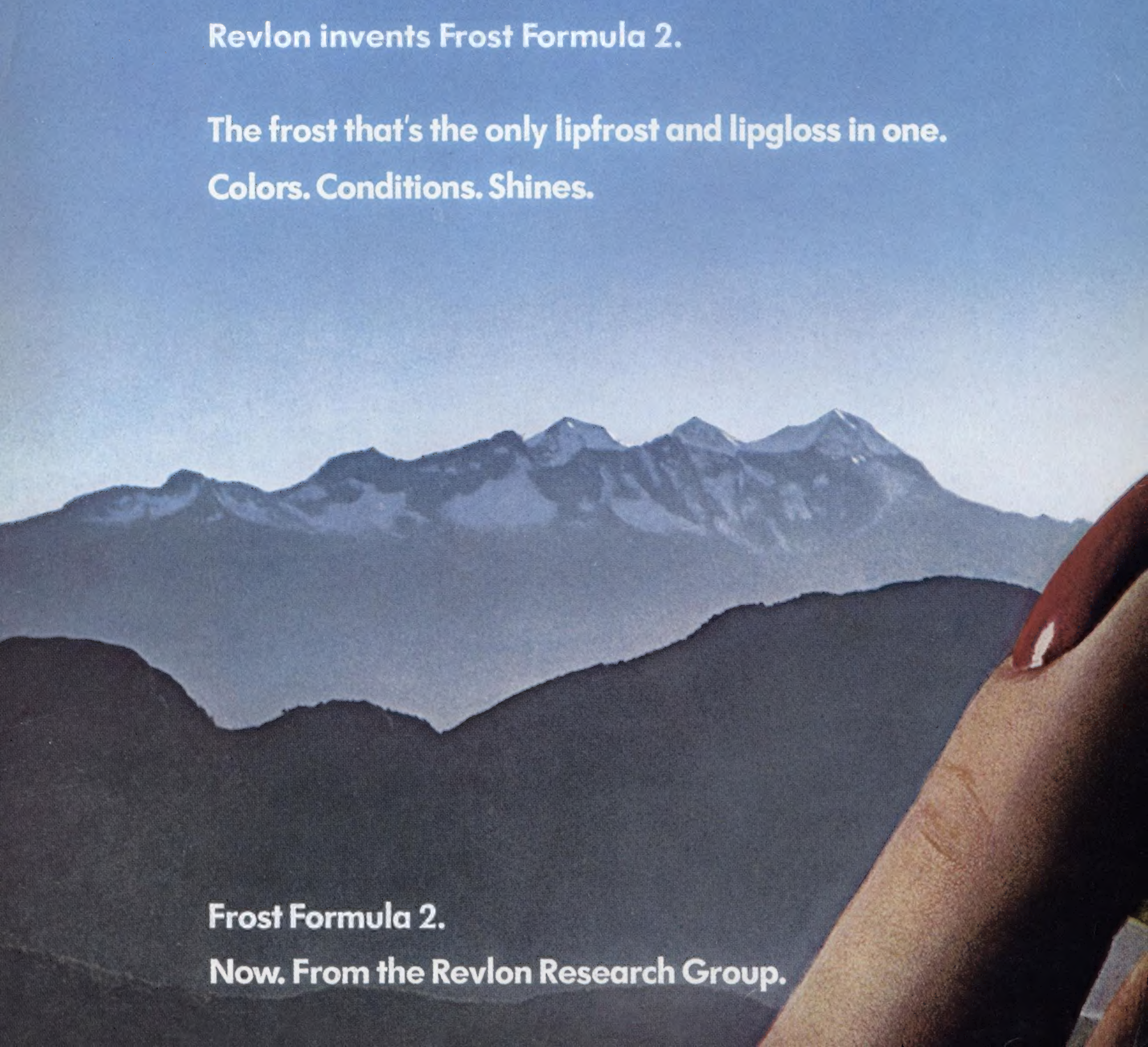
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ON OUR COVER Esmé and the lift of color—color with clarity! Makeup that's vibrant but soft . . . Cerise Le Stylo Shining LipColour, Red Sunset Blushing Creme . . . both from Lancôme's new Couleurs Du Cap Ferrat. Hair, Marc Pipino of Pipino-Buccheri Salon; makeup, Joey Mills. FASHION More clear brights in dressing . . . cerulean blue angora sweater by Joan Vass. Details, stores, page 215. Photograph, Patrick Demarchelier.

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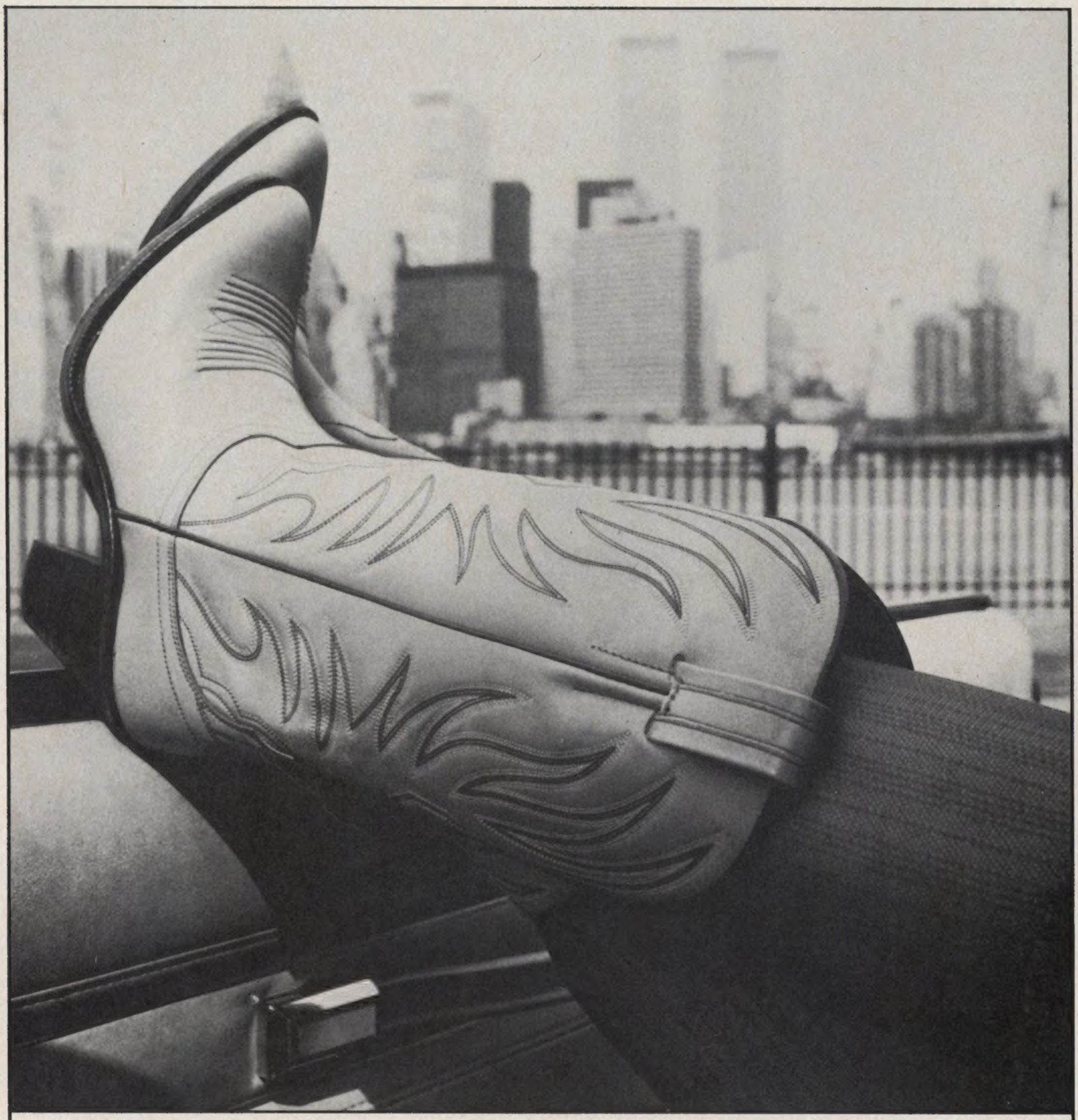
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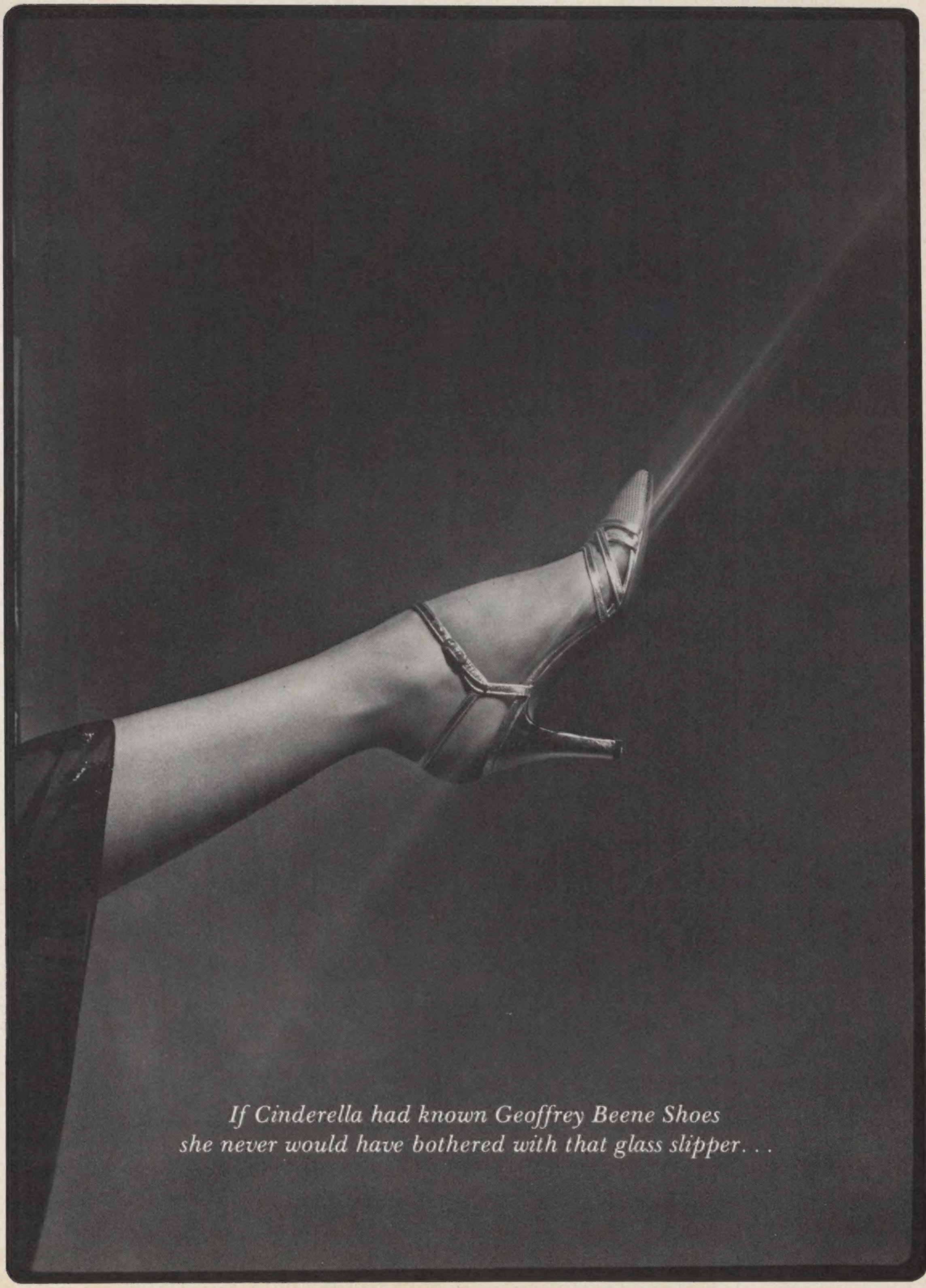
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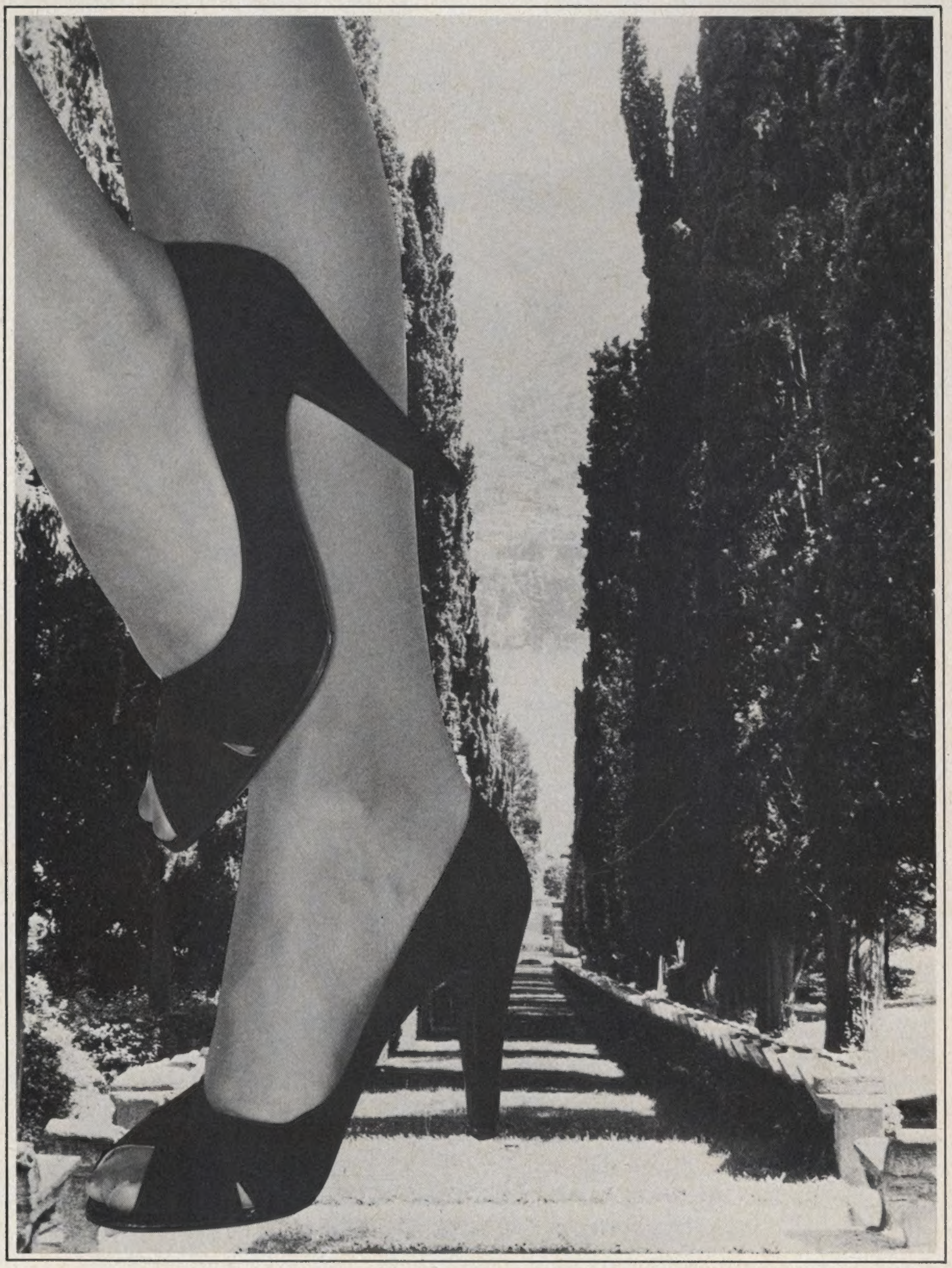
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Your Letters

Cycle and save

In your April issue of Vogue, stationary bicycles were highly promoted (page 112). Now that spring is here, and with our fuel shortage reaching crisis level, why don't you promote regular bicycles, thus providing exercise while running those errands within biking distance and saving fuel at the same time?

We must raise our consciousness regarding the use of automobiles and develop alternate methods of transportation, including bicycles and gas saving motorcycles. We must encourage state and federal governments to provide bike paths from suburbia to downtown, lowering gas consumption and perhaps even getting rid of a few "spare tires."

Thank you for your consideration.

Evelyn Allen
Tampa, FL

Reed's readers

By sheer coincidence I happened to read the review of the recent movie "The Deer Hunter" in the February issue of your magazine.

I would like to congratulate you on the erudition and skill of your employee, Mr. Rex Reed, who apparently is not capable of distinguishing between Polish and Ukrainian communities, and between the Roman Catholic and Orthodox churches!

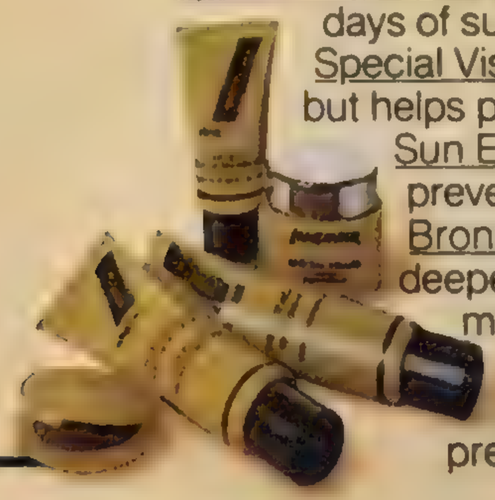
Wouldn't it be better if your magazine sticks just to fashion? T.A. Modro
Toronto, Canada

In response to Rex Reed's review of "The Promise" (April issue), "Fabulously done!"

Linda H. Sikel
Westwood, NJ

I like Rex Reed. I like his writing. I like his style. I don't like his review of *Hair* (May issue). I was sorry and disappointed to read so shallow an analysis, especially since *Hair* wasn't even the motivating force that drove Mr. Reed to write his article. What should have been a film critique told us less about Milos Forman's new movie than of Rex Reed's personal distaste for the 'sixties' flower children. Mr. Reed is too bright really to believe that Vietnam war protesters ... lacked brains or values. It took far less intelli-

(Continued on page 84)



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WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

Country auction finds—for city collectors...space-age TV...landmark lunches...home-town movie with heart

MOVIES

By Rex Reed

Lost and Found
Starring Glenda Jackson and George Segal; directed by Melvin Frank
When the creative process fails, Hollywood sends in the clones. Sequels, prequels, parts two, three, and four follow hit movies like desperate dogs chasing yesterday's soup bone. True to form, 1973's *A Touch of Class* is now undergoing the "Thanks For The Memory" bit with *Lost and Found.* Glenda Jackson once again bookends George Segal in a "romantic comedy" directed by Melvin Frank and scripted by him and Jack Rose. But if *A Touch of Class* was the juicy plum, *Lost and Found* is the dreary old prune—same fruit, same tree, but with all the fun and spontaneity dried out.

Segal, as an untenured English professor in a second-rate American college, goes skiing in Europe to forget the recent death of his



Lucky breaks for lovers George Segal, Glenda Jackson, in "Lost and Found"

wife. He meets the recently divorced Glenda Jackson by running her car off the road. They squabble viciously, part, then collide again on the slopes. Love comes while they hobble around the lodge in matching leg casts. (Do accident victims with broken legs stay on at ski lodges just for the hot buttered grog?) One demented sight gag follows another, the hokum designed for the kind of audience that still laughs at *Leave It To Beaver* reruns.

Back in the U.S., the newly married couple returns to his home—after a stopoff to visit Segal's mother (Maureen Stapleton). What follows is a cola-commercial concept of suburbia, coupled with June Allyson's version of campus life. Hollis McLaren, the girl from *Outrageous,* plays Segal's ex-girl friend; and talented Paul Sorvino is the New York cabbie who drops in on classes. These unlikely additions provide Glenda with more problems to cope with; but with this script, her hands are full already.

The logic behind *Lost and Found* is to conjure up, for fun and profit, more of that old Segal-Jackson chemistry. This time, there's a crack in the test tube.

Breaking Away
Directed by Peter Yates
What can you do with a movie that defies description? *Breaking Away* has no stars, no multimillion-dollar budget, no sex, no violence, no heavy heartrending message. It isn't based on a book, play, TV show, old movie recycled into new clichés, or the director's miserable childhood. Yet it is one of the most rapturously funny, totally unique, and eccentric film experiences of this or any other year, and you'd be dead wrong to miss it.

Breaking Away is about growing up in Indiana, bike racing, falling in love, wanting to be somebody, getting through the boredom of being a teenager without flipping out—and more. Dave (played with wit and string-bean charm by an enchanting young actor named Dennis Christopher) is a crazy Indiana teenager—maybe the most lovable victim of growing pains since Holden Caulfield and Frankie Addams. Dave lives near Indiana University, but he doesn't want to go to college. He'd prefer to be an Italian bike racer. Dave used to be as normal as pumpkin pie; but now he's different, and if you've never lived in a stifling small-town atmosphere, you don't know how tough that can be.

Dave, you see, shaves his legs to cycle better, plays Italian arias all day on the phonograph, and rides through town shouting "*Ciao, bambini!*" to the local kids. He even makes the sign of the cross to Santa Maria when he reads that the Italian bike team will be coming to race in Indianapolis. ("Oh, Dave, try not to become Catholic on us!" sighs his long-suffering mother, played with weary, resigned compassion by Barbara Barrie; you want to hug her.) Dave's poor father, a used-car dealer played with hilarious exasperation by Paul Dooley, is sick of "-ini" food—zucchini, linguine, fettucine—and would give his soul for a plate of greasy French fries.

This is a smashing movie about the summer they all grow up together, filmed with great affection and humor by Peter Yates. The final race, in which Dave wins the Little 500, is as exciting as any Olympic footage I've ever seen. *Breaking Away* is so fresh and wonderful that you might not be able to describe it adequately either. But you'll have a swell time trying.

ART

By David Bourdon

Perceptions and Evocations:
The Art of Elihu Vedder
The Brooklyn Museum, N.Y.; through July 8
One of the significant developments of the past decade has been the massive reevaluation of nineteenth-century art. While the modernist Manet-to-Cezanne mainstream still flows, scholars increasingly turn their backs on Impressionism to scrutinize lesser-known tributaries and backwaters. Consequently, we recently have witnessed the revivals of many long-scorned movements and reputations: Gérôme, Bouguereau, French



"A Soul in Bondage" by Elihu Vedder: his art has returned to haunt us

art during the Second Empire, Victorian "High Renaissance" painting, and Symbolist painting in Europe.

American nineteenth-century painting similarly has been ransacked to resurrect neglected figures. The latest beneficiary of this search is Elihu Vedder (1836-1923), a painter of serene Italian landscapes as well as disturbing, visionary scenes inspired by Biblical, mythological, and allegorical sources. Vedder was born in New York but acquired much of his training and taste in Europe between 1856 and 1861. He spent the Civil War years in New York, supporting himself by illustrating books and magazines and designing valentines. During that difficult period he also created some of his most haunting paintings, including "The Lair of the Sea Serpent" (resembling a colossal eel sprawled across sand dunes) and "The Questioner of the Sphinx" (a man kneeling in the desert, his ear pressed to the stone lips of the enigmatic creature).

After the War, Vedder returned to Europe, to Italy. He attained widespread acclaim in the 1880s for his illustrations and overall book design for *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*; and, during the following decade, he received important mural commissions—notably for the Library of Congress.

Vedder painted fleshy Michelangelesque figures in a dreamy illustrational style that has affinities to the work of England's Edward Burne-Jones and France's Gustave Doré. While some of Vedder's work is too stagy and melodramatic by today's standards, he did succeed in creating several memorable images that are persistently provocative and even foreshadow later Surrealism. This intriguing exhibition, containing approximately three hundred and fifty items, presents an in-depth view of a fascinating figure who was remarkably unresponsive to the modernist impulses of his time and who chose, instead, to enter mysterious, enigmatic territory.

(What's News, continued on page 25)

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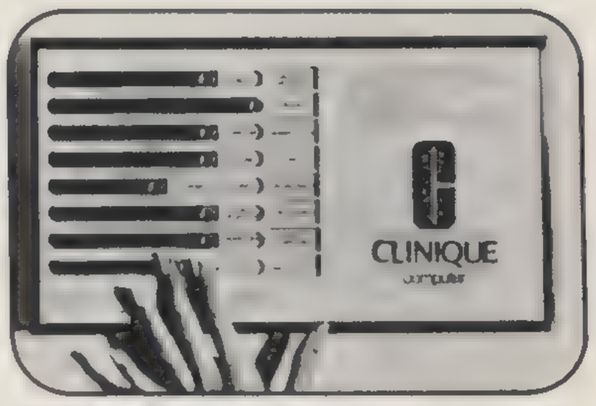
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WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

Murals without Walls, Arshile Gorky's Aviation Murals Rediscovered
The Memorial Art Gallery, University of Rochester, Rochester, New York; June 30 through August 19
Unlike Giorgione and Venice, Arshile Gorky and Newark are not among the more obvious artist-city combinations that come to mind. When one thinks of the Armenian-born painter who played a pivotal role in the development of the New York School during the 1930s and '40s, one is more inclined to remember his opulent "Garden in Sochi" series rather than anything he painted in the Garden State. But the fact remains that Gorky joined the Works Progress Administration/Federal Art Project in the mid-1930s and received a commission to paint some fifteen hundred square feet of murals for Newark Airport's Administration Building.

Gorky painted a total of ten panels, all on canvas that was later glued to the walls. Each wall had its own theme: Early Aviation, Modern Aviation, Activities on the Field, and Mechanics of Flying. Gorky abstracted many of his forms from aeronautical equipment. Photographs of the mural ensemble, which was completed in 1937, suggest that it was extremely bold and energetic.

Unfortunately, Newark Airport was commandeered during World War II by the U.S. War Department. By the time the airport was transferred from Federal control to the Port Authority in 1948, the murals had disappeared. A few months later, the artist, unstrung by personal tragedies, took his own life.

In 1972, art historian Ruth Bowman spearheaded a search for the murals. The building still existed, though its name and function had changed and much of its interior had been remodeled. One of the mural sleuths finally noticed an exposed thread on the east wall of the foyer. Tests revealed that the east wall murals were still in place—under fourteen layers of paint. The two panels, removed in 1976 and scrupulously restored, are from the Mechanics of Flying wall. The larger contains abstract forms that represent a thermometer, a hygrometer, and an anemometer. The small panel features a distorted white shape that represents a map of the United States, embellished with a dotted-line drawing signifying major cities and flight routes. Together, they provide considerable insight into Gorky's stylistic development, revealing that he had assimilated fully the lessons of Synthetic Cubism and was working his way through Léger and Miró to arrive at an original solution.

It is difficult not to have mixed feelings about this show: pleasure in the recovery of two murals, dismay that the rest became casualties of bureaucratic indifference. Both Gorky and Newark deserved better. The show travels to Washington DC, Chicago, Houston, Newport Beach, and New York City.

MORE ART:

New Handmade Furniture: American Furniture Makers Working in Hardwood: You don't have to be a connoisseur of burls, veneers, and ingenious joinery to appreciate the craftsmanship and design of these fifty-odd works, the premiere exhibition in the new New York location of the American Craft Museum, formerly the Museum of Contemporary Crafts. Through July 15, then on tour.

BOOKS

By Allene Talmey

The White Album
By Joan Didion (Simon and Schuster)
In this unique and striking volume, Joan Didion (*A Book of Common Prayer*) tells us about her life—a "story without a narrative"—and her experience of the 'sixties and 'seventies. Didion begins this account by telling how, in California during the summer of 1968, she was diagnosed as having "alienated herself almost entirely from the world of other human beings," then was named a "Woman of the Year" by *The Los Angeles Times.*


Author Joan Didion: telling truths about the 1960s and '70s in "The White Album"

Among the most inviting segments of this book are Didion's shocking portraits of Georgia O'Keeffe—"a hard woman"—and Doris Lessing, who, once she has "collared" an idea, "worries it with Victorian doggedness." Didion also takes a sharp, unflinching look at the Women's Movement. One remarkable essay focuses on the enigma of Bishop James Pike, whose brother-in-law found him lying dead in the Israeli desert and prayed for the assistance of God, Jim Jr. (Pike's dead son), and Edgar Cayce. Says Didion: "I think I have never heard of a more poignant trinity."

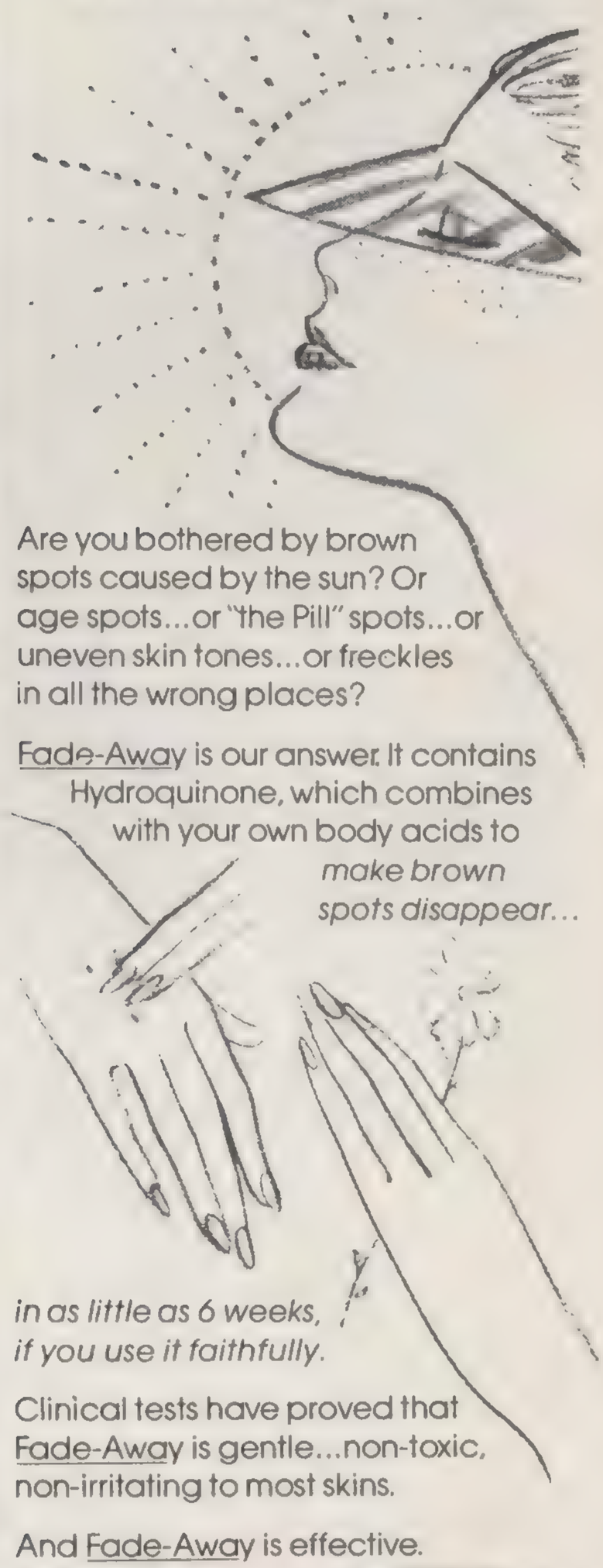
The Dog of the South
By Charles Portis (Alfred A. Knopf)
In this lumpy delight, his first novel since *True Grit*, Charles Portis has written a funny, sad, picaresque story of American innocents. As the story begins, the narrator, a good-natured, unheroic man named Ray Midge, tells us: "My wife, Norma, had run off with Guy Dupree and I was waiting around for the credit-card billings to come so I could see where they had gone." With no ill will, Midge follows them from Little Rock to British Honduras. In the course of his adventures—and misadventures—Midge, like Everyman, encounters every conceivable sort of character. The most memorable among them (and the hero of the story): a busted-down bus, "The Dog of the South" itself. Portis has written a freewheeling, happily aimless novel, full of surprises and charms.

Martha: A Biography of Martha Mitchell
By Winzola McLendon (Random House)
In this fascinating but disturbing book, Winzola McLendon, a reporter and a close friend of Martha Mitchell's, gives an uncompromising picture of this outspoken, irrepressible, difficult woman "whose greatest desire was to be accepted, loved and most of all needed." Her destiny: to be rejected by her husband, to

(What's News, continued on page 26)



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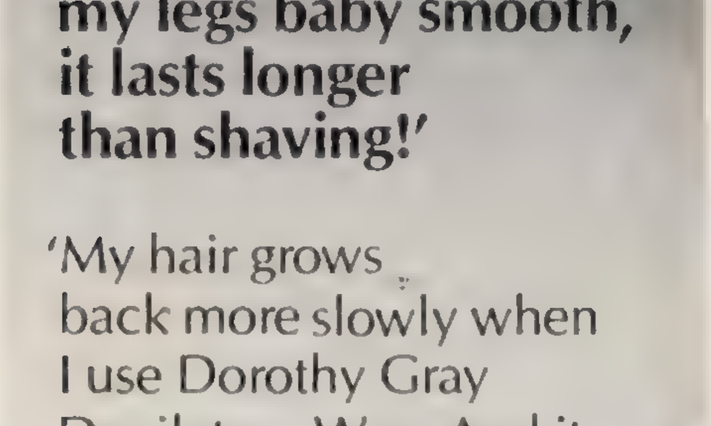
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Dorothy Gray Depilatory Wax.

WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

be debased by the political establishment, and to die alone.

Among Martha Mitchell's insuperable troubles—including the repercussions from having been the first to demand Richard M. Nixon's resignation as President—was the probability she had dyslexia, a disability that apparently caused her to misread and mispronounce words. Characteristically, Martha was infuriated by the suggestion that there might be something wrong with her.

A pretty, somewhat bubble-headed, but essentially smart woman, Martha Mitchell was always potential trouble for the Nixon Administration. After Watergate, "... they wanted no part of this woman who said what she thought and had it come through as the truth."

John Mitchell left her on September 10, 1973, and reappeared only at her funeral in 1976. Sometime later, Richard Nixon told David Frost on television: "If it hadn't been for Martha, there'd have been no Watergate."

RECORDINGS

By David Sargent

Although both "retired" from active rock performing five years ago, Brian Eno and Robert Fripp remain powerful creative forces—not only in the rock world but in the world of serious avant-garde music as well. In fact, their work amounts to about as telling a case as there is for the viability of a genuine fusion music, the kind that appeals at once to classical music lovers and to at least some pop-music fans.

Fripp was the founder of King Crimson, perhaps the most influential of all the early 1970s' British progressive rock bands. Eno co-founded Roxy Music, which filled a similar role in those years. But both became disenchanted with the rock-star life; they quit their bands in 1974 and 1973, respectively, and made a couple of duet albums together, Fripp on electric guitar and Eno on synthesizer. Since then, both men have worked with David Bowie on his albums. But what's been really fascinating is their own work, both as composers and as producers of the music of others.

Fripp produced not only what some feel is the best pop record of the year so far—*The Roches* (Warner Bros.)—but also a little-known Daryl Hall solo album that is quite remarkable. Fripp has also come forth with a deeply personal, hauntingly evocative solo album called *Exposure* (Polydor), and is preparing disks of his *Frippertronics*—dreamy improvisations for electric guitar and a tape-loop delay system—and of his own progressively strange disco music.

Eno's recent releases (he's already put out several solo albums that are prized by progressive rock fans) include his productions of *Talking Heads* and *Devo*—two of the finest of all new-wave rock records—plus a bizarre but strangely effective compendium of four "no-wave" New York minimalist art-rock bands called *No New York* (Antilles). From Eno himself: a second and superior collaboration with a German progressive band called Cluster (an import), plus two solo avant-garde albums, *Music for Films* (Antilles) and *Music for Airports* (Ambient-PVC). All of this music is lulling, hypnotic. Both Eno and Fripp are interested in music as the subtext for meditation. Fripp is more overtly mystical, while Eno's mysticism lurks just beneath the surface.

If these two artists weren't "rock stars," their work would be seen clearly as important in the realm of "serious" experimental music. As it is, they aren't taken at all that seriously by our new-music establishment (which, actually, will not take *most* interesting music seriously), and such shortsightedness is rapidly eroding the establishment's credibility. Eno and Fripp represent a new kind of avant-garde music, one that keeps on winning adherents among composers and audiences alike.

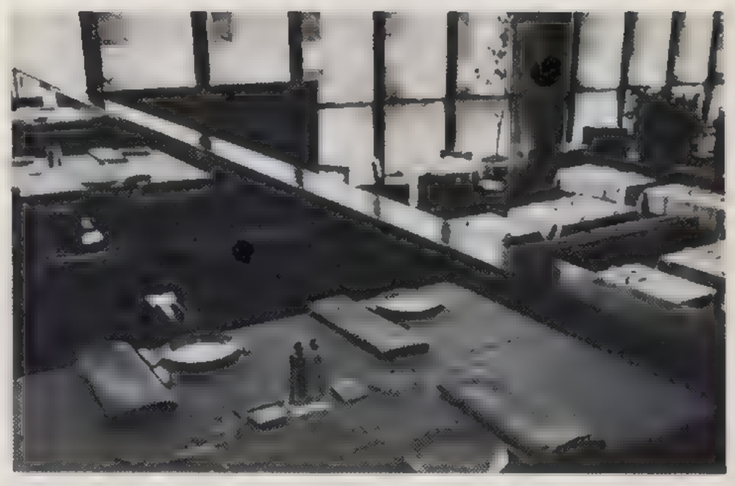
MORE RECORDINGS:

Franz Schubert in historischen Schallplatten-aufnahmen (EMI-Electrola). This five-disk set translates as "Schubert in historic recordings": cherishable performances from Germany in the 1930s, 1940s, and early 1950s by some remarkable instrumentalists and singers. Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros.). A jazzish new singer-songwriter, somewhere between Joni Mitchell, Laura Nyro, and Valerie Carter: most promising.

(What's News, continued on page 29)

WHERE TO EAT NOW

The Four Seasons



Manhattan's The Four Seasons, celebrating its twentieth anniversary, is a landmark—architecturally (Philip Johnson with the cooperation of Mies van der Rohe), in the details of its table appointments (Garth and Ada Louise Huxtable), in its service techniques—and gastronomically. You eat marvelously well at The Four Seasons, both in the elaborate Pool Dining Room and The Bar Room: one kitchen fuels the duo.

Our concern is with The Bar Room, (*right*). This two-level, elegant space is very large, and it is this amplitude which, paradoxically, makes for privacy at the widely placed tables. The starry customers (lots of book world lunch here) love it. They also love such dailies as the razor-thin *paillards* (veal, beef, chicken) swiftly grilled to a zebra-striped perfection, the crisp stir-fried vegetables, the gossamer herb-fragrant sauces, the sherbets: kiwi, grapefruit, a strawberry that tastes like the fresh fruit itself.—Leo Lerman

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Because we have an extraordinary new pigment that bonds rich creme color with a soft colored frost. Together they glow so smoothly, they give your lips a natural lustre.

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Of course, great color isn't the only thing you want in a lipstick. That's why we made Natural Lustre Lipstick very moist. So it glides onto your lips.

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Aziza Natural Lustre Lipstick. The only lipstick with creme color and color frost for a truly lustrous mouth.



Aziza Natural Lustre Lipstick
by Prince Matchabelli

WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

TV

By Diane English

Heavens on earth: TV for the 1980s

While television remains in the midst of its annual summer doldrums, thoughts turn to the future. Certainly, one of the most exciting and ambitious television undertakings com-



Space/craft from Carl Sagan's "Cosmos": "effects that put 'Star Wars' to shame"

ing up is a thirteen-part, $8 million effort by Pulitzer Prize-winning man-of-science, Carl Sagan, Ph.D., to rekindle America's interest in science. *Cosmos* is a cooperative effort by Sagan and KCET in Los Angeles; the BBC; and West Germany's Polytel International, with Adrian Malone (*The Ascent of Man*) serving as executive producer and co-writer.

It is undoubtedly the most expensive and elaborate of all PBS programming to date. And with a $2 million advertising budget—plus special effects to put *Star Wars* to shame—one can safely predict that in 1980, when the series premieres, *Cosmos* will be the television event of the year.

Cosmos comes to us at a particularly important time. In the past decade, science education has taken a back seat to the Three R's, and Americans have developed a distinct distrust of technology. In 1980, *Cosmos* will provide a much-needed introduction to a wondrous new era.

As host of the series, Dr. Sagan will take us on a tour of the earth and the universe. Film crews have spent the past year in far-flung parts of the globe, from India to Egypt to Death Valley—which doubles as the Martian surface. Elaborate sets have been constructed, such as the room-size model of the human brain which Sagan strolls through.

The program also explores such topics as the origin of life, robots, Martian canals, time travel, black holes, the collision of continents, and a myriad of other things that Carl Sagan says form a "framework" for the universe. The program's goal? As Sagan explains it: "We want to portray science as a joy—as a fundamental human endeavor—in a visually exciting way."

(What's News, continued on page 30)

Achievement

She is going to become a writer. Should she create fiction... biography...children's books... or even movie scripts? For now, it's time to familiarize herself with all kinds of writing... and she's doing it comfortably in a skirt and blouse by Cacharel.

Cacharel sizes 4-14

Blouse in blue or white $25.00

Skirt has three different shades of blue print flowers and a drawstring waist $60.00

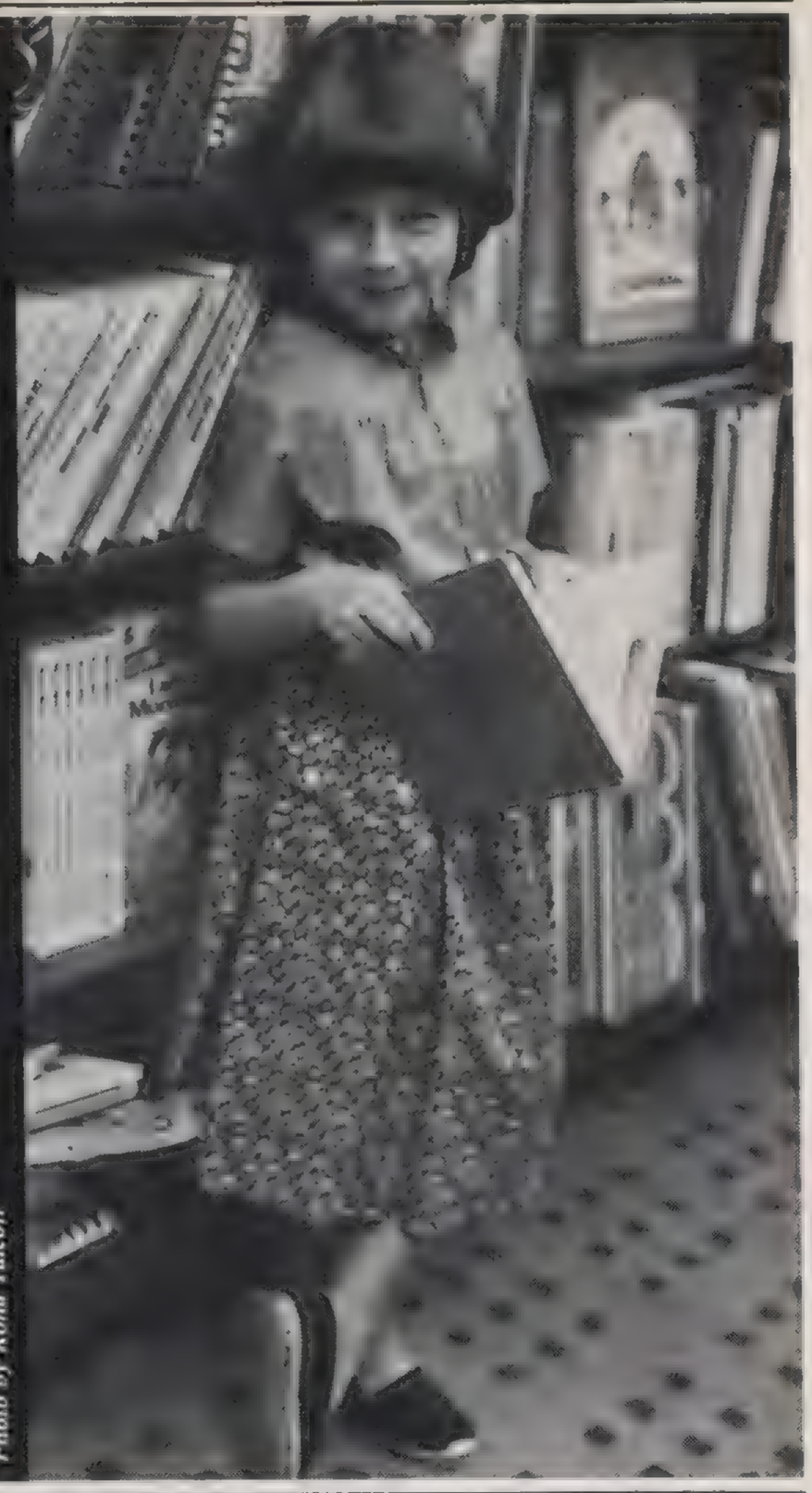
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Photo by Rona Talcott



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WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

COLLECTING

By Judith Goldman

City quality— at country prices

Auctioneer Robert Skinner used to collect Victorian pincushions: handpainted velvet bananas, grapes, apples, oranges with extraordinary patinas. Until last year, when a lot of seven pincushions brought $550, the strange fruits were easy to acquire for a dollar or two. Three dollars was high.

What's left undiscovered, unappreciated? Less and less. According to Richard A. Bourne, proprietor of the Hyannis auction house that sets records for American duck decoys, "Last season's high price has become this season's good buy." Down the Cape, neighboring auctioneer Robert C. Eldred in East Dennis agrees. "There isn't much of quality that hasn't been discovered." Even wicker prices keep rising. A chair that cost $30 two years ago now sells for $150; a small love seat brings $300. Rural bargains grow harder to find. However, when the love seat arrives in town, its price will have tripled. One can still beat city prices at country sales.

There is general agreement that Richard Withington of Hillsboro Center, New Hampshire, runs the best country sales. Mr. Withington is the dean of country auctioneers, and he is known for his honesty, hospitality, and quality goods. In the last thirty years, Withington has conducted over sixteen hundred sales; and his big annual auction, always held on the first Friday after the Fourth of July, is like a party.

To Withington, a big sale is a quality sale. Quality means older antiques: Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Queen Anne. Now sixty-one years old, Mr. Withington sells what he likes. He says he does not want to die selling junk.

This summer, look for Early American advertising illustrations; *Collier's, Life,* and *Saturday Evening Post* covers from the 1920s; turn-of-the-century botanical prints—still modestly priced, the handcolored lithographs are splendidly decorative. Think about first editions by William Steig and James Thurber; American Empire furniture; nineteenth-century American glass, particularly early pressed glass; contemporary American crafts; all small things—snuff boxes, jewelry, spoons, miniature paintings.



Fine Americana—such as this carved pine carousel horse—still sells for less at country sales

As prices continue to spiral, avoid such trends as the new markets in nineteenth-century minor American painters, overpriced Victoriana. If you can afford it, this summer buy quality—for example, an antique silk Persian rug, or Queen Anne cherrywood side chairs.

MORE COLLECTING:

For this summer's New England auction schedules: Read "The Newtown Bee" (Newtown, Connecticut); "Maine Antique Digest" (Waldoboro, Maine), and the "Boston Sunday Herald." Richard A. Bourne in Hyannis, Massachusetts, holds his annual Decoy Sale on July 10 and 11; Robert C. Eldred Co. Inc., in East Dennis, Massachusetts, sells fine Americana, silver, furniture, and Oriental rugs on August 2; Robert W. Skinner Inc., of Bolton, Massachusetts, sells major Americana some time in July.



Merle Park and Anthony Dowell dance the Royal Ballet's "Swan Lake": "etiquette prevails on stage, as in life"

DANCE

By Holly Brubach

Russian classics: the Royal treatment

We rewrite history to confirm the importance of the age in which we live. Now that Michel Fokine, George Balanchine, and others have turned the creative tradition in this century away from ballets based on a narrative structure to more "abstract," or plotless, forms, the nineteenth-century classics are being reexamined for their "pure dance" values—to the exclusion of plot, character, and mime. Some ballet companies, in fact, seem vaguely embarrassed by the conventions of a make-believe plot and storybook scenery, and many Swan Queens now choose to omit the longer mime speeches and substitute passages of "pure dancing" instead. But, while it is true that *The Nutcracker's* "The Waltz of the Flowers" or the *divertissements* from "Aurora's Wedding" in *The Sleeping Beauty* can stand on their own merits, the revisionists in search of the trees have overlooked the enchanted forest: *The Nutcracker, The Sleeping Beauty,* and *Swan Lake* are, above all, literary ballets that trace the passage from girl- to womanhood with sensitivity and insight.

These three ballets were never intended as a trilogy, but they are bound by a common vision of woman and of the world. All are the work of Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky in collaboration with choreographer Marius Petipa and—on *The Nutcracker* and *Swan Lake*—his assistant, Lev Ivanov, at St. Petersburg's Maryinsky Theatre in the early 1890s.

Today, it would seem that the company best suited to these Russian classics is England's Royal Ballet, which tours the United States and Canada this month with a fine *Swan Lake* and the best *Beauty* in the world. What makes these productions so compelling is their depiction of characters in the context of society; Princess Aurora knows that *The Sleeping Beauty* is not her coming-out party, or even her quest for love, but a tug-of-war between the forces of good and evil. Respect for rank and an attention to detail—where other companies succeed only in looking mannered, the Royal Ballet is well-mannered by nature. A sense of decorum pervades their dancing and their mime; etiquette prevails on stage, as in life.

In *The Sleeping Beauty,* we witness woman's coming-of-age. Notes on previous productions describe what must have been the most spectacular entrance ever devised for any ballerina: as the guests await the princess's arrival at her birthday celebration, she suddenly runs on and strikes an arabesque, framed by an arch of the colonnade. With this pose, we are given a vision of the woman who will be awakened in the third act. Then, still an impatient sixteen-year-old, she runs off and back on again, dancing, into the midst of the party. She is exuberant and loving—the "Rose Adagio," with its long balances and slowly turning promenades, displays Aurora's beauty at its most breathtaking. Like Clara in *The Nutcracker* and Odette in *Swan Lake,* she acts on her dignity and her hopes.

Staging *Beauty* successfully may well be a question of temperament: dignity and hope are hard to come by, even harder to sustain, but both are qualities the Royal Ballet claims by birthright. The British stage demeanor and a lavish decor conspire in this production with Tchaikovsky's most captivating score and luminous dances by Petipa to create a world in which we can wholeheartedly believe. Woman aspires to love, society to order: there'll always be *The Sleeping Beauty.*

MORE DANCE:

Off the beaten track: Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival in Becket, Massachusetts, July 3-August 25. A summer showcase for dance companies since the days of Denishawn.

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Above, Martex towel

Beauty Now

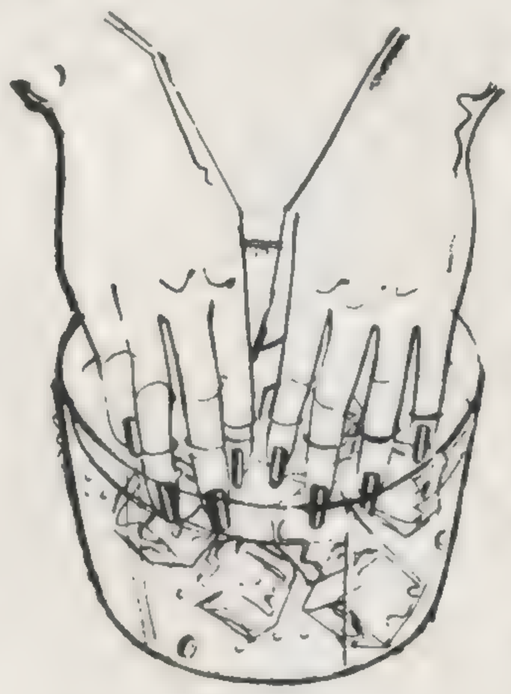
Summer hands and feet—special treatments, quick tips

That time of year when hands and feet come out from under cover: more exposure means doing away with roughness, doing more for protection. Where to start: with a good intensive treatment for conditioning nails. Regular manicures. Thorough pedicures. And . . .

Constant protection—*key to smooth hands and healthy cuticles in summer, all year round. Have on hand an all-purpose cream that conditions, combats roughness and hangnails. One that is a treat in summer: Bendyne's Living Nail Cuticle and Hand Cream. . . . Reminder: add a sunscreen—good way to prevent freckles. . . . The kind of skin care you get with a facial, for your hands: mix 2 tablespoons colorless Avigal Henna Natural with 1 teaspoon sunflower oil, heat to a comfortable temperature, smooth over hands and nails, leave on for 10 minutes—once a week. That's the recipe for the oil and henna treatment Ilana Harkavi does at her Il Makiage Salon (107 East 60th Street, NYC).*

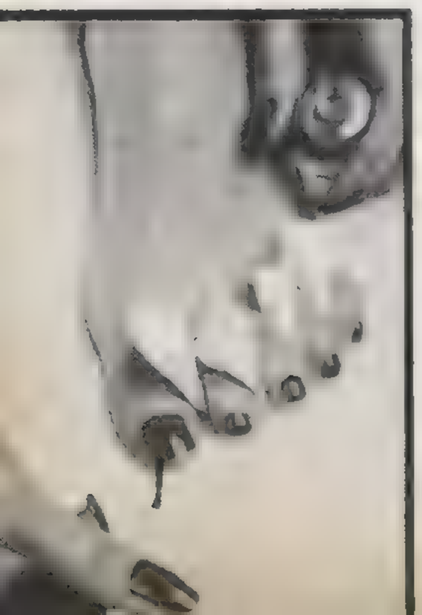


Time out to get your hands in shape: a weekday lunch-hour treatment at one of Orlane's salons. Hands are massaged with creams, then placed in special mitts. All you need for upkeep: Orlane's new Nail and Hand Care Collection, including the same cream they use in the salon. . . . Nails that take a beating in summer—with gardening, active sports—need help: a vitamin-and-protein cream called Life for Damaged Nails—worked into the cuticle to help make nails stronger, more supple. Write: Life Laboratories, Inc., 9380 San Fernando Road, P.O. Box 1279, Sun Valley CA 91352.

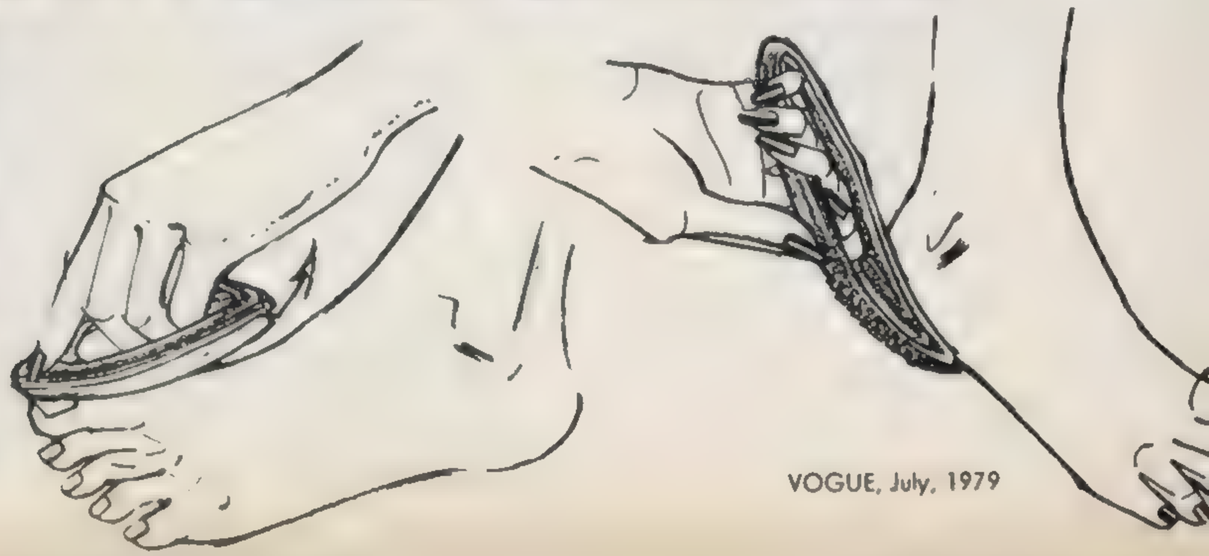


Plunge all ten fingers or toes into a bowl of ice water, *left*, to harden nail polish immediately—this tip is from Nina at the Elizabeth Arden Salon NYC. . . . Or, also quick: Lee Pharmaceuticals Nail Polish Dryer—prevents smears.

Summer heat often makes for swollen ankles. One remedy that works: rub with witch hazel under the ankle bone and on the ball of the foot—this tip from Aida Grey. Worth investigating: a cologne especially for feet, like Aida's Foothy, which takes down the swelling—she feels that regular formulas may be too drying. . . . If you're pounding hot city pavements this summer, favor your feet with a salon pedicure—Jessica's Nail Clinic, just opened at Bloomingdale's, has a great toenail and foot treatment. . . . And this tip from a friend with summer-smooth feet year-round: at night, massage in Ogilvie's Creme Conditioner.



Give yourself a pedicure (basic tools, *above*; the secret to non-smudged nails—cotton pads between toes—*left*). You'll need a buffer for rough skin, a smoother—both, *right*—along with a sloughing lotion and a refresher. Assembled in Jōvan's new Foot Care Kit. . . . Pro's technique: Nina of Elizabeth Arden, NYC, puts hand cream on a pumice stone and rubs the feet with a rotating motion till all the dead skin is removed. . . . To see you through a summer in sandals: Scholl's Pedicure Brush for cleansing around and under nails.



Now you can have naturally wavy hair whether you were born with it or not.



New Ogilvie Soft Body Wave.

The body wave professional enough to condition your hair before and after.

If nature didn't give you full, wavy hair or soft, bouncy curls, New Ogilvie Soft Body Wave will. Now your hair will always do what you want it to.

The fact is, Soft Body Wave is a new, soft, professional kind of perm that helps get your hair in better condition than other waves of its kind.

A first: Our Pre-Perm® Conditioner. The only body wave that includes a protein conditioner that helps get your hair in the best possible condition. A thoughtful, extra touch? We think it's more that that. Hair has to be in the best possible condition so it can get the best possible perm.

A first: Perm-Soft.™ Our After-Perm Conditioner. After any perm, no matter how gentle, your hair needs help to restore its natural pH balance and manageability. Only Soft Body Wave is professional enough to include that after-perm conditioner.

New Soft Body Wave, with unique conditioners, from Ogilvie. Now your hair will look naturally beautiful all the time. And have a natural, conditioned, silky feel, too.



OGILVIE Soft Body Wave

What your hairdresser does in the salon, Ogilvie does at home.

Between Us

Three who went nontrad... how to propose...women with a past...and some 1980s' boss-talk in NYC

By Lorraine Davis

LET'S GO NONTRAD

"Nontrad" isn't an Orkian word used by Mork; instead, it's the way to describe a job held by a woman in a field not traditionally female. To reach income parity with men, often women must turn to "male" jobs. When the conductor who punches your ticket on Conrail, the commuter lines fanning northward from New York City, is a woman, that's *nontrad*. Pat O'Leary, a forthright young woman of twenty-five, the first of two woman conductors now on this railroad (no women had manned the cars since World War II), says passenger reactions slowed her down at first (they wanted to know why her hat said "Trainman" instead of "Trainperson"); but the helpfulness of the older rail men has been outstanding, "like uncles."

Also in uniform and a first in her role, Beverly Kelley was chosen to command a ninety-five-foot Coast Guard cutter, with a male crew of fourteen, now stationed at Maui, Hawaii. At twenty-six, Beverly is a lieutenant junior grade, has experience in navigation, ship maneuvers, and giving commands: "It doesn't scare me at all."

Equally offbeat for a woman is the job handled by Marsha Green, a twenty-eight-year-old geologist who works for Gulf Oil Corporation. Two years ago, Marsha, who has a masters degree in geology, picked out a new and untapped gas field near Victoria, Texas. "It's been kind of exciting since then; people listen to you more."

Once as thoroughly male as any of these, the diamond business now has admitted a few woman dealers, including Ethel Blitz, who said, "If a woman can wear diamonds, then why can't a woman sell diamonds?" Hers is the fifth generation of her family in the diamond trade; but Ethel, who has her own firm at thirty-two and is the first woman member of New York's prestigious Diamond Dealer's Club and London's Diamond Trading Company, says this field is not for everyone: "You're gambling every single day.... Our ups and downs involve large amounts of money. I don't know if there are even many men around who want to take those risks."

WHO WE HAVE BEEN

Lacking knowledge of their own past, women often feel isolated, problems loom as personal ones. To show us that we, and women before us, have been strong solvers of community problems, providing for human needs often overlooked by the male Establishment, and to bring activists into an academic knowledge of their forebears, Women's Action Alliance, Incorporated, in cooperation with the Smithsonian Institution, this month is sponsoring an intensive seventeen-day course of study in women in American history. Invitations were sent to leaders of women's groups across the country; forty-five of these women—who will work out programs to take back to their groups' members—have been selected to take part in the Women in History Institute at Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, NY, starting July 14; their expenses will be paid by WAA through a grant from Lilly Endowment, Inc.

Three historians head the Institute faculty: Gerda Lerner, codirector of the masters program in Women's Studies and professor of history at Sarah Lawrence and author of *The Female Experience* and *Black Women in White America*; Amy Swerdlow, director of the American Historical Association's Institute for Women's History in Secondary Schools; Alice Kessler Harris, associate professor of history at Hofstra University and codirector of Center for the Study of Work and Leisure.

Info: Barbara Omolade, Women's Action Alliance, 370 Lexington Ave., NYC 10017; (212) 532-8330.

WOMAN PROPOSES . . .

When you next want to make a proposition, be it to a foundation to obtain a grant, to a client to buy a product, to a corporation to buy a service, or to your employers to improve your job, you might take some tips from Pat King, of Patricia King Associates, Inc., who has been designing and conducting training programs for companies for over six years. At a meeting of the New York Association of Women Business Owners, she outlined these Proposal Guidelines:

Objective: What you intend to accomplish or what problem you'll solve. Find out what is needed and offer to supply it.

Recommendation: What needs to be done and how you'll go about doing it.

Rationale: Why your course of action is best.

Methodology: Step-by-step description of what you plan to do.

Costs: Try to calculate your expenses and the value of your time. Sometimes only trial and error will tell you how to measure accurately the real cost of a project.

Timing: When your steps will be completed. Remember to include the time needed for other people to give you information. Pat calls this the "fudge factor."

Ms. King suggests that your proposal be complete but as concise and professional-looking as possible. Good luck.

SEE A NEED/FILL IT

Identify a problem, then provide a solution: that's a success formula for many women. Example: In Suffolk County, on New York's Long Island, Muriel Weyl and Marcia Earl, in their guidance and counseling center called Career Horizons Inc., saw an increasing number of doctors' wives. In fact, they saw the conflicts such women face spelled out in responses to a readership poll by a magazine called *Medical/Mrs.* These wives were candid about the problems of running households and caring for children with very little aid and many demands from their doctor husbands, who enjoyed a "god status" at work, were remote from their families.

Observing a need among their clients, Career Horizons launched a new program designed to help women married to suburban doctors. "New Options for Doctor's Wives" is a two-day seminar dealing with transferring skills from home to the job market, time structuring, family pressures, action planning. Some women who have attended the program now project forming their own support groups.

YOUR TIME HAS A PRICE

Women, long the reliable foot soldiers of voluntary organizations, have been of two minds about work for no pay the last ten years. Feminists felt that a woman's work was worthy of a salary, and voluntarism has suffered a setback at their hands; but volunteer experience can be one good way for "a displaced homemaker" to develop salable skills or for a worker to effect a career change. Now the changing economic scene has put donated work into another perspective.

The "Proposition 13" trend toward cuts in governmental social-services budgets has made volunteer effort essential to many of the country's hospitals, schools, and centers for care of children, the elderly, the battered. Joan Mimeles, chairwoman of the National Council of Jewish Women's Task Force on Voluntarism said, "Today, over 40 percent of all volunteers are men. Many are students and teenagers; and voluntarism is but one option for women, many of whom now accommodate their volunteer effort into full work or school schedules."

WOMEN AS BOSSES

Complete flexibility will be the plan when the second annual national conference for The Organization Woman sponsored by the Center for Lifelong Learning at Hunter College of the City University of New York convenes in Manhattan's Hotel Biltmore next month. Last year's two-day confabulation has been expanded to a business week—August 13-17—of speeches and workshops under the theme "Planning for the 1980s"; registrants can tailor their attendence to their available time and money on a day-by-day basis.

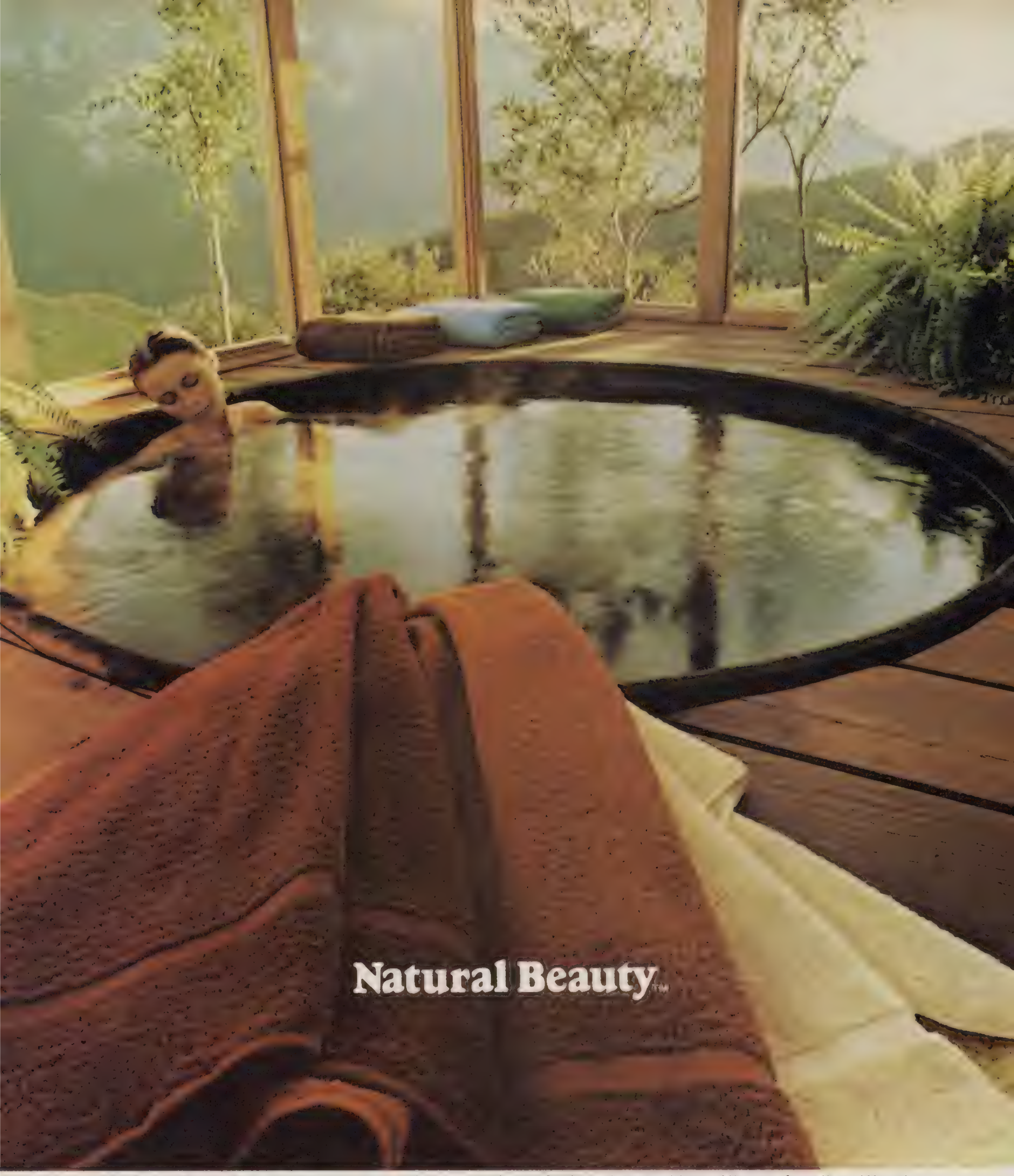
Designed by Dorothy Leeds, a business executive who conducts leadership seminars for Hunter, the conference will consider specific techniques women managers need to deal successfully with their responsibilities and to take advantage of career opportunities.

Information: Dorothy Leeds, 331 Madison Avenue, NYC 10017; (212) 490-3113.

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I.Magnin



Ferragamo this fall. Beyond fashion. Beyond style. Ferragamo is attitude enduring, classic and perfect. It is attitude compleat—from the narrowed, softened cut of a suit...to the newly conservative height of a pump...to the gentle curve of a shouldered purse. The approach is pure. The look is simple. And the effect is elegant! The one-button flyaway jacket and front-slit skirt, in deep violet wool tweed, $435. The silk jacquard blouse to coordinate, $195. Both, sizes 6 to 12. The pump, exclusively ours, with lizard detailing and 7 cm. heel, in wine, black or brown calf; $118. The half-moon purse, in taupe, black or brown calf; $125. All, in Ferragamo Collections...where we are all the things you are.

TAKE CARE.
OUR NEW BATH RITUAL MAY BECOME ADDICTIVE!

NOW DO FOR YOUR BODY
WHAT YOU DO FOR YOUR FACE.
CLEANSE. TONE. MOISTURIZE.
AND DO IT WITH LUXURIOUS ABANDON.

THE BODY BASICS REGIME:

CLEANSE with Moisture-Rich Soap
or Bath and Shower Gelee.
Rich and conditioning.
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The newest way to treat your body.

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MOISTURIZE with Body Moisturizer
After-bath softening silkiness.

FRESHEN with Eau Fraiche Fragrance
Essence of flowers and herbs. And
stay fresh with Natural Spray Deodorant.



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BODY BASICS from Elizabeth Arden

Hair Now

Fall flashes: cut, line, control are what counts... and a great new short-hair look



In a season of more narrow dressing and a silhouette that starts from the shoulder, a major focus is: hair. It's *sleeker*, snappier, with more *line* and more *control*. Underneath it all: a *good cut*. More about that, here. . . .

Joan Vass sweater. Makeup, Joey Mills.

When Vogue model Carol Edwards Boissier hinted to our fashion editor, during a Vogue shooting, that she might want to have her shoulder-length blond hair (above left) cut, it was important news. First, because top models, once having found their "images," rarely make the dramatic change in their looks (something's really in the wind if they do) that Eddie, as she is known, has made here. Second, Eddie was talking to top Paris stylist Jean-Louis David about doing her haircut. Vogue got into the plan, arranged for the cut to be done when Jean-Louis would be in New York City visiting his salons (at Henri Bendel's, and the new prix-fixe Diffusion at 137 East 62nd Street). More on the step-by-step workout, right.

GOING SHORT So that going long-to-short would not be a total shock for her, Jean-Louis David sketched Eddie's cut, the Cherie Curl, first; then, after washing hair, JLD clipped Eddie's hair on top of her head and cut her hair in layers, starting at the nape, then taking more sections, *second from left*. To avoid a hard edge, JLD used a razor rather than a scissors. Then after the primary cut, JLD blow-dried Eddie's hair, *third from left*, to see how it fell, tended to any strays. Last photo: the finished cut, long on top, soft-looking. Day look, big photo, *above*: brushed softly around the face.

P.M. hair tip: To sleek the look above from day-into-night: mix sugar with water, comb through hair —instant sleek! (Rinses out in seconds, too!)



P.M. style

Seen at the Paris ready-to-wear collections this season: sleek, smooth, small-head looks— pulled up for night. Among the best: this side-rolled, chignon'd style for long hair, left, done by Alexandre for Givenchy.

A few words about hair length and line. You don't have to cut your hair short to have the kind of control, the sleekness we're talking about this season. You can have that with shoulder-length hair. The secret is: the cut . . . and perfect scissoring— that's the bottom line! A great example of that, in the picture at right, done by John Sahag. The sharpness, the blunt, crisp edge. It's the base— for everyone, every hair length.





On second thought, make it Dry Sack. The change of pace drink that's second to none.

Chances are, you're accustomed to drinking the best. So when you want something lighter than your usual, such as wine or an aperitif, why not order the best?

Dry Sack is known for its superb balance. A rich, yet dry taste—with a character that can stand up to ice.

Dry Sack. The light drink with the reputation equal to your usual drink.

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Fifty magical works of art adorning fifty exquisite bone china plates. Astonishingly detailed collector's miniatures, decorated in 24 karat gold. Created expressly for this collection by one of the most gifted young artists of our time.

Issued in a strictly limited edition by Franklin Porcelain. Your subscription should be entered by July 31, 1979.

ONCE UPON A TIME there lived a little girl whose greatest pleasure was to lose herself in a world far removed from the world of everyday. A world of tall glass mountains and gingerbread cottages; of frog princes and pumpkin coaches. A world of heart-stopping fears that made her shudder . . . deliciously . . . and the happiest of happy endings that made her very toes tingle! The World of Fairy Tales.

When the little girl grew up and became an artist of renown, she never forgot that alluring world of magic, and some of her finest work was interpreting in art full of captivating, curious detail those wonderful childhood dreams.

And now artistic success has brought Carol Lawson (that was the little girl's name) the opportunity to accomplish a remarkable work she has long contemplated: the creation of an intensely personal series of fairy tale works in fine porcelain. Grand in concept . . . yet exquisitely miniature in size.

The Best-Loved Fairy Tales collection will include fifty enchanting miniature plates, beautifully crafted in fine bone china. Each one will portray a favorite scene from one of the world's best-loved fairy tales. And each plate will be accompanied by the artist's comments on why she chose the tale, and her own highly individual approach to its portrayal.

The fascination of the miniature

Carol Lawson has chosen to create her art for *miniature* plates because she felt that their *daintiness* would be quite perfect. Indeed, fairy tales themselves are crammed with evidence of our fascination with all things miniature—and there's a recognized tradition of creating miniature porcelain plates which over the years have attracted the attention of collectors. As the artist herself says: "What a challenge—to re-create all the jumbling, tumbling events, the colors and treasures, the heroes and villains of the fairy tales, in precise detail, but to this tiny scale!"

Capturing the spirit of our favorite fairy tales

One of the most appealing things about the plates is the flourishing energy and sheer virtuosity which the artist has brought to the portrayal of each fairy tale. For she has captured the very spirit and essence of our favorite stories, in scenes rich in fascinating detail.

From the engaging, rounded forms of the three bears, and their open-eyed amazement at finding little Goldilocks snuggled under Baby Bear's patchwork counterpane . . . to the myriad green and twining tendrils of the magic beanstalk which young Jack climbs so boldly . . . Carol Lawson has illuminated every scene with an intensity of colorful detail, embroidering each with the kaleidoscope patterns of her imagination.

An intricate border design of pure 24 karat gold

And this same vivid imagination has been



SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE

A miniature porcelain plate collection by Carol Lawson

brought to play on the intricate and delicate border design of pure 24 karat gold which encircles each plate.

The Best-Loved Fairy Tales is truly a remarkable achievement. Imagine holding in your hands, for the very first time, one of these perfect little plates in miniature: sensing the silky smoothness of the high-shining glaze with your fingers; admiring with a wondering eye the fine translucency of the china; examining the minute details of the design . . . the rich reds and blues of Tom Thumb's butterfly steed . . . holding the burnished-bright gold border up to a light, to admire its intricacy and elegance.

Unique Signature Edition

For the benefit of those who acquire this remarkable work by an artist of growing international reputation, each plate will bear on the back the name of the collection, the words "limited edition," the title of the tale portrayed and the artist's full signature—in 24 karat gold. This exclusive Signature Edition—the *first* edition of this remarkable miniature collection—will be always distinguishable from any subsequent edition: for the plates in this premiere Signature Edition will be the *only* ones ever to bear the artist's full signature. A Certificate of Authenticity accompanying the collection will attest to this fact, and to the limited nature of the edition. *The Best-Loved Fairy Tales* collection in the Signature Edition is available only direct from Franklin Porcelain, and for a limited time only. The price is just $14.50 for each plate.

A handsome hardwood frame

Each subscriber will also receive, at no charge, a handsome hardwood frame with enough space on its shelves to accommodate every one of the fifty plates.

The Signature Edition of *The Best-Loved Fairy Tales* will be permanently limited, and your application for it should be postmarked by July 31, 1979. A final announcement will be made later, and the rolls for the Signature Edition will close forever in October. After that date, this edition will *never* be made available again.

The Best-Loved Fairy Tales miniature porcelain plate collection: what better way could there be to keep in touch with that romantic and invigorating land of wonder and fantasy than through the enjoyment of these lovely miniature plates. And, beautiful as they are now, these remarkable collector's plates in miniature will be enjoyed right down the years, and treasured as heirlooms in time to come.

But, to be eligible, the subscription form below must be returned to Franklin Porcelain, Franklin Center, Pennsylvania, postmarked by July 31, 1979.

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I wish to subscribe to *The Best-Loved Fairy Tales*—Signature Edition. Fifty fine bone china miniature plates, to be sent to me at the rate of one per month until the collection is complete. The price of each plate is $14.50* I need send no money now. I understand that I shall be billed for each plate when it is ready to be sent to me. I shall also receive, at no extra charge, a hardwood display frame to house all the plates.

**Plus my state sales tax and $1. for shipping and handling*

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Hair Now



Hassle-free summer hair! New ways to color...perm...condition!

If you're a person who just likes to wash and tumble-dry her hair every day (and come summer, who doesn't?), any hassle-free invention is big news! One that's terrific: Toni Lightwaves by Gillette, a self-timing permanent and a real breakthrough in perm techniques! Why? It is a simple, one-step operation that is super-fast (it takes no more than an hour) and works on any kind of hair. A natural for now!

What sun/salt/chlorine/sweat do to hair, conditioning can undo. Better yet, regular conditioning can prevent the damage in the first place, keep hair looking as healthy as the model's *above* (by John Sahag, as is the hair, *above left*). Agree's new Balsam and Protein Formula Shampoo plus Agree Creme Rinse & Conditioner, a damaged hair formula with protein, work beautifully!

- Super one-step hair *and* scalp treatment: Wella Balsam Deep Conditioner. It goes on for five minutes, needs no heat (nice on a hot day!), moisturizes scalp, revives hair.

- *Stash Evian Mineral Water Spray in your beach bag; use it to whoosh salt out of hair, says Douglas Gray of NYC's Clive Summers Salon at Olympic Tower.*

Great way to sunlight hair, according to Christiaan: Mix Vidal Sassoon's Hair-in-the-Sun with no more than a third as much Clairoxide (peroxide). (Better to do less at first; you can always use more peroxide and go lighter later on.) Dribble in coconut oil, lemon juice, and leave on for half an hour to an hour. Rinse out . . . and you have streams of light moving through your hair! When you need a touch up—just do the roots with a toothbrush.

Big photo, *above*: Julio's black-and-gold lamé wrap dress. Ben-Amun earrings

Neat, groomed: the double-strand hair twist, *below*, done on Vogue staffer Margaret Pazant by Judith at Ruth Sanchez's 125th Street NY El Yunque Oba Salon. The reason we loved it at first glance: its simple styling *works* for a working woman. Says Margaret of the chignon'd look, "it lasts a week. All I do, as most Black women do, is to tie a cotton scarf on at night—keeps it neat, from frizzing, too.". . . More Black hair news: Clairol's Born Beautiful Shampoo-in Haircolor and Conditioner, which can be used on straightened or pressed hair.





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Use it every time you shampoo to get your hair into peak condition. . . and keep it that way.

OGILVIE HAIR REPAIR SHAMPOO

What your hairdresser does in the salon, Ogilvie does at home.

Summer garden therapy—a lift for you and your plants

Raise your own spirits while protecting your plants from heat with doses of shade and water

By Ma Anand Prita

Whether your garden is indoors or outdoors, big or small, when you tend your plants you come in contact with the invisible current of life. Fears and anxieties disappear and a feeling of peace and well-being arises. Devoted gardeners know that the truly wonderful quality in gardening—certainly as important as the end result—is the sense of harmony that comes from working closely with plants. Horticultural therapy has been used in mental rehabilitation and in treatment of the severely depressed. Since we all lead highly stressful lives, gardening can be used as a tool to help calm the heart and mind and lift the spirit. It's therapy you can administer to yourself in whatever dose you choose. As with anything you cultivate and nourish—your plants or yourself—the more love and awareness you impart, the more dazzling the yield.

Protecting plants from heat and sun

Gardening during July is intimately bound up with watering. The heat of the sun, the brightness of the light and the length of time plants are exposed each day, combine to make life difficult for all but the desert cactus. Even if drenched well in the early morning, many plants can be bone-dry by late afternoon. Careful and thorough watering, indoors and out, is a must to protect plants from wilting beyond the point of no return.

Be sure to check for these symptoms of sun and heat overdose:

(1) Foliage color is washed out, grey, lacks usual richness.

(2) Leaves are limp, droopy, lack bounce.

(3) Leaf edges are dry and brittle. Leaves curl under, turn yellow with brown spots, and fall off.

These problems are easy to correct but promptness is key. So relax and trust your intuition when following these suggestions.

Outdoor plants in the ground and in containers may need two generous waterings a day. Water slowly, deeply, and with great care so the soil is completely soaked. If this is done haphazardly or too quickly, the water runs off and isn't totally absorbed by the soil. Heat causes quick evaporation and the sun burns wet leaves, so the best time to water is early morning and late afternoon. A morning soaking will fortify plants for the heat and light of the day while an evening drenching will resuscitate depleted plants.

On terraces and patios, provide additional humidity by watering the floor near the plants. If steam rises from the floor, imagine the sizzling conditions your plants are trying to survive. A lavish shower on the foliage is imperative during hot weather. This also applies to houseplants. Frequent mistings and even a cool shower in the sink or tub will help during a heat wave.

If you have air conditioning, be careful to avoid cold drafts and icy air blowing directly on or toward plants. The cool air can provide a welcome relief for indoor plants but the sudden temperature drop may be a shock to an unacclimated plant.

An added precaution during the excessive heat and sun of summer is selective plant placement. An indoor or outdoor plant may have enjoyed direct sun most of the year but simply can't tolerate it during the summer months. Revising plant placement is especially helpful if you are finding it difficult to keep up with extra watering demands created by the increase in heat and light.

Even though summer is a season of abundant growth, plants tend to suffer in too much heat and sun. Ideally, plants do best in cool temperatures, so shelter your plants in an area out of the sun's direct rays. Indoors, close the draperies during the time of day when you receive the most light. Outdoors, move large containers under awnings or against shaded walls. Place smaller plants in the shade of larger ones.

Leaving your plants home alone

For long weekends when you'll be away from home, soak plants well and place on the floor away from the light. Make the room as dark as possible and leave a window open for air circulation. The darkness and cooler air provide a rest from photosynthesis and the plants should be stable for four days.

Here's a recap of our instructions for leaving plants alone for up to two weeks: Create a mini-greenhouse effect with clear plastic. Line the floor of your bathtub with plastic, cover with a few layers of newspaper and soak them well. Place your well-watered plants on top, making sure no plants are sitting in water. Cover the tub with clear plastic (cleaner's bags will do) and tape the edges to make an air-tight seal. Leave the light on.

As you prepare your "greenhouse," tell the plants what you are doing and explain why. Ask them to adjust to their temporary home so they'll be content even while you are gone. Be sure to let them know when you'll be back. And don't worry, the plants have everything they need, especially each other.

For larger plants that won't fit into the tub, apply the same technique individually. Water well and cover the plant with a clear plastic bag. Place in a shadowy spot.

When you get home pluck away all dead, yellow, wilted leaves. Water plants that need it. Gradually move the plants back into full sun or bright light. Give them a chance to recuperate. Your presence is the greatest aid to their recovery, so have patience. ▽

Thanks to his million dollar legs, you can have more beautiful nails.



The same basic formula that toughens racing horses' hooves can actually strengthen nails. That's what many attractive young women who groom thoroughbreds found out.

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But you still love to cry at sad movies.
You still believe in the power of love at first sight.
And you think fragrance should be all flowers and feelings.
Because being a woman—is everything.

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Wear a Max today!

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Hat by Stuart Jay.

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FTC Report May 1978.

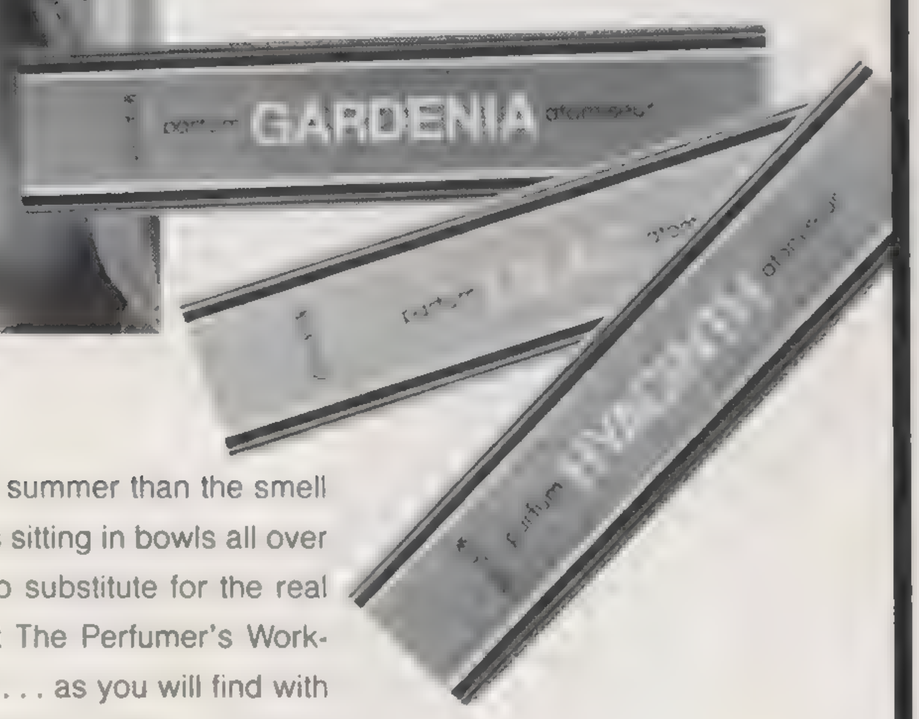
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Fragrance Now



Summer aromatherapy

You won't find the word in the dictionary, but "aromatherapy" means: sniffing wonderful aromas that soothe the body, rest the mind, and rev you up on a hot summer's day. . . .



What is lovelier in summer than the smell of fresh-cut flowers sitting in bowls all over the house. There's no substitute for the real thing, but the people at The Perfumer's Workshop Ltd. have come close . . . as you will find with their bookmarks, *right*, scented with single-flower notes. . . . Single-flower scents are also lovely summer scents-to-wear . . . cool, light. Among the best, Alyssa Ashley's new Tuberose!

Scent-sational!
The cool fragrance that wafts your way when you breeze yourself with this little Chinese paper-thin fan, *below*, made of scented sandalwood.

Quick travel takes. Here, three easy/charming ways of perking up you and your lingerie: L'Artisan Parfumeur (84 bis, rue de Grenelle, Paris) has this tip: Toss a handful of vetiver or patchouli sachets in among your clothes when you pack a suitcase. For rinsing lingerie: Claire Burke's SōPourri—packets of potpourri soap to scent like sachet, clean, too. For English lavender fans: Yardley's new Liquid Soap—very refreshing!



Hot-weather revivers

Try a zingy spritz of Calvin Klein's new purse-size perfume spray in its own wrap-and-tie suède pouch . . . . *Or* steam face (helps dry an oily complexion) with Herbal Reign's mix of flowers and herbs—a perfect A.M.-to-P.M. reviver. At: Moon-Sun Emporium, Boulder CO.

Two neat, new bath ideas. First, for herb lovers, from Agraria: their latest treat to toss in a tub, Bouquet Garni—it fills the bath with scent as the hot, steamy water rises. . . . Second, great treats-for-the-bath find of St. Rémy L'Herbier de Provence, a tiny NY store on East Sixty-fourth Street, filled with herbs, oils, pure vegetable soaps.

Above: Hair: Marc Pipino of the Pipino-Buccheri Salon, NYC. Fruit of the Loom tank top, Bojeangles pink jacket. Joseph Mazer earrings

Improve Your Lot.

Is there room for a little improvement around your lot?

Like landscaping in the front yard? A big pool in the back? Maybe another bedroom if you have a lot of "little ones"?

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Beauty Q & A

Summer skin care: Beat the heat! Look great in the sun. Play it safe outdoors

Sunny days at the beach. Windy ones on the water. Drenching wet or scorching hot ones. Summer means all sorts of weather . . . and all sorts of problems for your skin. What to do? Here is expert advice on questions everyone asks.

Q What is the best thing to use around one's eyes?

A For outdoors, the people at Estée Lauder suggest putting some eye cream on—wear it under your dark glasses. If you keep eye cream on during the day—one like Maximum Care Eye Creme that is made to hold in moisture without interfering with your makeup—it will help prevent your getting a lot of lines by the end of the summer.

Q What does one do about freckles?

A Guinther Kahn, M.D., a Florida dermatologist, explains that freckles appear as a result of exposure to sunlight. They are different from brown aging spots, which develop whether or not you are in the sun and are not a summer problem.

To minimize freckles, you simply have to stay out of the sun or use an effective sunscreen or sun block. To bleach any you have, you can try using citrus juice—this seems to have a lightening effect.

Q Is there a safe product I could use at home to get rid of freckles?

A One of the best we know of is Fade-Away and it is made by Frances Denney. The active ingredient is hydroquinone, and it works by inhibiting the formulation of melanin. Fade-Away can be used on a daily basis. But you should try to stay out of the sun—it works better that way.

Q Why does one's skin seem oilier in summer?

A This, say the Estée Lauder experts, is because the skin is actually acting younger; it is revved up considerably, and there is an increased flow of oils and sweat. All of which may call for some changes in your skin-care regime—a switch to one that would be right for a woman five or ten years younger.

Incidentally, one great way to cope with excess oiliness—to stop shine on nose, forehead, or chin—is by using Shine Control Lotion.

Q Are there any special summer benefits for the skin?

A Most diseases that are brought on by sunlight are caused by an extremely narrow range of ultraviolet light, Dr. Kahn says. But, he adds, the sunlight in summer isn't all bad. It certainly has some value for acne, eczema, and psoriasis. And summer's heat and humidity are a help to dry skin; people can stop using heavy creams often needed in winter.

Q How about the problem of insect bites?

A Insects are attracted by various scents and by moisture and, to some extent, by dark skin, light clothing, says Dr. Kahn. When you go camping or hiking, wear neutral-colored clothing—khaki, grey, green; try to stay dry; and don't wear scented products. The active ingredient in insect repellents is usually diethyltoluamide (DEET). The DEET content can vary from 6 to 30 percent. Some people think that if you take Vitamin B_1 (thiamin), your body gives off an odor insects don't like.

Q What does one do about poison ivy or poison oak?

A As soon as you notice that you've gotten into one of these plants, Dr. Kahn advises, wash off as much as you can. If it's been more than an hour, washing won't be of much help in stopping the eruption, but it does help to prevent it from spreading. For the itching, alcohol will be somewhat cooling—that, or a little menthol or phenol in alcohol. Menthol or phenol are found in products such as Noxzema skin cream or modified calomine lotion.

Q What about foot infections?

A At one time or another, Dr. Kahn says, half the population is going to have a fungus infection of the foot. The term "athlete's foot" really ought to be dropped from usage—the incidence of infection in athletes is probably no higher than it is in nonathletes. If we were to use an antiperspirant on our feet the way we do under our arms, we could probably get rid of most of the "athletic" kinds of foot infections. What could also help is the blow-dryer. Try using a roll-on or spray antiperspirant on your feet, and then blow them dry for a minute or two. When completely dry, apply powder—one that doesn't have starch in it because starch can aid fungal growth.

If a woman has large breasts, this is another area that becomes extremely moist in warm weather. And she may get the same type of infection under her breasts. So here, too, the idea of using an antiperspirant, blowing it dry, and then applying powder can be very helpful.

Q Is there any way to take the sting out of sunburn?

A From Oil of Olay's *Good Skin Book*, this cooling sunburn-soother bath recipe:

Pour a half cup of cider vinegar into a tub of tepid water. Mix. Soak five or ten minutes and rinse off with a cool shower; carefully pat dry and apply a beauty lotion.




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Flat stomach! Strong muscles! They're basic to health and looks

If there's one thing that is a must, it's terrific stomach muscles. Everything hinges on that

By Charles T. Kuntzleman, Ed.D.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Kuntzleman is the author of "Consumer Guide to a Flatter Stomach" (Pocket Books).*

Good strong stomach muscles are absolutely essential for good looks and good health at any age. You need them for your waistline, your posture, your back, and avoidance of sports injuries. And for pregnancy and childbirth. Few sports give these muscles the rigorous workout they should have. But exercise physiologists, using sophisticated electronic equipment, have been able to determine just what exercises are best for them.

First, you should know something about your anatomy. Your abdominal muscles attach to your ribs, breast bone, hip and pelvic bones, and spinal column. There are four muscle groups:

- **Rectus abdominis** runs vertically from the middle of your rib cage to your pubic bone. When it is in good shape, you do not have an unsightly bulge below your navel.
- **External obliques** (left and right) are strung at an angle from your ribs to your hips. They twist your body and narrow your waist on the side.
- **Internal obliques** (also left and right) work like the external obliques.
- **Transverse muscles** (left and right) go horizontally from a flat sheet under the *rectus abdominis* and connect with the hips, backbone, and ribs. Their job is similar to the obliques.

The four muscle groups, with their layered crisscrossing, form a marvelous natural girdle which gives both freedom of movement and sturdy support. But they are a complex structure requiring a mix of exercises for good conditioning.

The five exercises I am giving you here do exactly that. The first two work mainly on the external obliques, the internal obliques, and the transverses. The next two are especially for the *rectus abdominis*. The fifth one brings all four muscle groups into play. Naturally, there is some cross benefit for all of the muscle groups.

Start out by doing each exercise two to four times. As you get stronger, gradually increase the number. Once you get up to twenty-five to thirty repetitions, there is no need to go any higher.

1. Side double-leg raise. Lie on your right side with your right arm extended along the line of your body, palm on floor, head resting on the extended arm. Keeping your legs together, raise them sideways about six inches off the floor. Lower to starting position. Do repeats. Shift to the other side.

2. Side curl up. Lie on your right side with your arms extended, hands together in front—hands about six inches in front of your hips. Have a partner hold your feet down, or brace them under a bureau. Lift and curl from the waist until your right shoulder is twelve inches from the floor. Return to the starting position. Do repeats. Shift to the other side.

3a. Look up/curl down. Lie flat on your back, *knees bent*, with lower back snug against the floor. Curl your head and upper body upward and forward to about a forty-five-degree angle. Hold briefly. Return to starting position. Repeat as required. In doing this exercise, be certain that you *curl* upward gradually—don't use a sudden jerk to get your shoulders off the ground. Do not jerk or arch your back.

You need strong stomach muscles for waist, posture, back

3b. Curl down/look up. Sit on the floor, *knees bent*, with your hands across your chest. Slowly lower your upper body back and down until you feel a pull on your abdomen. Hold briefly and return to your starting position. Repeat.

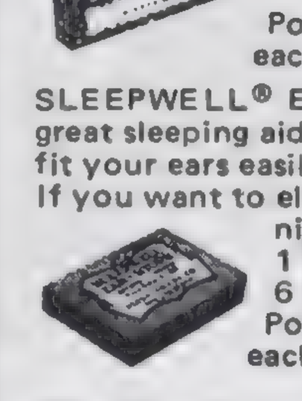
4. V-seat. Sit on the floor with your legs extended and your hands on the floor next to your hips. Slowly raise your legs off the floor and tilt your upper body slightly backward. Your body should form a V. Hold for three seconds. Return. Repeat.

5. Twist and curl up. Lie flat on your back with your knees bent and your hands clasped behind your neck, or across your chest. Tighten your abdominal muscles. Roll your head and shoulders up off the floor. As you roll upward, twist slightly to the right. Hold for three seconds. Return. Repeat, alternating the twist to left and right.

If you do these exercises over a period of time, you should get excellent firming and shaping results. One point: they are not weight-reducing exercises. If you have too much fat in your abdominal area (or anywhere else), you need—in addition to a sensible diet—some vigorous aerobic exercise that burns about one hundred calories every eight to twelve minutes. Try fast walking, jogging, vigorous swimming, dancing, rope skipping, or cross-country skiing. But remember: if you are out of shape in the abdominal area, the problem is usually due to sagging muscles, not overweight. ▽

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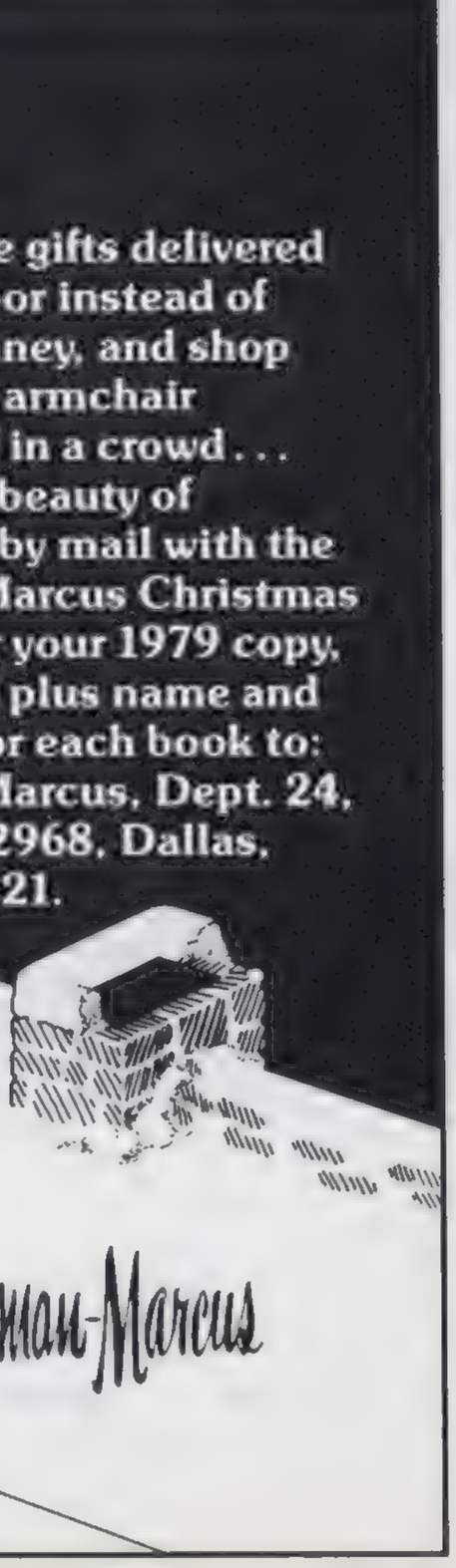
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FOOD

Purées: summer vegetables take on new identities

Out of the garden into the blender or processor, then—glorious canapés, soups, sauces

By Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale

PARSNIP-TURNIP PURÉE

six servings

1 cup sliced parsnips
2 cups sliced turnips (small white ones)
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons sour cream or *crème fraîche*
1 or 2 egg yolks
2 to 4 tablespoons freshly grated imported Parmesan cheese to taste
Salt and freshly ground white pepper to taste (black pepper can be substituted)
Optional: 2 tablespoons chopped chives or parsley

Food processor method: Boil parsnips and turnips together in salted water till tender. Drain well, dry on paper towels. Place in food processor, using knife blade. Add all remaining ingredients and purée till smooth. Serve hot with roasted duck or pork. Purée can be kept warm in top of double boiler over simmering water. Dot purée with bits of butter to prevent crust from forming, stir well just before serving.

Food mill method: After parsnips and turnips have been boiled, drained, and dried, put them through food mill using fine disk. Stir in all remaining ingredients, reheat and serve.

Variation I. Parsnip-turnip croquettes can be made quite simply from this purée, or from any amount left over. Spread purée on flat plate to dry out a bit, or dry it by cooking over low heat. Form small balls of purée (about the size of a large walnut), roll them in flour, then in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs. Flatten with fork and sauté in butter till golden brown on both sides. Serve hot.

Variation II. Parsnip-turnip timbales can be made by following recipe for purée, using 3 egg yolks rather than one or two. "Dry" purée in a saucepan over low heat till fairly thick. Butter custard cups or metal timbale molds generously. Fill with purée. Set them in deep metal baking dish, then place in preheated 375° oven. Pour boiling water around them to come half way up the sides of molds. Bake for 25 minutes or till knife blade inserted into purée comes out clean. Unmold as directed in F. and G. tip on page 174.

ARTICHOKE BOTTOMS AND MUSHROOM CAPS STUFFED WITH MILD GARLIC PURÉE

six servings

The robust taste of garlic is tamed to mildness in this recipe by boiling unpeeled garlic cloves for 15 minutes.

6 large fresh artichokes (or a 7¾-ounce can artichoke bottoms, Bonavita brand)
Juice of a lemon
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
4 tablespoons melted butter
2 large heads garlic (about 15 cloves each)
2 large shallots

To prepare fresh artichoke bottoms, snap off stems, bend back and snap off coarse outer leaves. Boil artichokes in salted water to cover for 25 to 30 minutes. Drain, remove leaves. (They can be eaten hot or cold, dipped into a vinaigrette dressing.) Carefully cut out choke, which leaves you with the bottom, all you will use in this recipe. Sprinkle with lemon juice, salt and pepper, and a bit of melted butter. Reserve while you prepare purée.

(If using canned artichoke bottoms, rinse thoroughly under cold running water, drain well, pat dry, and they are ready to use.)

(Continued on page 70)

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PURÉES

(Continued from page 68)

Separate cloves of garlic but do not peel them. Boil them in salted water for 15 minutes. Drain well. When cool enough to handle, slip them out of their skins by cutting thinnest possible slice off broad end of each clove, then pinching narrow end. Garlic bud will pop out of its skin.

Heat 2 tablespoons of melted butter in small saucepan. Add finely chopped shallots and sauté for a minute or two, stirring, just till shallots are lightly cooked. Pour butter and shallots into bowl of food processor fitted with steel knife, or into blender. Add all cooked cloves of garlic, and salt and pepper to taste. Blend till smooth. Use mixture to fill cooked artichoke bottoms.

Place filled artichoke bottoms in pan just large enough to hold them in single layer with as much of remaining melted butter as needed. Sauté for 6 or 7 minutes over moderate heat, basting with pan butter. Serve hot as a garnish to a roast veal or lamb.

Variation: Six large or 12 small mushroom caps can be used in place of the artichoke bottoms. Prepare purée of garlic first. Then sauté mushroom caps for 3-4 minutes before filling. Sauté for another 6 or 7 minutes after filling with purée, basting with sizzling butter.

ARTICHOKE PURÉE

two servings

6 artichoke bottoms, freshly boiled
(see recipe for artichoke bottoms stuffed with garlic purée) or, contents of a 7¾-ounce can Bonavita brand artichoke bottoms
1 tablespoon butter
2/3 cup *crème fraîche* (or sour cream)
Pinch of curry
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
1 teaspoon lemon juice

If using canned artichoke bottoms, rinse thoroughly under cold running water. Drain. Pat dry and cut into quarters. Sauté artichokes in butter over low heat for 3-4 minutes. Add cream, curry, salt, and pepper. Raise heat and cook, stirring, till cream has reduced by half. Purée in blender or food processor with lemon juice. Taste and correct seasoning, adding more curry, salt, or pepper if needed. If purée seems too liquid, dry it in saucepan over lowest heat, stirring constantly till desired consistency is reached.

HELEN COLLINS' LOW-CALORIE PURÉED VEGETABLE SOUP

twelve to sixteen servings

4 low-calorie chicken or beef-bouillon cubes
(or 2 Knorr-Swiss Extra Large Bouillon Cubes)
3 quarts water
Quart bottle of low-calorie borscht
(such as Manischewitz brand). Regular borscht can be substituted if low-calorie borscht is not available)
3 stalks celery
3 carrots
2 small white turnips
1 bulb fennel
1 large onion
2 parsnips
1 cup chopped fresh dill
½ pound fresh spinach (or 10-ounce package frozen spinach)
1 cup fresh peas, shelled (or 10-ounce package frozen peas)
1 small can Italian-style peeled tomatoes
Salt
Freshly ground pepper
Optional seasonings: dried herbs: any you like, such as chervil, parsley, thyme, rosemary, or a combination, or Herbes de Provence mixed dried herbs

In 8-quart soup kettle, place bouillon cubes and 3 quarts water. Bring to boil (while you prepare the vegetables), stir to dissolve bouillon cubes, cover, and lower heat to simmer.

Peel and trim celery, carrots, turnips, fennel, onion, and parsnips. Slice or cut into dice, either by hand or by using a food processor. Add to soup pot and cook for 10 minutes. Add all remaining ingredients, seasoning to taste with salt and pepper and any herbs you like. Bring soup to boil. Cook just till vegetables are tender but still a bit firm.

Purée through food mill or in several batches in food processor with knife blade. Reheat, correct seasoning, and serve.

Variation: Purée approximately half soup and vegetables, then return this purée to pot, reheat and serve.

(Continued on page 72)



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PURÉES

(Continued from page 70)

PURÉE OF SPLIT PEAS

six to eight servings

1 pound dried split peas
¼ cup diced salt pork
(or thick slice of bacon, diced)
3 tablespoons butter
1 medium-sized onion, chopped
1 carrot, chopped
1 parsnip, chopped
4 lettuce leaves, shredded
1 teaspoon sugar (optional)
1 tablespoon brandy, kümmel, or whiskey
Salt and freshly ground pepper

Place peas in saucepan; add enough water to cover; bring to boil, simmer covered, adding a bit of boiling water if needed to keep peas always covered.

Parboil diced salt pork for 5 minutes. Drain. Heat 1 tablespoon of butter in a small pan, add pork, and sauté till most fat is rendered. Add chopped onion, carrot, parsnip, and cook till very lightly colored. Add lettuce; cook 3 to 4 minutes. Add mixture to split peas, stir well. If necessary, add a little more boiling water to keep vegetables covered. Cook, covered, over low heat for 1 to 1½ hours or till thick and mushy. Stir occasionally to prevent sticking.

Purée through food mill or in food processor (using knife blade) till smooth. Return to pot over low heat. Stir in remaining 2 tablespoons butter, sugar if desired, brandy, salt, and generous amount of pepper. Serve piping hot with roast pork or baked ham.

A hearty, delicious split-pea soup can easily be made by adding good chicken or beef broth to pea purée in proportion of 1 cup broth to 2 cups purée and mixing it in well over the heat. Use a little less broth if you like a very thick soup or a bit more if you prefer thinner soup. In any case, taste and correct seasoning and serve hot with croutons.

CAULIFLOWER PURÉE

two servings

Small cauliflower (enough to make 1 cup purée)
1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons cream (light cream,
heavy cream, or half-and-half)
1 anchovy, drained
1 teaspoon capers, drained
Pinch of salt and generous grinding of pepper
Optional: 1 tablespoon grated Parmesan
cheese

Trim cauliflower of green leaves and coarsest part of stems. Boil in salted water just till tender but still a bit firm. Drain carefully, dry well on paper towels.

Pass cauliflower through food mill, stir in remaining ingredients, heat, and serve. Can be kept warm in a double boiler.

Food processor method: After cauliflower has been boiled, drained, and dried, place in processor, using knife blade, along with all other ingredients, and process until smooth. Heat over low heat or in top of double boiler. Can be kept warm till serving time in double boiler over simmering water. Dot purée with butter to prevent crust from forming; stir well just before serving. Serve with poached fish or sautéed chicken or broiled lamb chop.

MOLDED PURÉED BEETS

four servings

6 medium-sized beets
(about a pound and a quarter)
1 teaspoon butter
2 egg yolks
2 tablespoons sour cream
2 tablespoons chopped fresh dill
2 scallions (white part only)
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste

Boiled beets can be used, but baked beets are much more delicious. To bake beets, trim but do not peel them. Wrap in foil, individually

or all together in baking dish, and bake in 400° oven till tender when pierced with sharp knife. This can be done the day before. When beets have cooled, peel them. If you prefer to boil beets, wash them well but do not peel them until cooked.

Place cooked beets along with all other ingredients in food processor, using knife blade; purée till well mixed. Fill buttered half-cup molds with beet purée. Set in baking dish. Pour boiling water around molds to come half way up sides. Bake for 20 minutes or till knife inserted in purées comes out clean. Run a knife around inside of molds. Dry outsides. Cover with serving platter, then invert to unmold. Serve with broiled fish.

Variation: Beet purée can be served hot as soon as it is done without baking it in molds. Delicious and a beautiful color.

MUSHROOM SAUCE

four to six servings

2-3 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons minced shallots
2 cups mushrooms, minced
2 tablespoons *crème fraîche* (or sour cream)
1 tablespoon Madeira, Marsala, or Port
Salt and pepper to taste

Heat butter in enamel-lined or Pyrex pan. Add shallots and sauté, stirring, over low heat for minute or two. Add mushrooms, raise heat, and sauté till most of liquid mushrooms give off has evaporated. Add remaining ingredients and cook, stirring often till sauce has thickened a bit.

Delicious with any vegetable purée. ▽

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MGM Grand Hotel	Reno, Las Vegas, NV
Charivari	New York, NY
Chaussures	Rochester, NY
Delman	New York, NY
E.J. Robins	Brooklyn, NY
Flairs Edge	New York, NY
I. Miller	New York, NY
Jildor	Long Island, NY
Joseph Shoe Imports	New York, NY
Nutter	New York, NY
Demian's	Dayton, OH
Lou Goland	Cincinnati, OH
Shoes By Boris	Oklahoma City, OK
Theodora's	Oklahoma City, OK
Home Shoe Co.	Portland, OR
Shoes Etc.	Beaverton, OR
Bonwit Teller	Philadelphia, PA
Brothers	Philadelphia, PA
Delman	Philadelphia, PA
Kaufmann's	Pittsburgh, PA
Knit Wit	Philadelphia, PA
Mary Mendelsohn	Elkins Park, PA
Christopher's	Memphis, TN
Neiman-Marcus	All Stores
North Beach Leather	Houston, TX
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Vaginas curve, inserters don't.

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Age, heredity, physical stature, and childbirth all affect a woman's flow and the size of her vaginal canal. Because flow varies among women, the woman gynecologist designed o.b. in three special absorbencies: Regular, Super, and for more protection than most women need, Super Plus. One is ideal for you.

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Layers of protection by a woman gynecologist.

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Health

Your doctor vs. your smoke...warning to the tranquilized...plastic-coated teeth...and a plugged-in bone cure

By Melva Weber

Rx FOR SMOKE QUITTERS

Would you stop smoking if your doctor told you to—and then followed up with guidance and support? A great many successful quitters have done it on the advice of their physicians, according to the National Cancer Institute. To help doctors help their patients stop smoking, the NCI provides a physician's "Helping Smokers Quit" kit. It includes a guide manual for the doctor and enough self-help materials for fifty smokers, telling them why they smoke, various approaches to quitting, and the health benefits they'll get from the very day they stop. Your doctor can request the kit from Bernard Ellis, Office of Cancer Communications, National Cancer Institute, Bethesda MD 20014.

HEALING CURRENT

What makes a broken bone heal? An electrical signal within the body. Medical researchers found this answer during the past two decades. Now a small, constant electrical charge of twenty microamperes or less has brought about successful bone healing in 82 percent of patients whose fractures had previously refused to join, according to University of Pennsylvania's Carl T. Brighton, M.D., Ph.D., who reported to a meeting of the American Academy of Orthopaedic Surgeons. There are ten orthopedic centers in the United States taking part in a cooperative study of the technique.

"MINOR" TRANQUILIZERS, MAJOR PROBLEM

Women who constantly take tranquilizers, even those prescribed by their doctors for relief of anxiety symptoms, may be heading for trouble. There's a growing problem of drug dependency and risk of accidental death and suicide related to overuse and abuse of "minor" tranquilizers, barbiturates, sedatives, and hypnotics—valuable drugs when used correctly.

Doctors write an estimated ninety million prescriptions each year for medicines meant to calm the nerves, reported Annabel Hecht, a writer for the Food and Drug Administration, in *FDA Consumer*. Women get minor tranquilizers prescribed for them at twice the rate men do. And as many as two million women in the United States are believed to be drug abusers. Not only is excessive use of tranquilizers likely to make one a pill "junkie," but combining the pills with alcohol can kill. For more information, including what the FDA hopes to do about the problems of prescription-drug abuse, request a free reprint of Ms. Hecht's article, *Tranquilizers: Use, Abuse, and Dependency* from Consumer Information Center, Dept. 654 G, Pueblo CO 81009.

HEALTH BOOKSHOP IN PAPERBACK

More than seven hundred recent and popular books on health, nutrition, and the body are listed in "Health Source 1979," a paperback manual assembled by Steven Bennett and Richard Parker. Book titles are arranged under subject headings such as natural-foods cookery, special diets, allergies, stress and relaxation, arthritis, acupuncture, shiatsu, childbirth, biofeedback. Author, subject, and publisher indices are provided; so are prices and addresses, so books may be ordered directly from publishers. A tempting book-shopping list, this is just the thing when your bookseller lacks the health-care volume you've read about. $2, from Bennett & Parker Publications, Box 321, Cambridge MA 02138

KIDS' CAVITY PREVENTER —SEALED TEETH

Close to 90 percent of tooth decay in youngsters might be prevented by coating the chewing surfaces of molars and premolars with a plastic dental sealant, according to Jim Corum, D.M.D., M.P.H., director of the Kentucky Bureau of Health Services. A statewide demonstration program is providing tooth sealing for forty-six thousand schoolchildren. The sealant, applied by a dentist, closes up tiny surface pits where decay starts, lasts for several years. Most dentists can provide tooth sealing, according to Dr. Corum, and there's no grinding or drilling involved. "I would like to see a generation of children with perfect teeth," he added, "and preventive sealants could be one answer."

LONGER LIVES FROM TRANSPLANTS

Improvements in the success of kidney transplantation mean new hopes for recovery for people with end-stage renal disease. Nicholas L. Tilney, M.D., Harvard Medical School, reviewed the situation in *The New England Journal of Medicine*. At the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston, wound infections related to transplant surgery have been reduced, since 1972, from 25 percent to 2 percent, said Dr. Tilney, through use of broad-spectrum antibiotics. The complexities of immunosupression, a technique to prevent graft rejection, are better understood today, he added. Use of ultrasound in diagnosis, and of needle biopsy instead of open biopsy of the transplanted kidney, also have contributed to greater survival rates.

From San Francisco comes news that kidney transplantation is less costly than maintenance on the hemodialysis machine, which clears wastes from the blood when kidneys have failed. And where kidney transplants once carried a risk trade-off of lower survival rates, this is no longer so. At the University of California Transplant Service, Oscar Salvatierra, Jr., M.D., reported that 466 transplant patients were reviewed two years after the surgery. Of those who received kidneys from living relatives, 100 percent were alive; and 84 percent of patients receiving cadaver kidneys were living.

STAY THIN, STAY YOUNG

It has long been known that skinny laboratory rats live longer than fat or average rats; it hasn't been clear exactly why. In a study backed by the National Institute on Aging, restricted-diet animals aged much more slowly than animals allowed to eat freely. The skinny rats were sleek, smooth, bright, and alert. Their muscle function was better than that of "normal" rats—exactly the conditions we humans strive to maintain.

The research shows that aging reduces the body's response to the hormones glucagon and adrenalin—which means the body has increasing trouble in using fat, or burning up the stored fatty deposits as energy. Moreover, serum lipids, or blood fats, tend to accumulate with age, increasing the threat of heart disease. The study, done by Edward J. Masoro, Ph.D., of the University of Texas Health Science Center in San Antonio, suggests that stay-young diets of the future may be geared to keeping the metabolic hormones flowing, keeping blood-fat levels low.

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Horoscope

By Maria Elise Crummere — **July**

Aries: Tell it to the world! **Taurus:** A money surprise. **Gemini:** Joy plus profit. **Cancer:** Business picks up. **Leo:** The world is with you. **Virgo:** An avalanche of love. **Libra:** Security time. **Scorpio:** Sell softly. **Sagittarius:** Optimism everywhere. **Capricorn:** Secret satisfactions. **Aquarius:** Super success. **Pisces:** Mid-month romance

Aries
MARCH 21-APRIL 20

With your Mars in Gemini, it's time to communicate! Tell it to the world: write a book, an article, a play. Get it said—but not a word until the 11th. The first week is all about love. The following week, all about people. Money-making ideas and adventure concern you from the 12th to the 20th. You like to brag and now is your chance. On the 22nd, however, you may meet your match. End the talking spree on the 24th. Then, keep it private—just tell it to the family. This is a wonderful month to communicate with the world and to get paid for doing it!

Taurus
APRIL 21-MAY 21

Since Venus is now in Cancer, this is your month to be with the family or with your public. Organize the family scene; buy a new house or redo the old one. If you serve the public, you can now sell them something they need—and will enjoy. Your sweet manner is all that is necessary to convince anyone . . . of anything! An old friend wants you back on the 18th. At the same time, tidy up all loose ends concerning financial matters and be sure your books are balanced. A money surprise on the 19th is revealing; be ready to deal with it. On new moon on the 24th, take off on a short journey. It's now time to retreat, rather than to expand.

Gemini
MAY 22-JUNE 21

Mars in your sign stimulates you dramatically. A born talker or writer, you have many things to say and you can say them entertainingly. Now is the time to let loose. Travel to talk or write; investigate something that you'll describe or relate later on. With your Mercury in Leo, you are enthusiastic about your subject and you will be attracting admirers who will like what you have to say. This lovely writing or communicating time is joyous as well as profitable. Have fun!

Cancer
JUNE 22-JULY 22

The first five days of the month look routine; but on the 6th, beautiful Venus enters your sign to improve the scene. Business picks up as your natural instinct to make money falls into play. You are rushed with partners seeking your services; the community cannot get along without you. Your willingness to help all of those who need you makes you feel good and keeps the money rolling in. You peak on the 19th. After that, devote your attention to your family. Take time to have a joyful breather, too.

Leo
JULY 23-AUGUST 23

You have had fortunate Jupiter in your sign since May—and now you have the added joy of Mercury there, too. Both planets are in close conjunction all month, an ideal combination: Mercury gives you the right to ask for what you want and need; and Jupiter will grant your wish. Everyone will want to please you. This precious period will not be repeated for many moons, so get what you want *now*! Write a book. Act in a play. Marry the one you love. If you do not hit the jackpot, you are not trying hard enough. Strongest periods: the 7th to the 11th; the 15th to the 20th.

Virgo
AUGUST 24-SEPTEMBER 23

For those who think you are reserved on the love front, they will be surprised to see how warm and loving you are this month. Reason? Your Mercury is in Leo—and you have sweet Venus in your friendship house backing you up. Special day to prove the point is the 6th. Show your generosity on the 10th and you will reap the harvest. You say it *all* on the 12th. From the 17th to the 20th, an avalanche of good things, new facts, and love comes your way. Take the precaution, however, of having the security of signatures.

Libra
SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

Your ruler, Venus, is now in Cancer, a sign that will aid you in establishing security in both your home and business life. For an extra dimension of security, reconstruct any and all plans on the 14th and 15th. Last chance to close all loopholes is on the 18th. Watch your Libra extravagance at this time, however. A surprise on the 19th could make your month; the comfort you seek above all else comes now. If you give family your undivided attention on new moon on the 24th, the month will have a truly satisfactory outcome.

Scorpio
OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

During the first five days of the month, resistance may irritate or annoy you. Then, on the 6th, you feel that you can finally get through to others and launch your plans. Full moon on the 9th and 10th clears the way. From then to the 17th, press forward. The best

(Continued on page 80)


diego della valle



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HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 78)

period is from the 15th to the 20th. You are extremely perceptive and feel the flow toward you, so force your advantages. Do not waste time prodding partners after the 20th. Remember: the kind, easy touch produces more than the hard sell. Use the new moon—this month, it's the 24th—to develop what you've acquired, as your mood shifts to a more peaceful plane.

Sagittarius
NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 21

The happy planet, Jupiter, is having a high time in Fire Leo—and so can you! Jupiter does get overconfident at times, however, and with Mercury also in Leo, you must be careful not to overdo. The Jupiter/Mercury combination means good news in your marriage house on the 9th and 10th when everyone wants to marry you! This is also a good time for negotiations or peacemaking. Optimism is everywhere. You can have adventures and excitement, but you're better off using this period to settle financial matters and to make key decisions that will stand up in the slow times ahead. Do what you can by the 17th.

Capricorn
DECEMBER 22-JANUARY 20

One of your best traits is your ability to organize—and this is your month to bloom in that area. Your steady planet ruler, Saturn, has many helpers. On the 6th, Mercury kicks in and lets you pull everything together. The full moon on the 9th puts your love and business life into crystal-clear focus. Money rolls in from the 12th to the 17th. This is a high tide of activity and opportunity for you. Get all your projects accomplished now. The last three days of the month, take off and look back at how well all your plans worked. Realize with secret satisfaction that Jupiter was and *is* by your side protecting you.

Aquarius
JANUARY 21-FEBRUARY 18

Your ruler, Uranus, is now housed in the power-driven sign of Scorpio. At the same time, Jupiter, the beloved of the Sun's family, is in Leo with Mercury. This can be a history-making period for you, since Uranus rules change and Jupiter rules daring new ideas—and both planets are now working from strong fixed signs. Not only will your ideas and programs be constructive and creative, they will get publicity and flourish. Initiate between the 15th and the 20th. Aim for an important disclosure on the 18th.

Pisces
FEBRUARY 19-MARCH 20

Like all natives of your sign, you are yearning to realize a persistent dream. The period of realization is on its way with Jupiter now in Fire Leo. This makes a trine to Neptune in Fire Sagittarius—and brings the best luck. Romance is yours, too, this month, since Fire signs make the best love matches. Most romantic period: the second half of the month. At the same time, expect a shake-up from the 26th to the 29th when your judgment suddenly goes on trial. A serious decision is demanded. The last two days of the month start a steady climb toward winning.



In 1904, Judge Nolan's secretary thought she could get away with smoking cigarettes by disguising herself as a statue of Justice.



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In short, here's a maxier maxi. For those maxier moments in life.





Shape-up Now

Start fencing! It's the way to get your flexibility, strengthening, and endurance all in one great sport!

As far as exercise goes, fencing is in a fitness class by itself, says Lisa Dobloug, all-around sportswoman and director of Palm-Aire Spa in Pompano Beach (see pages 192-200). Here are three key routines.

Split stride *for the groin flexibility essential in fencing and in many other sports. Bend left knee (below left). Prop hands on floor. Extend right leg back as far as possible. Then shift legs with a jump, bringing right foot forward, left back (below right). Repeat twelve times. Incidentally, you do not need a foil to get fitness benefits. Just "shadow fence"!*





Lunge *to build up strength—and balance. Start with the en garde position (below left): right foot forward, left foot behind at 90-degree angle and shoulder distance between feet; right arm bent and forward, left arm also bent and counterbalancing behind; knees bent. Extend right arm, lift right foot and lunge (below right)—extending left leg and arm back. Return to start: Repeat twelve times each side. Gradually increase lunge speed.*





Advance / retreat *for endurance—and strength. Start in en garde position, right foot forward (below, far left). Slowly raise and move it forward six to eight inches and put heel down (below, near left). Then bring toe down (below, near right). Move left foot six to eight inches forward (below, far right). Keep knees bent, abdomen in, back straight, arms raised for balance. Alternate advance and retreat for two minutes—start slowly, then speed up, keeping steps short. Pause. Reverse legs. Repeat. Gradually increase sets. Note: It is best to check your doctor before starting this or any other new form of exercise.*



Fencing is extraordinary
for its speed, its timing,
its eloquence
of movement," says
Lisa Dobloug. "I like
to think of it
as a swift debate
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YOUR LETTERS

(Continued from page 18)

gence to participate in a war that has been proved an invalid atrocity than to attempt to expose the flip side of the coin. Had it not been for the flower children's individuality and independent thought it's possible the Vietnam war might have claimed still more American lives. As for its timing, *Hair* could never be too late. Its roots are embedded too deeply and permanently into American history ever to be dated or forgotten.

Michael J. Tsangaris
Merrillville, IN

Wins with plants

I was so impressed with the "Plants" articles by Ma Anand Prita that I couldn't resist writing to you in praise of them.

The author writes clearly, and with great charm. She knows her subject, and I have been following her advice, and achieving success with my plants.

I have referred her articles to many of my friends. Her writings are, indeed, a plus for Vogue!

Rhoda Blumberg
Yorktown Heights, NY

Florida as D.M. sees it

I would like to tell you how great my husband and I thought Despina Messinesi's article was in the January '79 issue ("Florida's West Coast Islands") and how very useful it turned out to be for us. Your editors should be proud to have a writer who "tells it as she sees it"—the consumer can appreciate this honesty!

We were over on Florida's east coast for two months and then came home by way of the west coast, a new area to us. We sampled most all the places she talked about, and we heartily agreed with her recommendations. We found Naples most interesting and a place to return to. Tierra Verde was a jewel! We were surprised to find this in the area of St. Pete, and never would have looked for it but for your visit—ditto for that delight, the Flying Bridge.

Thank you for her honest report and her excellent taste in food and places. We shall look forward to another "triptik" written by her.

Mrs. C.L. Towne
Lakewood, OH

Women and "revealing" income

Although we are not in the habit of defending banks, in this case we feel we must defend Chemical Bank. In an article entitled "Are You Getting All the Credit the Law Allows?" which appeared in February Vogue, William Flanagan criticized the bank for failure to comply with the Equal Credit Opportunity Act.

Specifically, Mr. Flanagan criticized the bank for placing on its loan application the statement that alimony, child support, or separate maintenance income need not be revealed if the applicant did not wish to have that income considered in evaluating the loan. This statement is required by Section 202.5(d)(2) of Regulation B, which implements the Equal Credit Opportunity Act, to be placed before inquiries about other income on credit application forms.

This particular section of the Regulation reflects a compromise made necessary by two very valid concerns. First, many women wanted to be able to use income from alimony, child support, or maintenance in order to qualify for credit. So the Regulation requires that this type of income must be considered if the applicant desires it to be. Other women did not want to disclose this income because placing such information on the application would reveal marital status. (In order to ensure that marital status is not considered in evaluating credit applicants, the Regulation places strict limitations on requests for marital status.) So women were provided with a choice. Those who wished to have income from alimony, etc., considered were provided a means for so doing. However, creditors were strictly forbidden from asking whether an applicant received such income if a woman did not desire to disclose it.

Thus, by placing the required notice on its application form prior to the inquiry about other sources of income, Chemical Bank was complying with both the letter and the spirit of the law. We are bringing this to your attention because we feel women must have correct information about their rights when they are applying for credit.

Joyce Saxon Wade
Consumer Affairs Analyst,
National Credit Union Administration
Linda M. Cohen
Associate Assistant Administrator
for Consumer Affairs, National
Credit Union Administration

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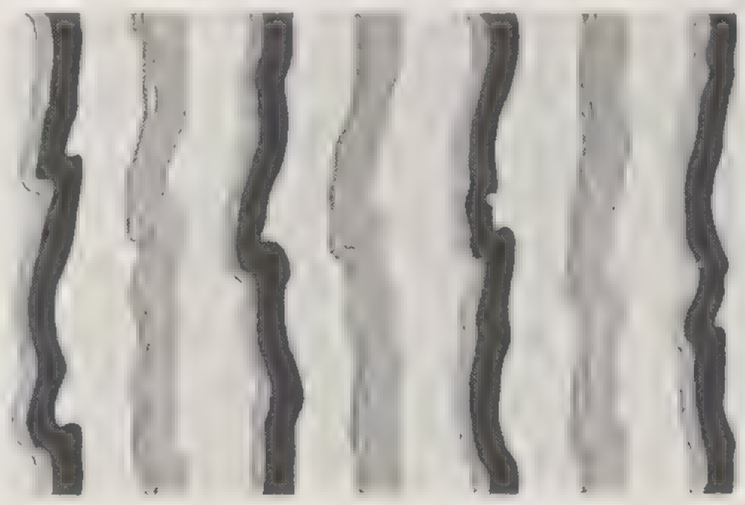


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half shell...
tire-treaded
pen...grill-in-a-box

By Barbara Plumb

Living: Ideas and Trends

Those difficult but crucial choices of the right fence, pool, outdoor furniture can give landscaping its special character. *Around the House* by David Frazier (Quick Fox)—a striking book with over two hundred color photographs to inspire you—suggests some stunning solutions. Example: the gazebo *above*.



New to love from China Seas—the fabric company known to passionate batik lovers as the pioneer in importing and popularizing those Indonesian cottons —the "Chroma" collection, featuring fresh, crisp prints. "Lightning," at right, designed by Lynn Shelton, is representative of the bold geometric prints in the new collection. "We don't follow trends," says China Seas' Inger McCabe Elliott, "we try to set them. And batik is just one statement in good design."



I had a request for a chair that was not tufted but had a luxurious feeling," said Ward Bennett. Result? The Shellback.

Ward's 106th chair, shown left, "sits" completely differently from other chairs he has designed; a special pitch boosters you in your lower back. "I really experimented with it, cutting off the support underneath higher and lower. The channels just fell into place because of the shape. It has a very cushioning effect." Upholstered in hand-sewn aniline-dyed glove leather over a coil-spring construction on an ash frame, this luxurious seating costs $3000; it also can be covered in the customer's own fabric ($1320 plus fabric) or any material available from Brickel Associates Inc., NYC. *(Continued on page 88)*



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Introduction by Diana Vreeland

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Living: Ideas and Trends

(Continued from page 87)



The romantic bed-draperies of mosquito netting that delight travelers to Africa's coastal resorts with their filmy charm are also highly effective in warding off pesty insects. The Mombasa Mosquito Net (*left*) now can be bought in this country, hung easily about eight feet from the floor from a cup or butterfly hook in the ceiling. Big enough to drape around (or to tuck under the mattress of) any bed up to king size and mounted on a 27-inch-diameter bamboo ring, the machine-washable net weighs less than three pounds, comes in white, sand, peach, blue, green, or black; $69.50. Yungjohann Hillman Co., 607 E. Main St., Lancaster TX 75146

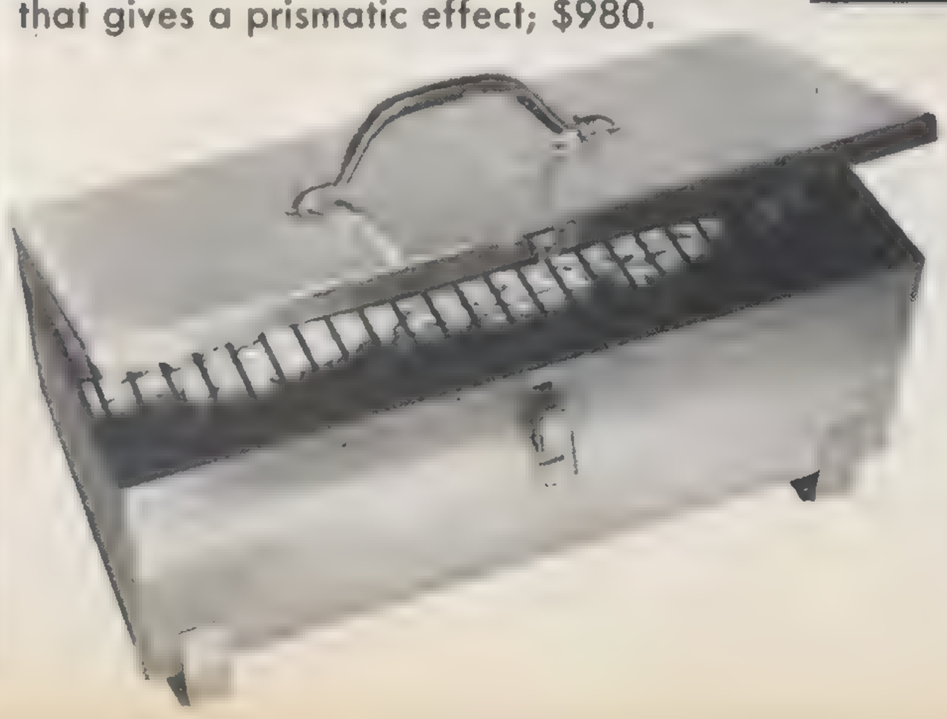


Italian design buffs and fans of the industrial, no-nonsense look of Pirelli rubber-tread flooring can now extend their affections to the Graphic, a black-rubber and metal ballpoint pen (*above*) with an inch-long gripping area of raised rubber dots. A press on the top of the accordion-squeeze shaft contracts or expands to eject or retract the pen's point; $30; with matching pencil, $60. From the Stuart Harvest Collection. Available at Bergdorf Goodman, New York City.

Lamps as art—ten special designs for light

Ten lamps by artists including Robert Indiana, Marisol, and Pomodoro have been commissioned by Morsa, a New York lighting firm. Each design will be produced in a signed, limited edition of two hundred lamps. First out: Ted Victoria's six-foot-high projection of a GE bulb (*right*), in a black box with a lens that gives a prismatic effect; $980.





The portable charcoal grill raised to the highest power: a sleek, elegant stainless-steel box with a useful handle on top. Barbecue Box is ideal for picnics, boating, camping, and fits nicely into the fireplace at home. Measures 17½ by 8½ by 8 inches high; weight, 8 pounds; $50. Bendel's Bailey/Huebner, NYC.

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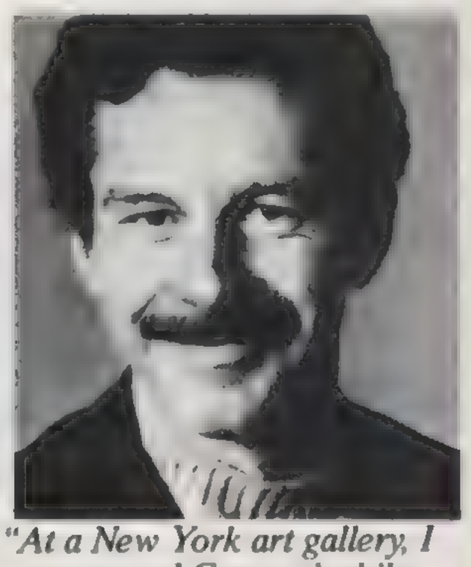
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You need body contact with others: it satisfies "skin hunger"

Feeling starved for affection is easy to cure: learn to use touch, your communicative sense

By Barbara Lang Stern

How do you feel about being hugged or held? Are there times you'd like to be touched or patted or stroked or cuddled more than you are? If so, you share a need or desire that is overlooked all too often in our culture today. In fact, a name has been given to the feeling of being starved for physical contact and affection: "skin hunger."

Your skin is not only your largest organ, it's also your oldest, and it served as your very first medium of communication. "The sense most closely associated with the skin, the sense of touch, 'the mother of the senses,' is the earliest to develop in the human embryo," writes Ashley Montagu in *Touching: The Human Significance of the Skin* (Columbia University Press). "When the embryo is less than an inch long from crown to rump, and less than eight weeks old, light stroking of the upper lip or wings of the nose will cause bending of the neck and trunk away from the source of the stimulation. At this stage . . . the embryo has neither eyes nor ears. Yet its skin is already highly developed . . . ."

Touch is in many ways our most fundamental and crucial sense. The unborn baby is surrounded by the warmth and rhythmic pulsing of his mother's body. After birth, "the child *feels* the mother before he sees her. He is uniquely comforted by the mother's closeness, and less so by the blurred image of her face," write Arthur Burton and Louis G. Heller in their article, "The Touching of the Body" (*Psychoanalytic Review,* 1964).

The absolute need for physical contact between mother and newborn infant has been proven time and again. Babies must be held and touched, or even the best dietary and hygienic conditions in the world won't be enough to ensure their normal growth and development, physically, emotionally, and intellectually. Deprived of body contact and affection, babies whose other physical needs are being fully met may *fail to survive.* In hospital nurseries where sick or premature babies sometimes must remain without the usual handling, nurses and/or mothers can be seen holding or stroking the infant through the portholes of the Isolette in order to supply vital contact and stimulation.

"Problems of discipline with children are often displaced needs for affection," Burton and Heller observe. "This is commonly known. But what is not so well-known is that the child wants to be touched even at the cost of severe bodily punishment."

Once we leave infancy and childhood behind, most of us find we have less and less physical contact with others. (Elderly people are especially apt to be starved in this respect.) While it's considered natural in some cultures for two men or two women to walk arm in arm, to hug, to kiss on both cheeks, to touch and engage in other physical demonstrations, in our culture we're less at ease with our bodies. We may be worried about undertones of homosexuality—or hedonism. Sometimes we're best able to ask for or enjoy physical contact when it's a by-product of something else: many people notice that much of their pleasure in getting a massage, facial, shampoo, or manicure comes from the touching itself.

Most often, we seek physical affection or contact from a partner of the opposite sex. "Body contact commonly provides feelings of being loved, protected, and comforted," writes Marc H. Hollender, M.D., in an article reporting on a survey of women and "The Need or Wish to be Held" (*Archives of General Psychiatry,* May 1970). "As an expression of affection, being held or cuddled may or may not be enmeshed with sex . . . . Women usually separate the wish to be held from the desire for sexual gratification, and for them, being held may at times be an end in itself. Their mates, however, almost always perceive it as a prelude to coitus, and consequently serious misunderstandings may develop."

Some women barter sex (which the man may want) for touching (which they may want). A strong craving to be held "is sometimes the key determinant of promiscuity." On the other hand, some women give up contact although they desire it greatly, because it's likely to lead to sex.

"When a man responds sexually to the woman who wants only to be held, she feels put upon; when the woman rebuffs the man's advances, he feels she has misled him. Clearly there are crossed wires in the communication system," writes Hollender.

Uncrossing the wires and "becoming able to ask for or give physical affection often takes a great deal of intention and attention," says Jill Raiguel, Marriage, Family and Child Counselor and the manager of the Wellness Program at the East/West Center for Holistic Health, in New York City. "But you *can* come to an understanding with someone so that either of you is able to say to the other, 'I'm not rejecting you, but right now, I don't want to make love or to have sexual intercourse. What I really want to do is just to be held.'

"Sometimes friends can move into a more demonstrative yet 'safe' kind of relationship if they want to. Maybe you could just *say,* 'I'd really like to give you a big hug.' Or, 'I really feel like kissing you goodbye.' That lets the other person know what's in your mind, and it asks permission. It's a first step that doesn't push someone else over the limit of what he or she can handle. And chances are you'll be surprised at the positive response you get." ▽

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Nestled in the rust-red foothills of New Mexico's Sangre de Cristo Mountains, the adobe-and-wood amphitheater (*above*) is the enchanting setting for one of the most spirited music events in the U.S.—The Santa Fe Opera. Highlights of this season's five-opera repertory (June 30-August 25): The American premiere of the complete three-act version of Alban Berg's *Lulu*—conducted by Michael Tilson Thomas . . . and Ashley Putnam starring in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Write: The Santa Fe Opera, P.O. Box 2408, Santa Fe NM 87501. . . . More classic music in summer-glorious Santa Fe from the city's Chamber Music Festival (July 1-August 6): twenty-one concerts . . . a week-long homage to American composer George Rochberg. Write: Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival, P.O. Box 853, Santa Fe NM 87501.

Luxurious bargain: classic Breakers Hotel in Palm Beach, Florida, offers its sumptuous rooms, its two golf courses, its superb tennis, beach, and pool facilities for a mere $32.50 a night (double occupancy)—now through September 30.

Manhattan, ahoy!

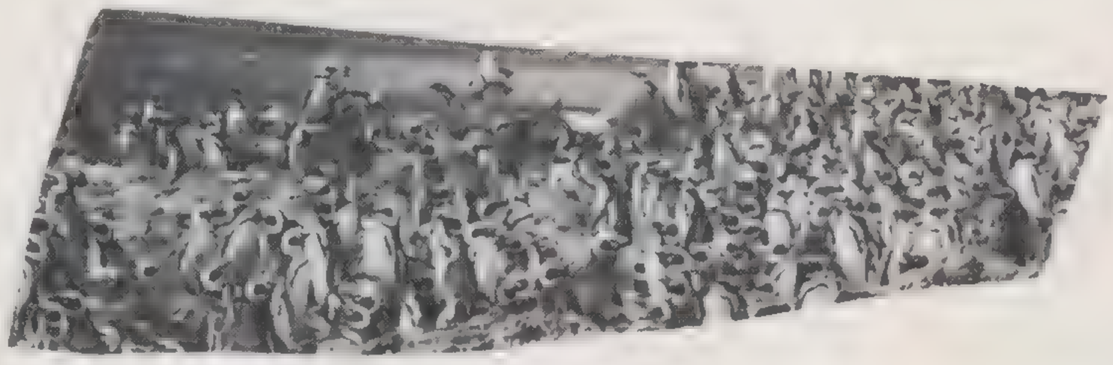
New York Harbor—one of the wonders of the modern world—is especially wonderful during the sun-glistening days of summer. To ideally experience the harbor's beauty and bustling energy at this time of year, the sleek, seventy-foot *Petrel* (*left*) sets out from Battery Park on daily sight-seeing jaunts now through October 14. Prices range from $4 for "quickie" lunch-time and Happy Hour sails to $9 for two-hour moonlight cruises.



The teak-decked *Petrel* can also be chartered for anywhere from $299 for two hours to $2500 for a weekend. Information and reservations: (212) 825-1976.

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Famed for safaris to Africa and other faraway destinations, Lindblad Travel this year turns its expedition-organizing expertise in a new direction: toward the U.S. Called "The Secret West," Lindblad's ten-day trek into Wyoming uses the Valley Ranch in the Shoshone National Forest as a base lodge for forays into the wilderness. Also on the itinerary: an overnight in Yellowstone Park, campfire lectures, cookouts, square dances, Indian crafts workshops. Cost: $650 per person sharing a twin-bedded log cabin; includes meals—but not airfare. Departures: September 30, October 10 and 20. Contact travel agent or see Vogue To Go.



IN PATAGONIA Emerald-green glacier lakes, vast forests and mountains, below-sea-level ranchlands, end-of-the-earth shores abounding with sea creatures (Magellanic penguins pictured *above*)—these are some of the wonders that Holbrook Travel's expedition to Argentina's Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego will explore from November 21 to December 7. The trip—headed by Cornell University ornithologist Dr. Stephen Kress—costs $2647, includes flights from Miami, accommodations, meals. Holbrook Travel, 3520 N.W. 13th St., Gainesville FL 32601.

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—RICHARD ALLEMAN

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Baden-Baden, Germany: "a glorious madness"

Vogue's Travel Editor succumbs to the outrageous luxury of a holiday in Europe's fabled spa-city

By Despina Messinesi

I did it. I treated myself to an outrageously extravagant holiday. I went to Baden-Baden in Germany, one of Europe's most expensive countries, and stayed at the Brenner's Park-Hotel, one of the world's most luxurious establishments. It was a glorious madness. But really not so mad. Months later, I still wallow in memories. I still reap benefits from the pampered, healthy regimen. I feel marvelously well.

When Napoleon III and the Kaiser used to turn up with their courts for the summer in Baden-Baden, their arrivals were certainly more pompous than mine. But, in many ways, today's Baden-Baden is notches better than during the Edwardian era: I had royal treatment with twentieth-century comforts.

When I wrote to Brenner's Park to reserve my room, I asked the hotel to have a car and driver meet my plane in Stuttgart and to arrange an appointment for a medical checkup the next morning.

Sure enough, an English-speaking driver picked me out from among the hundreds of passengers at the airport. He led me into a polished Mercedes with that unmistakable smell of real leather. No panic, so simple: a one-hour drive—rather like floating—on the Autobahn to Baden-Baden.

As we pulled up at Brenner's, a green-aproned porter appeared and took charge of my luggage; a groom spun the revolving door; the concierge welcomed me by name; and a pretty, blond receptionist came forward to check me in—a matter of a signature and handing over my passport.

Brenner's unexpectedly small-sized lobby with two colossal arrangements of larkspurs and delphiniums appealed to me. Entering a hotel after a long trip, I feel crumpled—although I hope it doesn't show—and dislike being scrutinized by guests sitting in huge hotel lobbies.

As easily as shedding a coat, I succumbed to Brenner's magic formula that makes a grand hotel really grand. Steering me into the elevator and down the tranquil corridor to my room, the *Fräulein* receptionist (without any standard "canned" chatter) informed me about the favorable rate of exchange allowed to hotel guests: two Deutsche Mark to one U.S. dollar instead of the official lower rate of exchange. She also gave me tipping suggestions, told me that my medical checkup was scheduled for ten the next morning, "if it isn't too early," so that I could begin my health regimen that same day.

It was dinnertime. Upstairs, the smell of expensive bath soaps and perfumes used by guests still lingered in the silent, empty corridor. Antique chairs and furniture lined the walls, and pairs of shoes waiting to be polished by the valet were parked neatly outside most of the tall, white guest-room doors. Aboard ships or in hotels (though today, few recommend that guests leave their shoes in the hall to be cleaned), my favorite pastime, since I was a child, has been to guess who the shoe-wearers might be. It can be a field day for the imagination.

There's a feeling of "good breeding" throughout Brenner's. The admirably run hotel is at once stuffed with modern comforts and sedate period furniture. In my room, 214, the baby pillow on the chaise had a frost-white linen cover; the bed with square down pillows, wonderful white linen sheets, and down comforter looked like a mound of soft, fresh snow.



At "blind" Baden-Baden intersection, mirror view of a flower-full street

In the evening, when the maid turned down the bed, she also put a clean linen towel on the rug next to the bed and placed my slippers on top. The room had a plethora of space for hanging clothes: brass coatrack in the foyer, clothes tree in the bedroom, and dozens of coat, skirt, and trouser hangers in the mirrored wall cupboard.

In the large, grey-marble bathroom, in addition to bath sheets folded over the heated towel rack, there were masses of white terry and linen hand towels, as well as Parfums Rochas soap, bath scales, magnifying mirror, and bath thermometer for the oversize tub.

A single rose brightened the linen-covered breakfast cart wheeled in by the floor waiter. Even in summer, the china coffee cup was heated; and, for grasping the piping-hot coffee pot, there was an extra napkin folded into a triangle.

Deliberately, I ignored the breakfast order form that one hangs on the door at bedtime.

(Continued on page 96)



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BADEN-BADEN

(Continued from page 95)

Wake-up calls and a precise hour for breakfast during a holiday were definitely not in my plan. Neither noise nor light could filter through the lined curtains drawn across my open balcony windows to disturb my sleep. At whatever time I woke up, I would order morning coffee, which always arrived in less than three minutes.

A pantry on every floor at Brenner's explains the speedy service. And, as in well-staffed houses, breakfast carts set up the evening before (like mobile reserve units ready to charge) line the corridor walls.

Baden-Baden is an endearing place. The air from the thousands of "Christmas trees" in the Black Forest smells zippy fresh. Even without leaving my hotel balcony, I had a preview of the many delights of the town.

Directly below me, there was the vast spread of Brenner's superb park: majestic oak, maple, tulip trees; beds of roses over four feet tall; azalea hedges edging crunchy paths. I loved the gurgling sound of the River Oos, not much wider than its name, that separated the hotel park from the Lichtentaler Allee, the famous promenade along the opposite bank of the Oos. A hump of a bridge—bright with healthy geraniums—links the hotel grounds to the Lichtentaler Allee. An iron gate blocks a return entrance to the hotel's private bridge. To reenter the Brenner domain, guests press a button at the gate that is connected with an intercom security system at the concierge's desk.

Walking around the town of Baden-Baden in early summer is like strolling through a garden nursery with flowers at the peak of bloom. Window boxes of lipstick-red geraniums drip from the five-story Edwardian houses; flower boxes of pink geraniums drape the little bridges across the River Oos; enormous containers of white roses decorate the squares; broad, ten-foot-long beds of ageratum and yellow pansies bloom along the walks; and three-foot-tall bleeding hearts decorate the doorways of shops.

Shop windows are filled with enticements: bakeries display croissants, fruit tarts, fabulous cakes, and dark breads shaped like heads



Pots of tree-tall bleeding hearts flank romantic Baden-Baden shop doorway

of terrifying monsters; antique stores show off delicately flowered Meissen china and heavy silver inkwells and tableware. Dr. Rössler's pharmacy had an entire wall of handsome apothecary jars and a brilliant arrangement of orange gladiolas stood on old-fashioned mahogany cabinets that had hundreds of little drawers with porcelain labels.

Tantalizing whiffs of coffee and fresh chocolate float in the air of Baden-Baden. My personal downfall was the König Kondeitorei, opening into a shaded patio. I enjoyed watching the people devouring the pastries—as many as two and three at a time—which I resisted, contenting myself with coffee or tea. Pots of coffee or tea were served on small oval trays with the fixings—sugar, lemon, cream—in doll-sized dishes and pitchers.

Extraordinarily efficient waitresses in black uniforms with black-velvet Chanel bows in their hair wore their money pouches under small white aprons no bigger than Scottish sporrans.

Brenner's private bridge across the Oos is the gateway to the many treats along the Lichtentaler Allee. Last season, the glorious park made an ideal setting for an exhibition of Henry Moore sculptures. Nearby, the National Art Gallery had a showing of Aristide Maillol's drawings. A little further on stands the city's repertory theater.

The star attraction behind the Corinthian columned portico of the Kurhaus complex is the Casino, one of the prettiest in Europe. Built in the mid-nineteenth century, the Casino glitters and shines: ornate gilt doors and chairs, painted ceilings, velvet walls, niches framing romantic statues of draped women, exquisite gold and crystal chandeliers. I tried to imagine these ravishing gaming rooms filled with royalty, jeweled duchesses, and demimondaines during the Casino's golden heydays that ended at the beginning of the First World War.

To enter the Casino now, men must wear ties and jackets. I know. One evening, I watched the ticket collector pull out a tie from beneath the counter and give it to a man who was without one. I also noticed that there was a cache of jackets.

An illustrated color map of Baden-Baden, as simple as a first-grader's school book, guided my walks around town: to the Romanian Stourdza Chapel; to the Russian Church; to the nineteenth-century thermal-bath establishment, Friedrichsbad; to Augustabad, the chrome-glass-and-marble bath and treatment center that overlooks the needle spires of a sixteenth-century church. I walked by public tennis courts, an outdoor heated pool complex, fabulous rose gardens, and shaded lakes. I found the town's public library and its small collection of French and English books.

Occasionally, I would hop onto a bus without knowing where it was going and ride to the end of the line. The open views of terraced vineyards, lumber mills, knots of villages, sun-splashed forests, and distant castles were enchanting; but I was always happy to get home to my palazzo, Brenner's Park.

Indeed, Brenner's Park-Hotel provides almost everything you can dream up. In addition to luxurious hotel facilities, it has a medical clinic, a new Beauty Farm, and a sensational indoor pool.

Swimming in this heated, Olympic-size pool, I felt I was outdoors—since the pool's columned walls of glass reflect the green of the park. Around the pool, there are wide chaises covered in brown terry, marble benches set against Pompeian-orange walls. Terry robes provided by the hotel make the journey from room to pool easy. (The pool also has a lovely yellow dressing room with showers, hair dryers.) During sun hours, I would often sit in a chaise in the park and listen to the warble of the birds.

(Continued on page 102)



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Cape May: Victorian charm on the New Jersey Shore

A town of seaside pleasures and landmark buildings, Cape May is an American resort classic

By Joan Alleman Rubin

My memories of Cape May, a little Victorian resort town on the southern tip of New Jersey, are as jumbled, colorful, and pleasing as my collection of Cape May diamonds, those semiprecious pebbles that can sometimes be found washed up on the beach. It was in Cape May that I learned to swim and sail; was introduced to raw clams, saltwater taffy, and hard-shell crabs; modeled my first two-piece bathing suit (though I was prepubescent and the top was only a formality). At thirteen, I fell in love with the lifeguard on Congress Beach, a local boy who grew up and became mayor.

Much later, my husband and I and our two sons discovered that the Garden State Parkway made Cape May almost as accessible from New York City (about three hours by car) as the Hamptons; and, ultimately, we bought a house there—a big white Dutch Colonial with a front porch that affords a glimpse of the ocean several blocks away.

My summers in Cape May were infinitely pleasant but confined to a familiar track—yacht club, tennis courts, supermarket, laundry, and beach. Consequently, on the spring day in 1976 when I read in *The New York Times* that Cape May, "because of its large concentration of Victorian structures," had been designated a National Historic Landmark, I was taken by surprise.



Cape May's Emlen Physick House—built in 1881, now a Victorian museum



"Gingerbread" houses along Cape May's gas lamp-lit Congress Place

What was my adopted hometown doing in the illustrious company of Williamsburg, Mt. Vernon, Bunker Hill? I had visited some of those historic landmarks and they were generally operated in a tidy, efficient way by some foundation or government agency. But Cape May's not like that. It's an honest-to-goodness town with real people living and working in almost every one of those authentic Victorian structures (which in some cases are cheek-to-jowl with a modern motel, pizza palace, or a ranch house).

The fact is that nearly all the Victorian buildings in Cape May are private properties. So the time, money, and work required to maintain them along historic guidelines falls squarely on the shoulders of their owners. Since the town had unquestionably opted for preservation, I could only conclude that, while I had been lolling on the beach, a lot of Cape May residents must have awakened to the importance of their city's past. High time, I thought, for me to do the same.

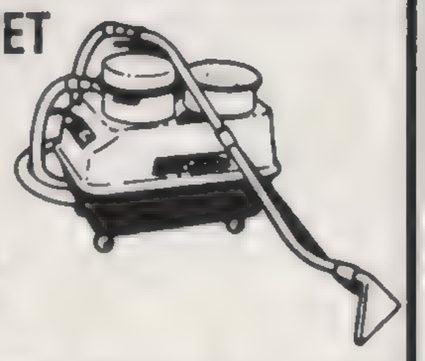
I began by taking a walking tour led by Bruce Minnix. Though I had never met him, I had heard of Bruce—everyone in Cape May has. For one thing, he served as mayor from 1972 to 1976 (during most of that time, he commuted to and from New York City, where he was a director on the soap opera *Search for Tomorrow*). For another, Bruce was one of the people who led the fight for the preservation of the historical district. (Believe it or not, after a devastating storm in 1962, many locals thought it better to bulldoze old Victorian structures to make parking lots rather than to repair them.)

Although I had walked down Cape May's streets countless times, I don't believe I ever looked carefully at all the lattice, scroll, and fretwork (collectively referred to as "gingerbread") that decorate the eaves, porches, doors, and windows of so many Cape May structures. Bruce pointed out leaves, vines, spears, even waves breaking upside-down, and he explained how this trend for ostentatious add-ons was the result of the invention of the jigsaw in the 1800s. This baby step in technology made it possible for a builder to select from a pattern book the kind of ornamentation that took his fancy, and then to

(Continued on page 101)



IF FOAM IS TOO DRY AND STEAM IS TOO WET
WHAT DO THE "IN-PEOPLE"
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Let some of the In-People tell you what their carpets were like when Argosheen made them new again:

"Everytime I looked at my carpets, I saw red!" one of them wrote. "Argosheen has made them new again."

Mr. R. Sam Smith, P.O. Box 52, McLean, Virginia wrote: "Just a note to let you know that Argosheen has saved the day. I have this heavy, off white, plush nylon carpeting. It had become so badly stained and was so dirty that I had already solicited bids from flooring contractors to replace it. In a desperation move I ordered Argosheen just as a last resort to really prove to myself that the carpeting was unsalvageable and also to say to my wife, 'I told you so' . . . It is unbelievable . . . but the carpet is like new."

Bessie Davis, who has been in charge of Interior Cleaning for Delta Air Lines Atlanta Jet Base for 23 years says, "We have everything imaginable spilled and tracked on our carpets, including ramp grease and tar, and I have never found a spot Argosheen would not take up."



To clean Orientals, wools, and most synthetics: The cotton Argomop is the only tool you need. Spray or mop on a solution of Argosheen. Mop off with clear water.



The Argonaut machine: Newer than steam. Harmful brushes never touch your carpet. Today's carpets never really wear out, says DuPont. Argosheen will keep them looking new.

Guaranteed to please special introductory offer: 2 quarts Argosheen, Argomop and tub, UPS prepaid ***$15.98.*** *1 gallon Argosheen, mop and tub,* ***$18.98*** *ppd. Argonaut machine* ***$299.50.***

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The spirit of the Czar lives on.



It was the time of "War and Peace." "The Nutcracker Suite." Of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky.

Yet in this age when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. He had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was the toast of St. Petersburg. Genuine Vodka.

Life has changed since the days of the Czar. Yet Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka is still made here to the same supreme standards which elevated it to special appointment to his Majesty the Czar and the Imperial Romanov Court.

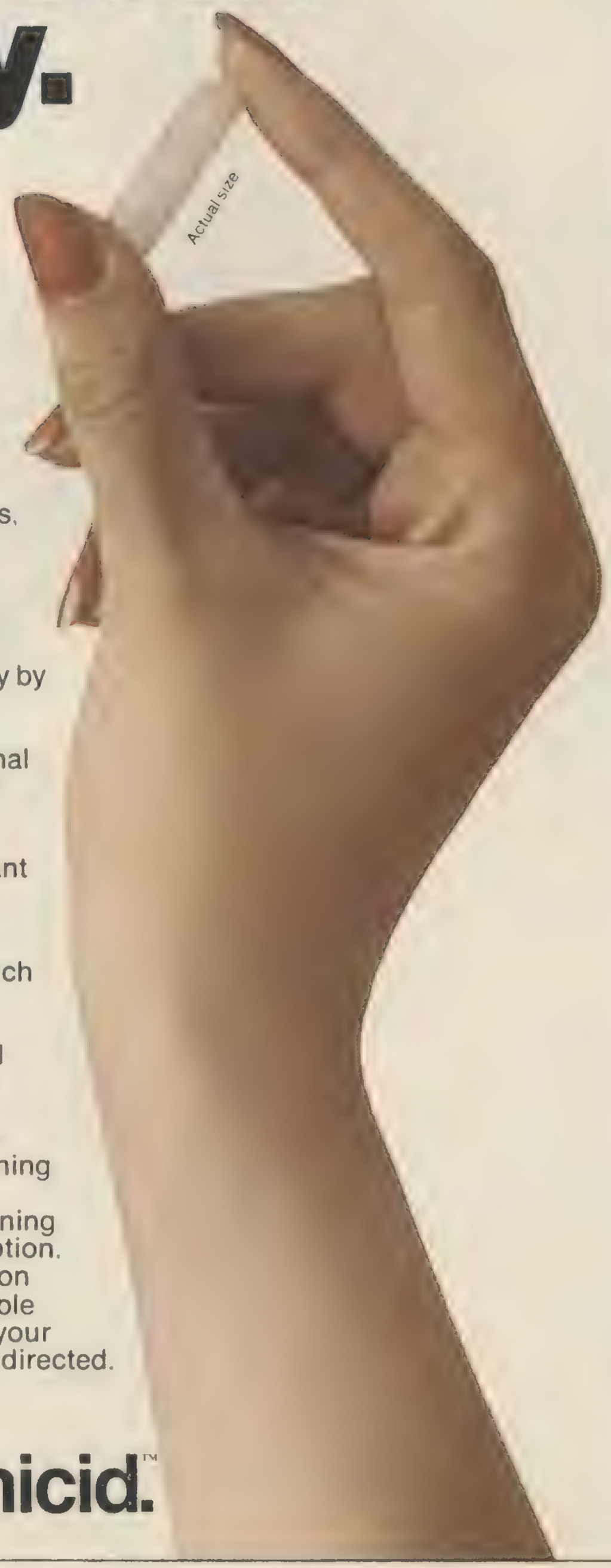
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A safe, simple way to prevent pregnancy.



It's Semicid, a safe, easy-to-use vaginal contraceptive suppository with an active ingredient proven effective by millions of women.

If you're dissatisfied with your present birth control method, you should know about Semicid, a real alternative in contraception from Whitehall Laboratories, one of the world's leading pharmaceutical companies.

Semicid is safe and effective. It contains the maximum allowable level of nonoxynol-9, an ingredient which safely kills sperm in seconds. It's the spermicide doctors recommend most and has been used effectively by millions of women for over 10 years. Now this tested, proven ingredient is available in Semicid.

Semicid is safe, too. Unlike the pill, it has no hormonal side effects. And unlike the IUD, it can't damage uterine walls. Furthermore, Semicid does not effervesce the way the other vaginal suppository does. Semicid is non-irritating to most women. There's also no unpleasant odor. Neither you nor your partner will notice Semicid is there at all.

Semicid is neat and convenient. Slim, only an inch long, Semicid is so simple and easy to use. There's no applicator, so there's nothing to fill, clean, or remove. Semicid is not messy like foams, creams and jellies. And it's not awkward like the diaphragm. It lets love-making happen naturally, spontaneously.

Within minutes after you insert it, Semicid dissolves and spreads a protective covering over the cervical opening and adjoining vaginal walls.

Semicid comes in a small, discreet dispenser containing 10 suppositories. You can purchase it without a prescription.

For more information about this remarkable contraceptive, ask your doctor. Use only as directed.



Discreet carrying case

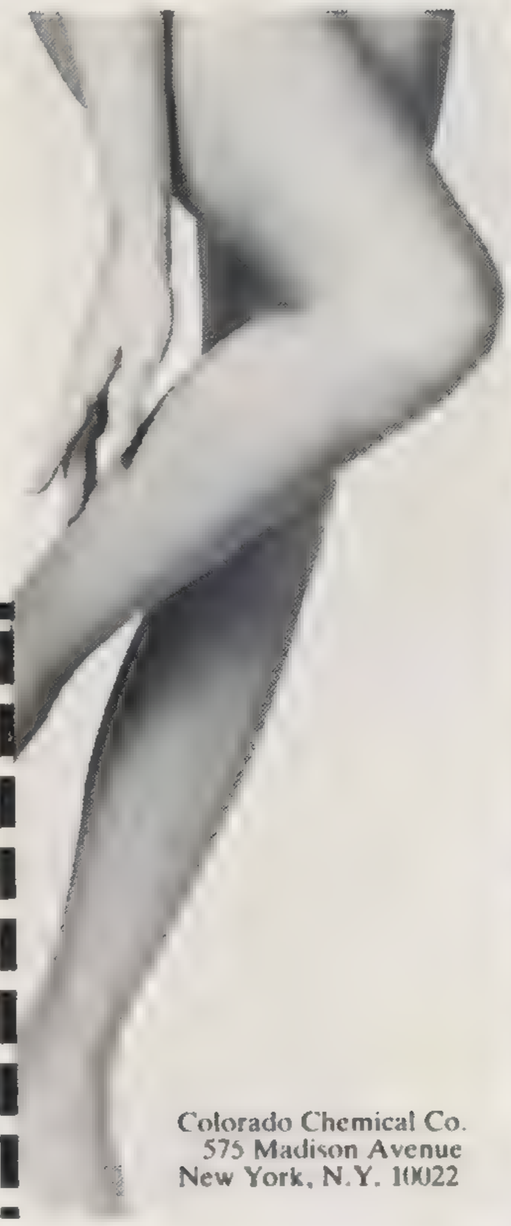
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ZIP costs only $2.19 but is the same natural beeswax for which fine salons may charge $50. ZIP doesn't just slice off hair that shows, ZIP removes hair down deep, weakening the root and slowing regrowth.

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7/79V

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hoopla, including a full page ad in *The London Times.* The Mt. Vernon was designed to accommodate thirty-five hundred guests and seat twenty-five hundred in the dining room—but, before the last wing was finished in 1856, it burned to the ground.

After a time, hotel life proved to be not quite exclusive enough for some of Philadelphia's Main Liners. They wanted their own summer cottages (it should be noted that the Victorian definition of a cottage was a house which could be maintained with as few as three servants), and they were willing to go to great expense to get the best architects—Stephen Decatur Button, Samuel Sloan, Frank Furness—to design them. Thus began Boom #2—The Summer Cottage Boom.

Now in 1878, right at the apex of these two building booms that had produced countless wooden structures, a disastrous fire broke out. Equipment to fight the blaze had to come by train from Camden, New Jersey, and needless to say, by the time it arrived, very few of the wood-frame houses and almost all the major hotels were destroyed. All told, the fire had wiped out thirty acres in the center of town; but Cape May was at the zenith of its popularity and everybody immediately set to work to replace the burned buildings. That's why today 80 percent of the buildings in the center of town date from 1879 to 1889.

All this history can be observed in any number of ways—on a guided walking tour (the route I chose), on a bicycle (the town is gloriously flat, perfect for pedaling), via the antique trolley that abandoned horses for a tractor several years ago. Or you can simply stroll through town observing the gingerbread, the wide front porches, the cupolas, and acroteria that mark a Victorian structure.

Another of the delights of Cape May is that it has a lot more than history to offer a summer visitor. If you don't happen to be a dedicated sightseer, no need to worry: all that Victoriana can be taken lightly, simply as a backdrop to the usual enticements of a seaside vacation. (Not every National Historic Landmark can make that statement.)

The beaches, though not wide and dunes-y like Cape Cod's, are attractive, sometimes crowded, and graduate gently and safely into the surf. The fishing is reputed to be excellent, and there are many charter boats or party boats for hire at the docks.

(Continued on page 102)

CAPE MAY

(Continued from page 98)

order it by mail, precut and ready to nail on.

Another architectural style that abounds in Cape May is the mansard roof. I had always considered these elongated roofs that droop over an entire story of a house a little peculiar. Bruce explained that they were an early tax shelter invented by a crafty Parisian architect named Mansart to get around a French law that stated that a house should be taxed on the number of stories *below* the roof. While the mansard roof had no tax advantage in this country, it served to alert the neighbors that the house owner was up on the latest French styles.

One of the questions that had always perplexed me about Cape May was just how a town founded as a whaling village in the eighteenth century could have had such a gigantic building boom one hundred years later that, by the twentieth century, it could boast the largest concentration of Victorian architecture in the country. Though Bruce Minnix described it more elaborately on the tour, I think the explanation can be put succinctly as "one fizzle, two booms, and a fire."

Here's what happened: The whaling industry fizzled in the mid-1700s, when the whales moved north to New England. But as early as 1760, some smart burghers hit on the idea of attracting tourists to Cape May to enjoy the sea breezes and ocean bathing. That was a far more original concept than it might appear, since, at best, it then took Philadelphians four days to make the journey by stagecoach.

Anyway, the town ran newspaper ads suggesting it might be a good idea to "resort to Cape May." And that's exactly what people eventually did—not only Philadelphians but also many rich Southerners, who frequently arrived each June with mountains of luggage, an entourage of slaves, and enough gold coin to take care of their gambling needs.

At first, everybody was content to rent rooms from local residents, but very soon the demand exceeded the supply and Cape May embarked on Boom #1—The Great Hotel Boom. Large wooden hotels were constructed all along the beachfront; and, in 1853, the largest of them all, The Mt. Vernon, opened to lots of

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Experience ecstacism, a unique vacation lifestyle, only at Trelawny Beach Club, a secluded Jamaican paradise in the Caribbean.

Your 8 day/7 night Ecstacism Experience includes three full meals each day, all sports facilities– equipment and instruction, live music and dancing every night, transfers, taxes and gratuities– all for one price. With the new discount air fares available, it's one of the world's great vacation values.

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BADEN-BADEN

(Continued from page 96)

Brenner's clinic is in the Villa Stephanie where Napoleon III once lived. Now, the Villa-turned-clinic is owned by Brenner's and linked by a passageway to the hotel. It has the latest equipment for diagnoses and treatments. Werner Hess, M.D., the distinguished head, guides the clinic and prescribes the treatments: hydrotheraphy (Kneipp treatments), mud packs, underwater jet massage, oxygen baths, exercise baths, inhalations, and walks.

Many people with rheumatism, gout, cardiovascular disorders, and respiratory problems find relief after a Baden-Baden cure. Some, as I did, go for the anti-stress cure—to unkink, recharge, and breathe after city-tension living.

The big news at Brenner's is the installation of a new Beauty Farm operated by Lancaster, the experienced French cosmetic firm. Open to both women and men, a week's program at the "Farm" includes skin and body care, yoga, massage, and, if necessary, dieting. (In the marble-columned dining room at Brenner's, diet dishes are served in a style that fools the eye and the palate—looking and tasting like *haute cuisine*.)

The daily routine at Brenner's—and particularly the way one dresses there—reminded me of shipboard life: sports clothes and comfortable walking shoes during the day. Then, in the afternoon—for tea, drinks on the marble hotel terrace, perhaps a stroll around the gardens—women change into soft, short dresses or chic summer suits that are perfectly correct for dinner.

Personally, after a late-afternoon swim, wrapped in my terry robe, I enjoyed tea on my balcony, followed by a quick lie-down on the chaise before slipping into a short dress or into slacks and silk shirt—traditional standbys—for dinner.

I admired and envied the extensive wardrobes of the European women—their beautifully fitted informal dresses, their collections of jewelry—even their summer furs. I still have visions of one crystal-blue morning when I saw a meticulously groomed, good-looking blond dashing through the hotel lobby wearing a seven-eighths-length summer ermine coat—the color of pale camel hair—over tailored white flannel pants. (In summer, traveling around the mountains of Europe, a spring coat and/or summer fur can be a good idea.)

Droves of attractive guests arriving in slick, low sportscars stopped over at Brenner's while I was there—not necessarily for the cure—but simply for a couple of days of tennis, golf, and gambling.

Running a grand hotel such as Brenner's compares to choreographing a classical ballet. Exactly like a ballet master, Richard Schmitz, Brenner's handsome managing director, keeps the staff on its toes. During my stay, Mr. Schmitz kept turning up in the most improbable places at unexpected hours—not only in the dining room but in the bar terrace, in the grand salon after dinner, not to mention the television room, pool area, and gardens. I often saw him seated at his Louis XVI desk in his office—strategically located next to the hotel entrance—chatting with guests or talking to chefs, housekeepers, and gardeners well after ten at night. Brenner's Park-Hotel gives a marvelous performance. Bravo! ▽

CAPE MAY

(Continued from page 101)

Tennis has always been popular in Cape May, and the William Moore Tennis Center (named for a legendary Black man who taught tennis in Cape May for about eighty years—he died in 1973 at the age of 101) has nine beautiful clay courts and four all-weather courts. The Center is open to the public; and, if you don't have a partner, Ossie, William's son, will arrange a game for you.

Cape May's Corinthian Yacht Club is private, but most hospitable to visiting sailors. There is no golf course in the town, but there are four in nearby communities. Hidden Valley Ranch, just a few miles away in Cold Springs, rents horses for trail rides and moonlight rides along the beach.

As for dining out in Cape May, that is at best a two-star experience. Last summer, a group of us spent every Sunday night trying to find a wonderful little offbeat place, undiscovered by the Mobil Travel Guide. The closest we came to success was a funky Mexican restaurant on the Back Harbor Wharf, where the quality of the food consumed was enhanced proportionately by the quantity of the wine imbibed.

The Lobster House (no reservations) is probably Cape May's most famous restaurant. The decor is fancy/salty, the seafood is excellent, and the lines are long. The Winchester Inn and Watson's Merion Inn are expert at what I call "Cape May Fried."

Cape May bars—Kahn's Ugly Mug, Sid's Tavern, Harvey's Victorian Lounge, and the C-View Inn—also serve food; and, in the case of Kahn's, it is especially good. The sandwiches are overstuffed with thinly sliced top-grade roast beef, corned beef, or ham. Sam Kahn makes his own clam chowder and his wife, Marian, bakes the carrot cake.

Cape May offers a wide range of accommodations to its visitors. If you opt for Victorian charm, there are Poor Richard's Inn, the Packet Inn, the Seventh Sister Guesthouse, and my tour leader Bruce Minnix's own Holly House. If modern lodgings are more your style, there are plenty to choose from—Atlas Motor Inn, Coachman's Motor Inn, Montreal Inn, Golden Eagle Hotel, and Stockholm Motor Inn.

Someone once suggested that the history of Cape May might well be told in its slogans. "Resort to Cape May"; "The Queen of the Seaside Resorts"; "Cool Cape May—20 Miles at Sea" (the town is, in fact, a peninsula); "Our Future is in Our Past" (that was the rallying cry for the town's preservationists after the storm of 1962).

My own recent rediscovery of Cape May convinced me that the time has come for a new slogan, one that would say it all. Since I couldn't come up with anything myself, I conducted a mini-contest among close friends and my immediate family. They offered such plums as "Cape May: A Bastion Against Progress"; "Neither fire nor storm nor disappearing whales can stay the glorious regression of Cape May"; "The Escape of the Gingerbread Houses."

But for my money, the slogan that best summed up Cape May's delightfully confused time warp was not an original entry but a line Richard Sheridan wrote in 1775 for the character of Mrs. Malaprop in his play *The Rivals:* "We will not anticipate the past. Our retrospection will be all to the future." ▽

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'Imagine! Taste this great plus low tar.'

"For me, finding another cigarette with just the right taste wasn't easy. Finding a low-tar cigarette with the taste I go for was even harder.

"But I found it. In Vantage 100's.

"With Vantage 100's, I get the great taste I like. I also get low tar and the graceful style of a 100.

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FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Vantage 100's

Also available in King-Size: Regular and Menthol.

View

Edited by June Weir

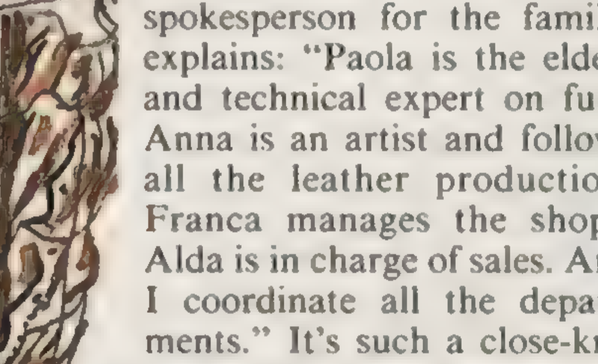
This month, "VIEW" tells you about leading Milan designers and their fall looks...and says: WATCH BEADING



Style—the Italian family way



The five **Fendi** sisters—makers of world-famous furs, leather goods, and ready-to-wear—are a clan with the precision and reliability of a Swiss watch. Each sister adds her own unique talent to make the whole Fendi operation tick. As Carla Fendi, the spokesperson for the family, explains: "Paola is the eldest and technical expert on furs. Anna is an artist and follows all the leather production. Franca manages the shops. Alda is in charge of sales. And I coordinate all the departments." It's such a close-knit family affair that most of the husbands, sons, and daughters have joined the Fendi fleet. Even Karl Lagerfeld, Paris designer, has become part of the family, as he works on the Fendi furs in Rome regularly. Sketched *left*: the Fendi fur for 1979, with rounded shoulders and sleeves.



"Home is our refuge," say Tai and Rosita **Missoni,** *above*, who, for over twenty years, have revolutionized knits around the world. Their warm and welcoming home is located in a landscape of woods and mountains. "The kind of work we do could easily become twenty-four hours a day," says energetic Rosita. "It's my own personal struggle." So, at night and on weekends, their Sumirago home comes alive with friends and family who share Tai and Rosita's love of the outdoors, the sea, sports, good food and wine. *Left*: The Missoni quilted knit coat that reverses to a raincoat.



Although an Aquarius and a Virgo are not supposed to work well together—Mariuccia Mandelli (Aquarius) and her husband Aldo Pinto (Virgo) prove to be exceptions. Ever since they were married in Jamaica in 1967, the **Krizia** success, both in Italy and abroad, has skyrocketed. *Above*: They are photographed with their dogs, "Frido" and "Frida," at their country house in Appiano, outside of Milan. Mariuccia finds, "I work better in my country house, surrounded by trees. There's no time schedule and fewer phone calls. We eat outdoors, wear pants or sarongs—it's all very casual." *Right*: The Krizia belted suit and fur topper.

The business brain behind the **Basile** label is Aldo Ferrante, a dynamo of endless vitality. Together with his wife, Vanna, who is his shadow, Aldo likes to retreat to their big roomy apartment in Milan, go to their home in Sardinia for the summer, or pilot their fifty-foot motor boat around the Mediterranean. As Aldo says, "I'm a Libra and I don't like to be enclosed." *Above*: Aldo and Vanna photographed in the library with their children, Nicholetta, nineteen; Michele, nine; and Ruth, seven. This room is not only their favorite in the apartment but also the quietest. "We took away the telephone, decorated with no colors—in order to have a quieter, calmer spot," adds Vanna. From the fall collection *left*: Basile one-button jacket suit.

(Continued on page 106)

DRAWINGS BY HARVEY BOYD. PHOTOS BY LEOMBRUNO-BODI-LAMI



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In America, 3% of the people give 100% of all the blood that's freely donated.

Which means that if only 1% more people—maybe you—became donors, it would add over *thirty percent* more blood to America's voluntary blood-stream. Think of it!

But forget arithmetic. Just concentrate on one word.

The word is *Easy*. Giving blood is *easy*. You hardly feel it (in fact, some people say they feel better physically after a blood donation).

And, of course, everybody feels better *emotionally*.

Because it's a great feeling knowing your one easy blood donation has helped up to *five* other people to live.

So how about it, 1% of America? Are you going to lie down and be counted?

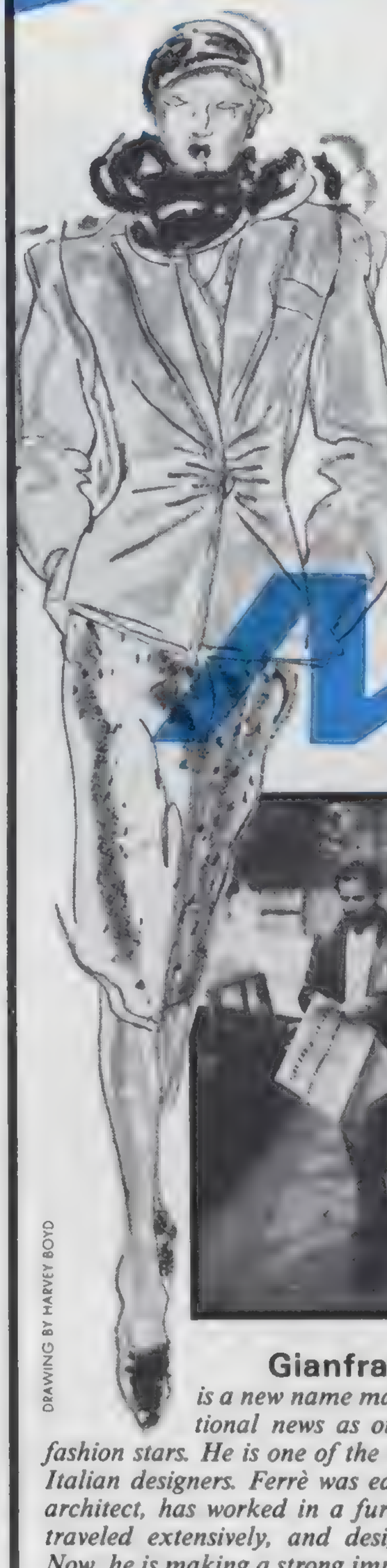
Call your local Red Cross Chapter, or your community's volunteer blood bank. We need you now.

Red Cross is counting on you.

VOGUE'S

View

Continued



Armani: a trailblazer



The work of silver-haired, sun-tanned Giorgio Armani is a perfect example of the way Italian tailoring sends waves around the world. Remember the Armani blazer? It set off explosions in both men's and women's clothes with its chic unconstructed cut. Armani, one of this year's winners of the Neiman-Marcus Award, is really a homebody. "Basically I'm an introvert and I like my privacy. It's essential for me not to feel social pressure of any kind at home. Maybe that's why I never work in my apartment and use only neutrals, such as earth and sand." Yet, Giorgio painted his 1978 Jaguar (*right*) mauve. "It's less important looking in that color." Sketched *left*: Armani's newest jacket—draped and one-buttoned.

Milan headliners

Gianni Versace *(left) is, at thirty-two, a VIP in Milan fashion. He designs for Genny, Callaghan, Complice, and, the Gianni Versace label. Yet, he dreams still bigger dreams. "I would like to become one of the pure designers of the world," not influenced by time, people, or commercial considerations—much like Chanel. Versace says, "I live in this era. I look ahead. But I never forget what has happened before."*

Here are four top fashion designers in Italy today. They understand the mood of modern women around the world, and make clothes for them.

DRAWING BY HARVEY BOYD

Gianfranco Ferrè *is a new name making international news as one of Milan's fashion stars. He is one of the most versatile Italian designers. Ferrè was educated as an architect, has worked in a furniture studio, traveled extensively, and designed jewelry. Now, he is making a strong impact in American stores with his own clothes, which have a sportive spirit. Photographed right: Ferrè in his mother's home, near Milan.*





PHOTOS BY LEOMBRUNO-BODI-LAMI

Jean-Baptiste Caumont *(left) is a man of many moods. He's a health buff who takes a portable gym with him when he travels . . . he adores Art Deco, calls the 1930s "the most creative period of the twentieth century" . . . and he lives in Milan, although he is French. Caumont has a beautiful country home in Asolo, yet he spends more of his time in his Milan apartment, which is filled with priceless Art Deco. In business, his fast-growing "Caumont" label is becoming internationally known.* *(Continued on page 110)*

YOUR HAIR. IT'S ALL WASHED UP.

If you think all shampoos are alike, you may be in trouble. Because the wrong shampoo can make dry hair drier. Oily hair oilier. Normal hair wild.

That's why Shampoo de Pantene is formulated with one major consideration: the fact that your hair is the most vulnerable when it's wet. Just any shampoo simply won't do for hair in this weakened condition.

Since your wet hair needs all the help it can get, all Shampoos de Pantene begin with a low pH and an exact balance of vital conditioners.

But it's just the beginning. The formula includes Pantyl and Phytantriol, two exclusive Swiss conditioners developed and patented by Pantene.® Together, they give your hair added bounce, new resilience. At the same time, they maintain your hair's moisture balance.

There's still more. There's Panthenol (Pro-Vitamin B5) which penetrates each hair shaft as you shampoo. It gives your newly-washed hair pliability when you style it, sheen when you comb it.

Think we forgot the lather? Not for a second! Shampoo de Pantene has the gentlest of lathers to lift out dirt, instead of ordinary suds which strip your hair of natural oils. Only one time around is necessary with the rich Pantene lather. Then, it rinses out, leaving no film. Just clean and shiny hair.

As you can see, a lot goes into Shampoo de Pantene. Years of research. Years of development. More years of testing. Because Pantene is part of Hoffmann-La Roche Inc., one of the world's largest laboratories devoted to good health.

Shampoo de Pantene is available for Dry, Oily and Normal hair at fine drug and department stores.

With Shampoo de Pantene, you'll find your washed up hair can make a brilliant comeback.

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See them at fine stores
everywhere. Macy's,
Bloomingdale's, Soldati,
Margo's La Mode, Smyth Bros.,
I. Magnin, Kempner's,
Joseph Magnin, Lord & Taylor

John Kiggon

"Combining a career with motherhood is my most demanding role...

and Fermodyl haircare systems fit right into my lifestyle."

Tina Louise

Haircare systems that work for the working woman. That's what Fermodyl is all about.

Conditioning capillary lotions, moisturizing hair treatments, body builders, color brighteners, perms, shampoos...in fact, the entire Fermodyl line is organized into highly personalized regimens that can produce maximum results in minimum time.

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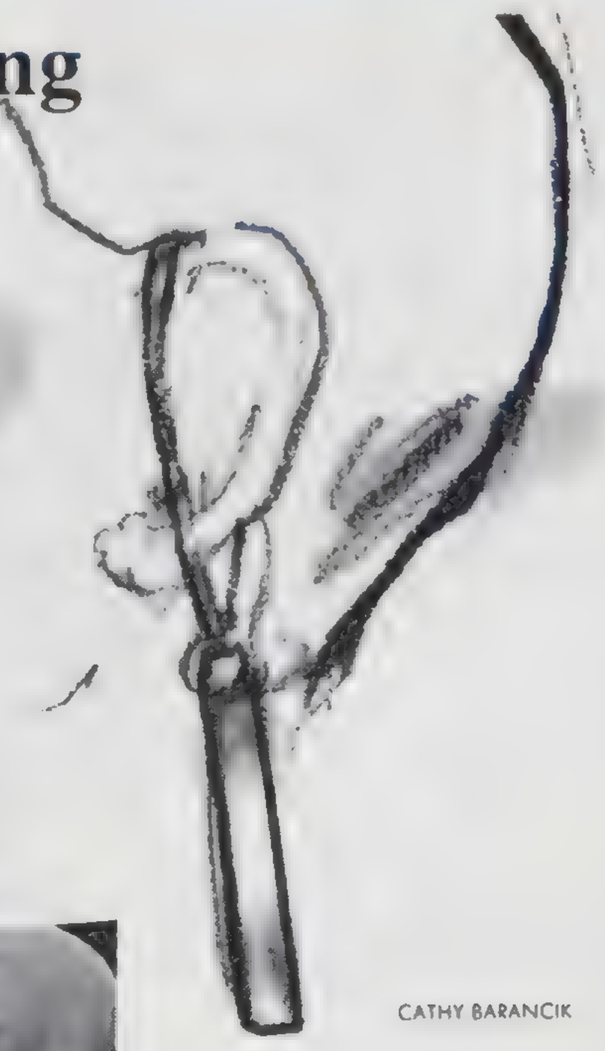
VOGUE'S

View

Continued

The Loop Earring

London designer Jean Muir has a nifty idea for earrings! Instead of clip earrings, which can be painful, Jean showed drop pendants, falling freely from thin chains encircling the ear, but never putting pressure on the ear lobe. A really soft touch!



CATHY BARANCIK



G. TASTHRUNI

Far left: **Double knit bands, called "vacuum coils," are Lagerfeld's newest neckline idea.** ***Near left:*** **Chloé's big pearl choker.**

Lagerfeld's vacuum coils

Count on Karl Lagerfeld to come up with two of the freshest accessory ideas in Paris. Talking about his recent Chloé collection, he said, "I like the look of pearls mounted on a wire choker for a BIG necklace—but it's light and airy."

His "vacuum coils"—always knitted, worn as double cowl rings over any neckline—lend versatility to dresses, blouses, sweaters, or coats. Karl likes the idea so much that he made knit coil bracelets, which he calls "wind breakers"—perfect for winter coats on cold days.

Make a movable sculpture



PIERO PINTO

One of Milan's leading architects and interior designers, Piero Pinto, sketches his collection of turn-of-the-century crystal vases. He likes these Art Nouveau glass containers in all sizes, and with different cut-crystal patterns. In his penthouse apartment, Piero fills these tall, fluted vases with sprigs of dried eucalyptus leaves. Then, he places them like crystal sculptures on both sides of his creamy white sofa.

(Continued on page 112)

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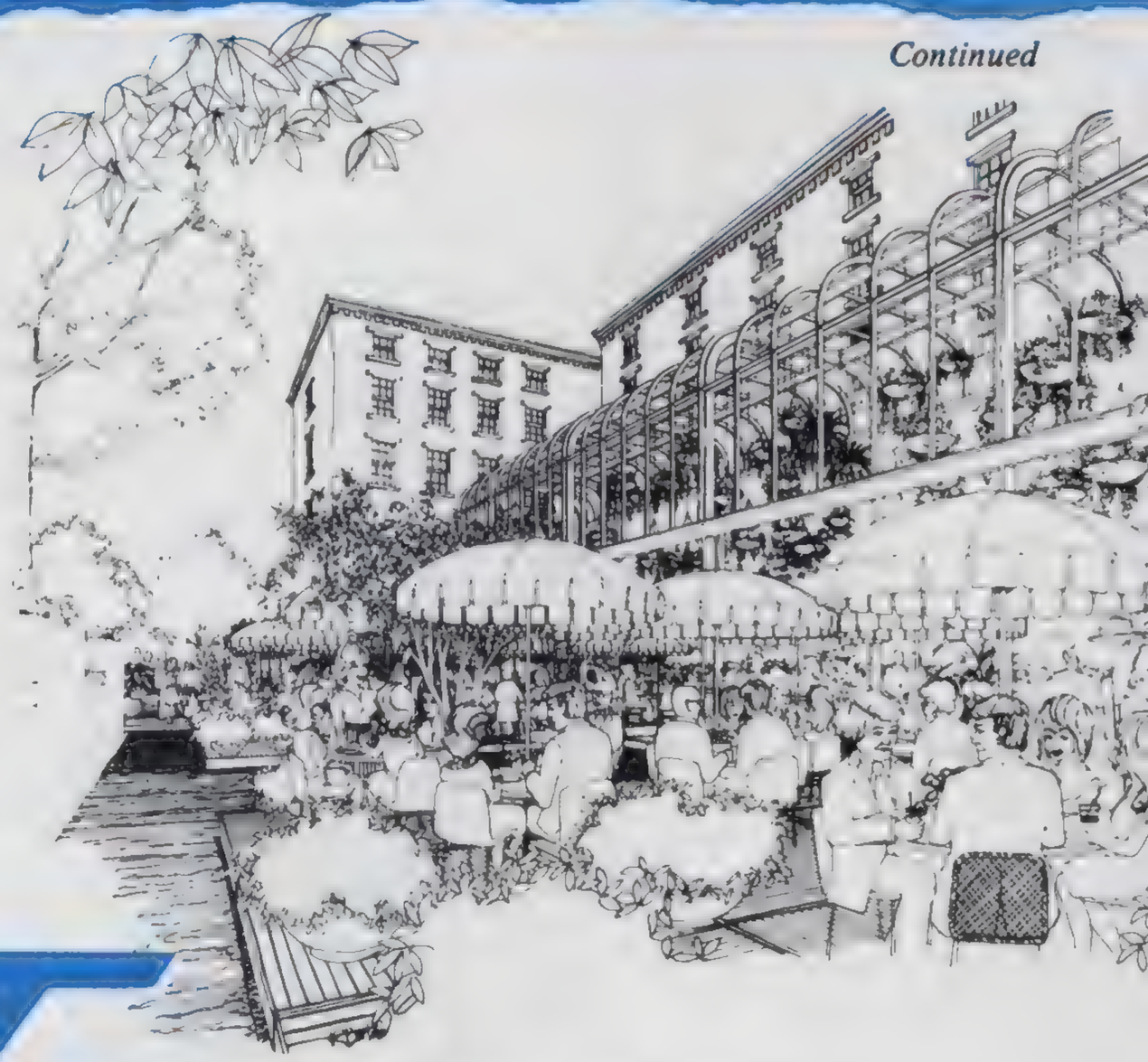
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VOGUE'S

View

Continued



Right: One of the biggest attractions of dining outdoors is people watching. And, in Washington, the best new place for watching people is Senie's café, which opened in May. At Senie's, the brainchild of restaurateur Tony Greco, patrons can choose from a lavish supply of crêpes, salads, soups, and desserts—while taking in the colorful scene. A cascading fountain, yellow and white umbrellas, and strolling musicians and mimes are all part of the fun.

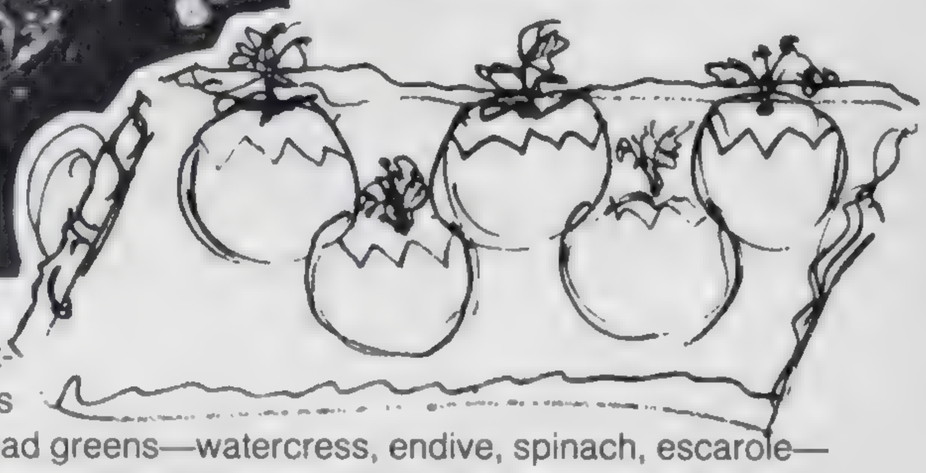
Trend: outdoor dining

Outdoor snacking spots are sprouting all over Washington, DC. The newest place for alfresco lunches or dinners is Senie's, a café in Liberty Plaza (a mini-Rockefeller Center, designed by Max O. Urbahn, Associates). Other outdoor spots: Dominique's, the only first-class French restaurant that offers outdoor dining; Kramerbooks & Afterwords, a combination bookstore/bar/café, where bookworms can browse the stalls indoors, then munch on quiches, pâtés, and cheeses on the patio out back; and, in Georgetown, Le Sorbet, a perfect oasis for hot and hungry shoppers. Their specialty: cool, refreshing sherbets in unusual flavors—like cassis, piña colada.



REGINALD GRAY

Why not?
Entertain at home with great style



Take a leaf from Giorgio Armani, who recently gave a buffet luncheon in his luxurious Milan salon. He put the freshest, crispest salad greens—watercress, endive, spinach, escarole—around a head of lettuce in a giant wicker salad bowl. Nearby he placed carafes of oil and vinegar and a stack of salad plates so each guest could prepare his own salad. Ideal for summer dining outdoors. . . . For a light and easy first course—prepare a tray of Spanish melons. Make saw-tooth incisions all around the tops of the melons. Pierce a tiny hole in the center of each melon cap, and insert individual sprigs of honeysuckle, nasturtium, jasmine, lily of the valley, and stephanotis. Decorative and delicious—this idea comes from a party given by Joan and Sidney Burstein, owners of Brown's boutique in London. *(Continued on page 116)*

Benson & Hedges 100's



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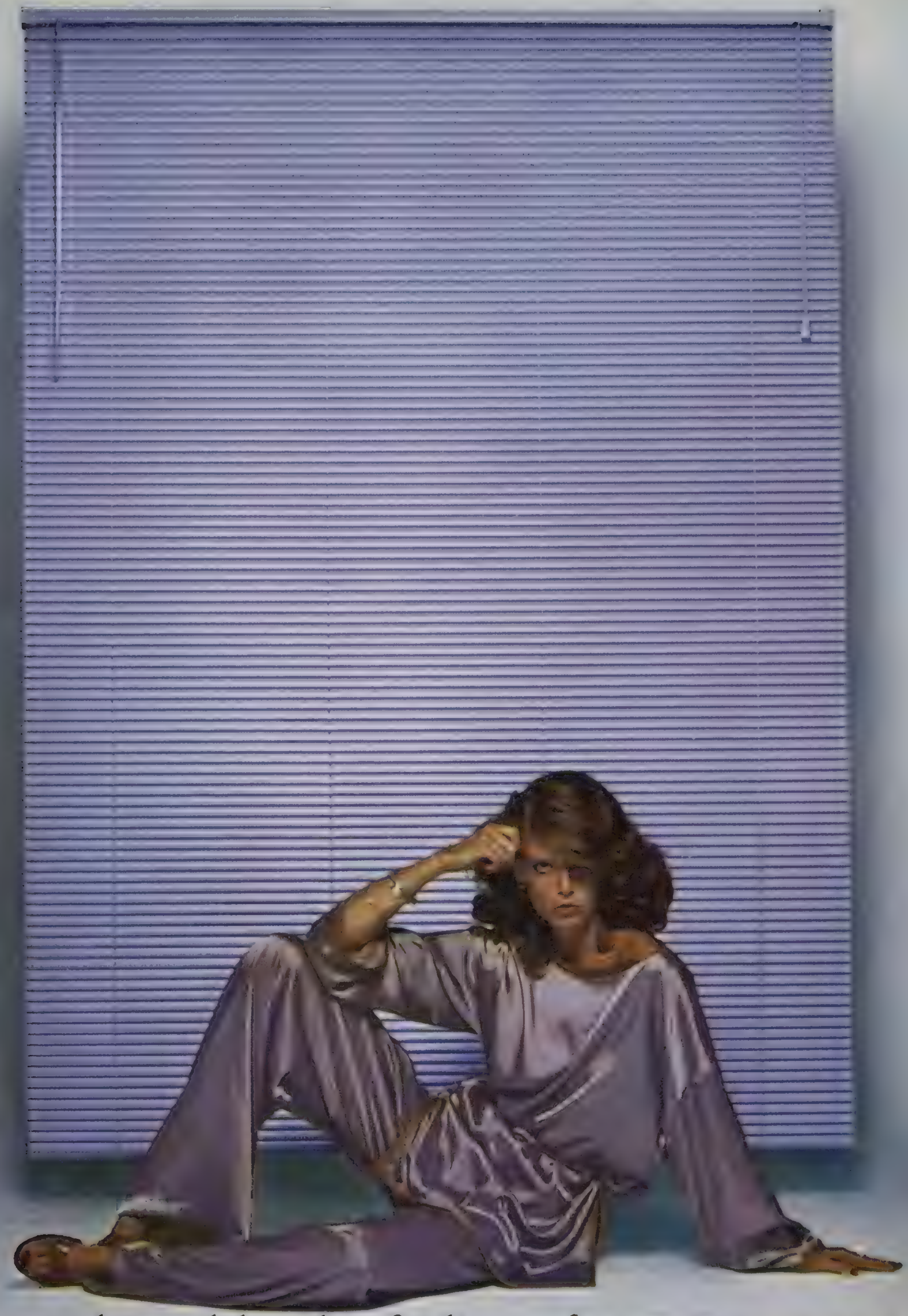
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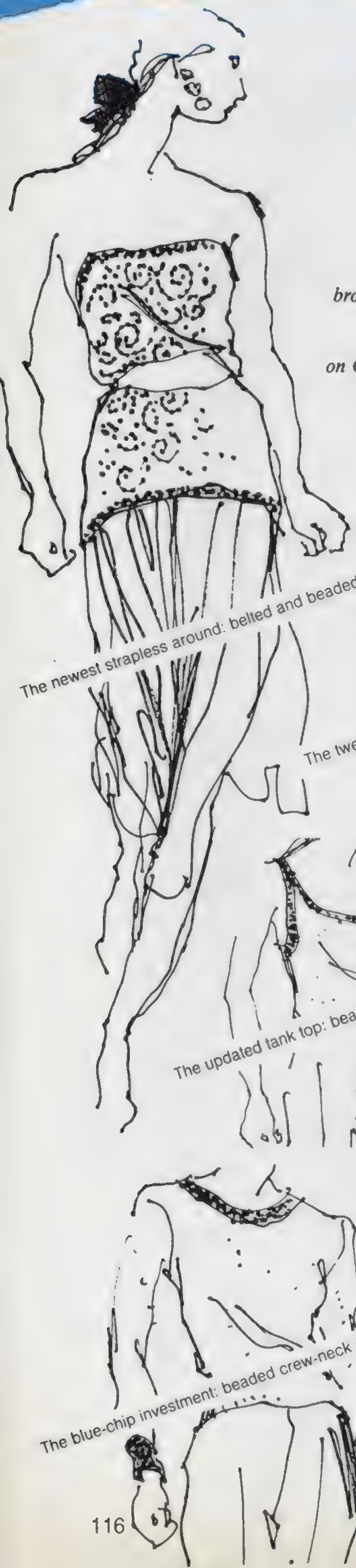
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Now beading



Near right: Calvin's wide brown suède sash with bronze studs, knotted in front. Far right: Bronze studs in a diamond pattern on Calvin's dark brown leather jacket and matching skirt.



DENIS PIEL

The newest strapless around: belted and beaded suède top

The twenty-four-hour skirt: gold studs on suède

The strapless dinner dress: bugle beads on silk georgette

The updated tank top: beaded and banded

The glamour tuxedo pants: bugle-beaded side stripes

The blue-chip investment: beaded crew-neck sweater

The skinniest cardigan: gold studs on suède

ZACK CARR

Continued



Suddenly America's "Mr. Clean"— CALVIN KLEIN— becomes the king of beading

"Until now, I've always felt evening clothes should be pure and simple. Now, I think it's luxury and opulence at night," says influential New York designer Calvin Klein.

His newest message for fall: beading by the mile—in bronze or black beads—on georgette and suède tops. He does this beading on skirts, pants, and jackets.

But don't worry. When Calvin does beading it's not the old-time, drop-dead glitter . . . it's modern, fresh, and so appealing. It's all his uncluttered classics done with a sparkling touch—whether a beaded band around a tank top, a beaded crew-neck sweater, beaded tuxedo stripes on narrow pants plus lots more—that spell sensuous dressing 1980.

Calvin sees beading in classic patterns, too. For instance, he loves the look of graph-paper checks, crisp diamond patterns, or traditional arabesque motifs done in rich-looking beads.

When he's not using beads, Calvin puts gleaming studs on leathers and suèdes in diamond designs. Even his belts look newest when beaded or studded and worn with cashmere sweaters. It's all part of his beaded bonanza.

(Continued on page 118)

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People are talking about...the year of the sweater...what's a neutral color now...Rolls-Royce-priced boots...when you're shopping for quality

What's causing the most talk for fall? Sweaters—it's the year for them! You see knitting for day and night: thin flat knits, knits flecked with confetti colors, popcorn knits, big stitches, patterns, wool shot with a glimmer of gold or silver thread. The sweater look's neat: discreet crews and turtlenecks instead of cowls, skimpy sweaters ribbed to the waist, short-sleeved pullovers and cardigans . . . lots of updates on the 'forties college-girl sweater set. At night, softness counts: Geoffrey Beene does his narrow evening sweater with a little gleam to it. . . . Anne Klein pairs an angora sweater with a dinner skirt. . . . Calvin Klein's crew pullover has subtle strips of beading at the neck and cuffs. Everywhere—with knit dinner suits, lean dresses, sets—sweaters are pared down, *uncomplicated*, with shape that's the shape of the body. In this season of padded shoulders, narrow skirts, and pulled-in waists, that's one look that may just really make it.

"This season, sweaters are one look that may just really make it"

Purple . . . plum . . . Burgundy: Somehow, they're not the first colors that traditionally come to mind when you're thinking about neutral accessories; but, this season, these are the hot new colors for shoes and bags. Color is—without a doubt—something to be reckoned with for fall: colors that are softer and more refined than the brights of last spring, that are deeper and more saturated than naturals. How far can you get with warm violet suèdes, navy metallics, deep-purple lizards, gun-metal greys? There's a logic at work here—and that's balance of color. Degrees of color. The new go-with-nearly-everything shades are never sharp, never high-key, never clashing. They've got a richness and a weight to them that's made to complement the other colors you've got on. You don't match colors—you weigh them. . . . And if you've still got worries, good news: Black is powerful this season. Hot (as suède) or cold (metallic), mixed with color, black's used by a host of designers.

While everyone else is bewailing boot prices, New York's Carina Nucci shop decided to go whole hog: They're offering a $37,000 pair of boots—Sergio Rossi-designed in black leather with Aldo Cipullo-added 18k gold and over 10 carats of diamonds. A shop spokesman says they've gotten a rush of calls, even to look at the boots on an appointment-only basis. For security reasons, the people at Carina Nucci have a guard for the boots. . . . Interesting, that as the rest of Paris is going all-out ornate for nighttime dressing and everyone's trying to do Chinese—mandarin jackets, piping, tunics over pants—Saint Laurent comes up with his version of Oriental dressing for night: narrow, totally simple, all line and fabric, more sophisticated—and probably more authentically Oriental—than all the other stand-up collars put together.

Before you have heart failure over the outrageousness of this, or any other, season's clothes, take this advice from one woman who's a professional collections-watcher: When you look at any runway photographs, you've got first to cut out the stage props. In Paris, particularly, shows were staged in huge, barn-like surroundings. The result was a lot of vastly larger-than-life effects for the crowds: Zandra Rhodes's pollution masks, Lagerfeld's outrageously big pins, Claude Montana's fullback shoulders. With a photograph that's taken straight from the runway, first block out the head and the legs. Then, you can start finding the real clothes. . . . With the explosion of knits, now, the speculation's that women are about to start looking into slips—half-slips—bra-slips—again. It's that, or a rush on Static Guard—to spray inside of skirts . . . or on you.

Quality: We talk a lot about it, these inflation days, and we're constantly searching for it in clothes. But how can we know when we're finding it? Has the idea changed since the days when "quality" meant a special label, a full lining, a beautiful fabric?
To John Anthony, "Workmanship is quality. Not too many people do it anymore; but you can recognize it when you see it. It's the fabric. The look. How it's made. How it hangs."
"When a woman's looking for quality," says Carol Cohen, designer at Braefair coats, "she's looking for good fabric. An all-wool label means a lot. She's looking for fit. A style that's new enough to look good, to give her an up-to-date feeling but that will carry her through a few seasons." Colors? "Rather on the neutral side. But that doesn't necessarily rule out rose, lavender, blue, red. . . . The garment has to look crisp. Well-made."
What's "well-made"? At Trigère, says Pauline Trigère, "Every zipper is sewn in by hand. We put linings in by hand. Sleeves are basted by hand before they're put in. Every button, every seam is checked before it's shipped. Every garment is put on a dummy and checked for size."
Women, today, can't afford to buy for one season only. "A dress, a pair of pants, a suit," says Pauline Trigère, "should be there in your closet as an old friend. I love a woman who really plans a wardrobe, who buys one thing, two things a year. That woman is intelligent."
Is price any indication of quality? All three designers agree. Says Carol Cohen, "You pay for what you get. And, unfortunately, you pay more and more each year." John Anthony: "Expensive is quality. You can't get away from it." Pauline Trigère: "Sure, you get something on sale, a bargain. That's one thing. But cheap is cheap—and that's all."

—KATHLEEN MADDEN

hana mackler

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WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO WANT FIRST THIS FALL... AND WHY

At the beginning of any fashion season, you're faced with choices. But there are certain seasons when what you choose doesn't make a real difference: whichever way you go, you come out with pretty much the same kind of look give or take an accessory.

Not this fall. There are two different fashion "schools of thought," two very different ways of dressing. One way is over-polished, tightly pulled-together. You're not just dressed, you're Dressed—and everyone knows it. But . . . there *is* another way . . . a way that's easier, softer, and more in keeping with the feeling—the attitude—of modern American dressing. The look is finished; it has style. You're as dressed as you want to be—as dressed as most women today have to be—for day, but you're dressed in a way that's relaxed. The appeal is in a low-key kind of polish, a certain subtlety. All the clothes in this issue are clothes that go with this softer way of dressing. These are the things you're going to want first—and enjoy most—this fall.

● **First things first . . . and the first thing you're going to want for day is a suit.** A suit that gives you ease-plus-polish. A suit that gives you softness—softness that can come from unmatching pieces, from knitting, from design. The biggest difference in a suit now is the difference in the jacket—smaller, slightly shaped, with a new shoulder that's squared-off, well-defined. It can be lifted, pleated, pinched, gathered; however it's done, if it's done right, it's not overdone: there's nothing excessive, nothing exaggerated. You shouldn't even see "shoulders," you should only be aware of a very attractive, very clean line. And—the acid test—you shouldn't *feel* shoulders—anything that's too bunchy, too stiff; anything that feels "uneasy" is telling you something—not to buy. A suit that's a throwback to another decade belongs on a movie screen and not on you.

● **If it's a suit with a skirt, the skirt is narrow, straight all the way, and stops a few inches below the knee** (which is where most hemlines have quietly settled). There are no tricky wraps, no wide-open slits, no pegging, no funny pleats kicking up at the bottom. Where there is pleating: a knife-pleated skirt that's even down to the hem.

● **Pants for day—the option remains open—have the same straight, clean line.** And the same absence of gimmicky details. Think classic. Think neat. Think fewer pleats. And think short boots—the newest—and raciest "accessory" for pants now.

● **Under jackets—*all* jackets—a beautiful blouse.** A blouse that's a key element in dressing this year and not just another pretty touch. You'll find the same attention to detail—in the squaring of a shoulder, in pleating, in a soft-bow neckline or matching soft-scarf—that you find in the "big" pieces. And the colors are wonderful—against deepened background shades, the lift of sapphire, saffron, magenta.

● **The best news in a suit year—any year—the return of the pump!** We can almost guarantee: a pair of pumps will be the very first thing you'll buy (and July is not a moment too soon!). And the thing you'll wear most—day, night, with skirts, pants, everything. It isn't just a classic revisited: this is a new pump—the shaping is neater, more sophisticated. The textures have changed: now, reptiles, deep-pile suèdes, glacé kid, polished calf. But the biggest change is the change in color—the "basic" neutrals fall within a totally new range of cassis-to-heliotrope. Colors to move around your wardrobe the way you once moved brown or tan. More good news: in the variety of heel heights—from low-heeled working shoes to high-heeled dancing pumps.

● **What's true of shoes is true of handbags: interesting textures, interesting—deepened—colors.** (Nowhere—clothes, accessories, whatever—will you find neutrals that haven't been deepened, warmed, enriched. It isn't beige; it's toast or spice. It isn't pale grey; it's anthracite or charcoal. It's always the richest version of a color.) And there's a very well-thought-out approach to what really works. The bag for day: smaller, shaped, roomy but not big-as-a-desk. When you do need more space, the most appealing new variations on a tote, on a briefcase—always workable, always feminine. The smaller bag slips inside, slips out when you're going off to lunch, to dinner.

● **It's a good year for coats.** A coat with new line at the shoulder, a certain narrowness, luxury (and warmth!) in the fabric. And a new versatility—the coat to watch is 7/8 and goes over everything . . . easily. Another new shape: a slightly fitted reefer coat. When clothes have a neat, scaled-down line, a coat becomes a very movable, very adaptable piece.

● **It's a great year for knitting.** What you're going to see this month will whet your appetite for what's ahead. Now, there's knitting that softens the line of everything . . . and everything—coats, jackets, suits, dresses—is knitted. The most appealing of the new knits—the thing to grab first—one of the new sweaters. A smaller sweater, shorter, waist-conscious, with a clean crewneck. A sweater in a nubby or crunchy texture that adds a warmth to everything. And a sweater that has some of the season's best effects—knitted with gold or colored metallic thread—just enough to catch the light . . . catch the eye.

● **This year, there's a clear contrast between day and night.** The simple shapes, the narrowness hold. But the colors and textures take a totally different turn even for a casual evening. If it's sweater-and-pants dressing, for instance—the pants are purple satin or the thinnest suède, studded with gold nailheads, and the sweater is metallic knit or hand-knitted silk embroidered with jet. If it's jacket-and-skirt dressing, the jacket is red quilted satin or black velvet covered in bright-color jewels or a quilted silk cloqué wrap in a "one-of-a-kind" print. And the skirt is satin or velvet. The shoe that goes is still a pump, now . . . in gold!

● **Day or night, it's never simply a question of new clothes.** When the look of fashion changes—and it has—the way you wear everything changes. Nothing gets the message across faster this fall than the look of hair. With the new definition of a shoulder, with the new neckline of a blouse, the gesture you see the most is the one that lifts hair up and off the shoulder, away from a neckline. And the way that translates into a new haircut: shorter hair, blunt cut to above-the-shoulder; soft, but with control, with line. It sets up everything that follows.

And with the change to darker colors for day, to black and luxurious textures at night, makeup changes. For day, makeup is a key softener: a paler color for skin, warmed by rosy-mauve cheek and lip colors, eye colors in gentle neutrals misted with a hint of violet. At night, there's more color, more shine. But not too much more: there's nothing heavy-handed about any of this—makeup has the same clean finish that the best clothes have.

● **Where you see the inventiveness and delight of fashion this fall: in the "little" things you add for effect.** Like . . . a claret silk chiffon scarf patterned with claret bugle beads . . . a classic narrow belt edged all-around in gold beads . . . the softest envelope bag in a gleaming pearlized leather that you reach for almost instinctively . . . a wonderful metallic knit dinner scarf. Every one of them—everything on the pages ahead—a temptation. And irresistible.

'79 FALL'S TEMPTATIONS!

NO QUESTION. YOU'LL SEE REAL CHANGES IN THE KEY LOOKS FOR FALL—NEW SHAPES, NEW LINE, NEW COLOR. BUT WHAT'S REALLY GOING TO GRAB YOU, WORK FOR YOU . . . GIVE YOU THE MOST REAL FASHION, REAL DELIGHT FOR YOUR MONEY . . . HAS TO BE MORE THAN JUST "NEW." IT HAS TO BE THE SOFTEST, MOST ATTRACTIVE, MOST TEMPTING VERSION OF WHAT'S NEW . . . AND THAT'S WHAT YOU'LL FIND ON THESE EIGHT PAGES, STARTING HERE WITH . . .

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you organized space. About $150.

First things first... a beautiful new pump!

The prettiest haircut... it sets the tone

Top priority: a first-class haircut. With the kind of soft but-controlled line clothes have now. Stopping crisply at your shoulder letting the new shoulders, the necklines show. The shoulder you see: the snakeskin jacket of a Bill Blass suit.

Color Temptations . . . As soon as clothes change color and texture . . . makeup changes, too. Now . . . makeup with a softer look. Pale, pale skin with the lift of rose. Here: Diane Von Furstenberg's Rose Mocha Creme Cheek Color, Lipstick and Gloss. These eight pages: hair, John Sahag; makeup, Ariella. Fashion details, accessories next to last pages.

Denis Piel


Magic coat number... 7/8
Fast, racy, the shirt boot and pants

TEMPTATIONS!

A complete change in boots, too. This season . . . nothing high, nothing medium. The boot you'll see, the one you'll want . . . is short . . . above-the-ankle. And you wear it any time you don't wear a pump! In suède or leather for day . . . with straight, narrow pants and a textured sock . . . with skirts and patterned legs that match. In satin, silk, metallic at night. The one *below, left*, in brown calf, zipped at the side, with a soft strap to tie around the ankle, a stacked leather heel. By Mario Valentino, NYC. About $200. The pants are by Calvin Klein. . . . In a year of coats, the most versatile —the 7/8 length. It goes over everything. At its best for day . . . the way John Anthony does it, *left, inset*. The shoulders squared a bit to set the line . . . the straight-but-easy way it falls . . . the nubby fabric—a neutral olive. Coat, wool-blend (Sarti/The Ideacomo Group) Turnout, including the wool twill skirt, a sweater, not shown, about $2,150. Late August. To order at Saks Fifth Avenue; Montaldo's; Maison Blanche; Lina Lee. . . .



Now . . . a suit that's soft, appealing, but not "uptight." Pieces that don't match . . . but come together perfectly . . . *right*, Calvin Klein's black-and-white houndstooth jacket, black skirt, bright yellow taffeta blouse. All lean-lined, body-close but not confining. Jacket, wool, about $250; skirt, cashmere/wool, about $160; blouse, about $140. Jacket, late August; blouse and skirt, mid-Sept.; Kaufmann's; Hudson's; Balliet's; Frost Bros.; Robinson's, California. *Color Temptations* . . . What you'll see, want . . . in makeup . . . color that's bright but never hard-edged. Like this from Calvin Klein's fall '79 Amber Face: Red Amber Blush, Red Sienna Lip Color. On the eyes: Brown Amber and Amber Smoke Shadow. Accessories, next to last pages. Denis Piel

The key to a suit...

Nothing changes a look, softens it,
"dresses it up" . . . faster than a blouse.
The kind of soft, bright, feminine
blouse you'd never call a shirt.
Now it's more than an accessory,
it's a key element in your wardrobe.
Oscar de la Renta's beautiful blue silk,
right, says it all . . . detail at the
shoulders, gentle pleating, a matching tie.
Here with a black-and-white wool-blend
jacket, black wool skirt. Suit, about $590.
Early August, at Saks Fifth Avenue;
Gus Mayer, New Orleans; O'Neil's;
Jacobson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.
If you're buying one "treat" . . . a 7/8 coat
for night! Something as choice as
John Anthony's straight-and-narrow
sapphire-blue wool/angora, *left*.
Adds a whole new dimension to restaurant/
theater dressing. About $3,580 (including
the skirt and sweater on the next page).
Late August, at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin;
John Baldwin. To order at Bullocks Wilshire.
Color Temptations . . . For evening a little
more makeup—but always with a subtle touch.
The makeup, *right*, from Orlane's B.21
Collection: Tourmaline Lipstick, Perle
Bleue Mascara, Kohl Pencil. And
a Cristal Transparent Powder
with a velvety finish.
Accessories, next
to last pages.

A coat for night...lean, luxe, 7/8

TEMPTATIONS!



Evening...the gold pump



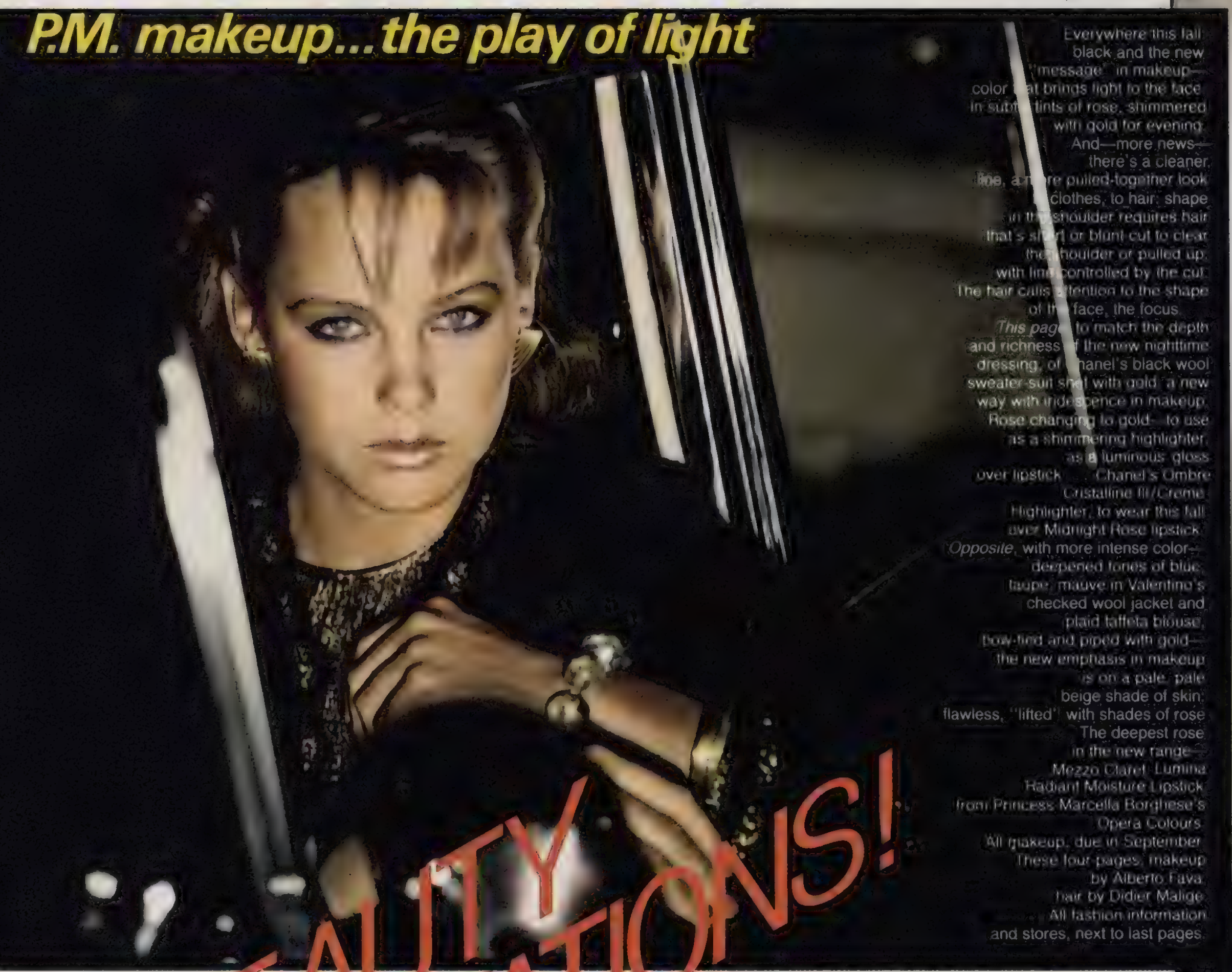
TEMPTATIONS!

Dressing for evening now isn't
a cashmere-sweater-long-flannel-skirt
number. There's more glitter, more
glamour, more "dressing-up."
What sets the pace? A pump! . . .
gold, sleek, shiny . . . on the highest
slender heels. By Givenchy, *above*.
About $110. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman. . . .
More of the change . . . in color, fabric—
the Calvin Klein pants . . . purple taffeta!
John Anthony takes sweater-and-skirt
dressing to a completely new level.
Left: The ultimate in beaded sweaters
. . . black silk hand-beaded
in a flower design of black jet.
With a skirt that's short, slim . . . satin.
Part of the turnout, the sapphire-blue
coat you saw two pages back.
Opposite: In a year of luxurious
evenings . . . the most irresistible . . .
Bill Blass's small, shaped velvet
jacket with multicolor rhinestones,
velvet pants, a mauve camisole.
The turnout costs about $1,590.
That's an investment. But it would pay
dividends for years. In the way
it would make you feel and look . . .
what the jacket would do for
a skirt, a dress . . . every time.
Late July at Saks Fifth Avenue;
Swanson's on the Plaza; Neiman-Marcus.
Color Temptations . . . Part of the
difference in your look at night: a new clarity
to your skin . . . lighter, clearer tones.
Starts with a thin, silky base like
Germaine Monteil's
Secret Light Illumination, *opposite*,
and Beige Superglow Fluid Makeup.
A new canvas for a new range
of clear-but-soft colors . . .
Cocoa Plum blush and lipstick.
Accessories, next to last pages.

...the small, jeweled jacket



Deris Riel



P.M. makeup...the play of light

Everywhere this fall black and the new "message" in makeup—color that brings light to the face in subtle tints of rose, shimmered with gold for evening. And—more news—there's a cleaner line, a more pulled-together look to clothes, to hair: shape in the shoulder requires hair that's short or blunt cut to clear the shoulder or pulled up, with line controlled by the cut. The hair calls attention to the shape of the face, the focus.

This page: to match the depth and richness of the new nighttime dressing, of Chanel's black wool sweater-suit shot with gold, a new way with iridescence in makeup. Rose changing to gold—to use as a shimmering highlighter, as a luminous gloss over lipstick. Chanel's Ombre Cristalline III/Creme Highlighter, to wear this fall over Midnight Rose lipstick.

Opposite, with more intense color—deepened tones of blue, taupe, mauve in Valentino's checked wool jacket and plaid taffeta blouse, bow-tied and piped with gold—the new emphasis in makeup is on a pale, pale beige shade of skin, flawless, "lifted" with shades of rose. The deepest rose in the new range—Mezzo Claret Lumina Radiant Moisture Lipstick from Princess Marcella Borghese's Opera Colours.

All makeup, due in September. These four pages, makeup by Alberto Fava, hair by Didier Malige. All fashion information and stores, next to last pages.

BEAUTY TEMPTATIONS!

INSPIRED BY THE NEW WAY OF DRESSING: CHANGES IN MAKEUP, IN HAIR—IN KEEPING WITH THE LOOK AND LINE OF THE CLOTHES. IN FASHION, IT ALL STARTS WITH BLACK, DEEPENED COLOR—AND THE CONTRAST IN MAKEUP OF CLEAR PALE SKIN SUFFUSED WITH ROSE FOR DAY, ILLUMINATED WITH IRIDESCENCE FOR EVENING. AND, WITH THE NEW WELL-DEFINED SHAPE IN THE SHOULDER: HAIR THAT'S SHORTER, CONTROLLED, UNCLUTTERED . . . ALL IN ALL, A REFRESHING CHANGE, A TOTALLY DIFFERENT KIND OF APPEAL

These four pages by Patrick Demarchelier

Hair...a new control



BEAUTY TEMPTATIONS

Most wanted this season
an evening jacket.
Left: Claude Montana's
in violet taffeta, embroidered
with gold—the sleeves,
with the new "jump"
at the shoulder.
With shape this well-defined,
you want hair that maintains
the line—off the shoulder,
swept up, softly rolled.
And, with this kind
of color and ornamentation,
makeup shimmered with gold . . .
Estée Lauder's Misty Amethyst
Creme Eyeshadow, shimmery Goldgleamer
over Heathermist Pink lipstick.
Photographed at Maxim's, Paris.
Right: Black—this season's
daytime neutral in every collection . . .
in Ungaro's, a black
velvet-collared jacket over his
"lady print" silk blouse.
The makeup: paler and more subtle
color with shades of rose
coming through—blushed
with Bois de Rose cheek color,
powdered for a perfect finish.
Terra Rosa eyeshadow palette,
Brun Net on the lips,
all from Dior's new Choc Clair
Collection for fall.
Due September 1. All fashion
information and stores,
next to last pages.

P.M. hair... off the shoulder

With black... pale makeup

warmed with rose

AT SAINT LAURENT AT CHLOÉ: A different

Two designers—Yves Saint Laurent and Karl Lagerfeld at Chloé—each with a very individual approach to fashion, a unique sense of style. And both of them—in a season of runway razzle-dazzle and "hard-to-handle" shapes —have gone another way, a much more appealing way. But it's more than that: within both collections you start to see new—and different—directions whether it's their use of knitting, the way they soften the look of a suit, give evenings a prettier turn. Modern concepts of dressing that are going to change the way you look, the way you think about fashion now. On these six pages, what those changes are about. . . .

Patrick Demarchelier

direction

A different approach to suit dressing at Saint Laurent—soft, spirited, modern. The prettiest of his day suits—the prettiest suit in Paris, *left*, with a small-fitting velvet jacket, pleated panne velvet skirt, beautiful blouse—"Pierrot" ruffled in abstract crêpe de Chine plaid (there were wonderful tartans—blouses, long narrow shawls—all through the Rive Gauche collection). . . . Jacket, about $620; skirt, about $345; blouse, about $350. Saks Fifth Avenue; Eleganza, Millburn, NJ; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, Atlanta; Bay Harbor Islands, FL; Halle's; Woolf Brothers.

Lagerfeld's new-shaped suit, *right*—his design, his use of leather keep it within a context of softness. In rich cordovan-brown leather, a fitted-in-at-the-waist jacket, piped in black, new rounded sleeves, narrow straight skirt, a separate "coil" of black knit at the neck—it's not a "shape statement," it's a very attractive suit to own. Jacket, about $1,340; skirt, about $660. Saks Fifth Avenue; Ultimo; Holt Renfrew of Canada. . . .

A soft approach to makeup—the look you've been seeing throughout these pages. Here, one of the prettiest ways—slightly paled skin, with a blush of soft cheek color, soft lip color from Charles of the Ritz's Soft Sensations collection, Ritz Red Lipstick, Sunset Rose Cheek Glow. These six pages: hair, Didier Malige; makeup, Alberto Fava. Accessories, next to last pages.

Patrick Demarchelier

The way Saint Laurent used knits to get the smallness, the narrowness, that make his clothes so appealing. *Right:* His close-to-the-body coat . . . the new 7/8 length . . . a brilliant fuchsia. With a matching sweater and skirt trimmed in black. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Coat, about $465. Saint Laurent Boutique Femme, NYC; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, Beverly Hills. At Chloé . . . Lagerfeld's show-opener, a signal of things to come: a knit suit! And his key chemise shape—it went all through the collection—kept coming out in knit. The one opposite, left, terrific in a ragged white textured wool. Even the signature accessory . . . a coil-of-knit necklace! Dress, about $320. Saks Fifth Avenue. *Center:* A whole new proportion, a new kind of shaping in two-piece dressing at Chloé . . . a longer, closer-to-the-body top with a separate turtleneck . . . softness in even the slimmest skirt, both in wool. Top, about $385. Skirt, about $290. Top and skirt at Saks Fifth Avenue; Harrzfeld's, Georgia Bonner Teller. Sweater only, Hudson's, Marshall Field. *Right:* A collarless, narrow-lining coat over a V-neck chemise dress . . . both in strong textured white wool/mohair blend. The kind of look that's going to count, that you can count on! Coat, about $475. Dress, about $395. Saks Fifth Avenue. Accessories, next to last pages.

In both collections the most important looks, the most prophetic shapes were in knit. The message couldn't be clearer for Saint Laurent, for Lagerfeld the new knitting is key to modern dressing.

AT SAINT LAURENT AT CHLOÉ: A different direction


Patrick Demarchelier

AT SAINT LAURENT AT CHLOÉ: A different direction

Here—nothing tricky, nothing excessive—not even for evening. Always the simplest lines, the most sophisticated styling . . . the impact of color, of luxurious fabric. And all of it thought-out, subtle. Here—the softest, most attractive night-dressing in years.

There's splendor at night, but it's modern, freewheeling . . . it moves! Saint Laurent's suit, *opposite*, for example. A close-fitting Burgundy velvet jacket (the shape kept coming out), trimmed in black braid, a pleated platinum-grey panne velvet skirt, a silk blouse. More delight: the sparkled white silk muffler. All Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Jacket, about $660; skirt, abo[illegible]ingdale's; Mont[illegible]nt Rive Gauche, Washington, DC, and Chevy Chase; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin

Lagerfeld believes in—always makes—the most ravishing blouses in Paris anywhere. They're the essence, the spirit of his contemporary approach. This year (you can wear it for years) . . . *right*, his tiered black silk-and-lace —small, shaped—a high collar, full-shouldered sleeves. One of the best ways to wear it: with a plaid silk crêpe de Chine skirt. Turnout. Bini silk/The Ideacomo Group, about $2,000. Saks Fifth Avenue; Holt Renfrew of Canada.

At night, with these clothes, you'll want to heighten your makeup color. Here, a blush of Soft Jazz Powder on the cheeks, Blue Jazz Red Very Moist Lipstick. Both, a pre-glimpse of Elizabeth Arden's new fall color collection. Accesories next to last page.



THE SHOE
TO OWN NOW
IS A

pump



Some of the best effects this season are the most subtle—achieved with the right shoe, a beautiful blouse. It's the difference that a single perfect piece can make to the whole look, the quick change that brings a classic way of dressing up-to-date—this year. If you could own only one pair of shoes, no question: the shoe to own is a pump. In surprising new versions: suède and highly polished leather, in deepened colors—cassis and heliotrope—to take the place of black and brown as neutrals for day. The shape of a boot now is shorter, neater—to wear with pants . . . or with a skirt and stockings—sheer, textured, in shades that make for one continuous line with the shoe . . . a long look at the leg.

FIRST CHOICES

Signs of the big change in shoes this year, from left to right: Casadei's purple suède ankle boot, appliquéd with leather. About $200. Saks Fifth Avenue; Soldati, Minneapolis; Right Bank Shoe Co., Beverly Hills. . . . One of the new, not-quite-so-serious takes on the classic pump—in fuchsia suède, banded with gold at the heel. Garolini, about $90. At I. Miller, NYC; Bonwit Teller. . . . A question of proportion: the short boot—in black satin with a fuchsia metallic "stripe" up the front. Sebastian for Joan and David Couture, about $145. Ann Taylor. . . . The interest texture brings to the pump—in purple leather, woven at the vamp and toe. Vittorio Ricci by Stèphane Kèlian, about $165. Vittorio Ricci, NYC and Chicago; Kurt Geiger of Bond Street, Beverly Hills. . . . The new color spectrum for day: from cassis to heliotrope—the shade of Charles Jourdan's pump with a pleated leather cocard, about $150. At Charles Jourdan Boutiques; Bloomingdale's; Mr. Jay, Millburn, NJ; Jordan Marsh, Florida; I. Magnin. With garnet flock-dotted tights. Givenchy for Round-The-Clock, about $5. . . . Opposite, inset: The way one wonderful blouse can immediately establish a new look, a whole new attitude—Koos van den Akker's in gold silk crèpe de Chine, printed with black stars, with a matching scarf edged in pinked black leather. Abraham silk jacquard. About $500. August at Koos van den Akker Boutique, NYC and Beverly Hills; Lou Lattimore; Bonwit Teller. On these six pages: hair, Garren at The Plaza; makeup Way Bandy. Accessory information and stores, next to last pages.

Taking the place of a shirt: a beautiful blouse, an ornamented jacket, a pullover in some surprising fabric—sign of a new attitude. The softness that tempers this season's tailoring . . .

FIRST CHOICES

Beauty Note . . . The subtle difference a suède pullover makes in the look of a jacket, the same sense of softness—in face color: Pink Ginger Soft-Pressed eye shadow, Fig blusher, Pink Plum lipstick—all from Clinique. Accessories and stores, next to last pages

Penn

Opposite, outstanding example of the kind of decorative "object"—to own and to wear—that often goes beyond its context, a matching skirt or pants: Geoffrey Beene's quilted silk cloqué wrap jacket—to wear over everything . . . over his silk satin skirt. Jacket, skirt, and suède cummerbund, about $2,500. Abraham silk cloqué, Taroni/The Ideacomo Group silk satin. Early September at Bergdorf Goodman; Higbee's; Marshall Field; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus; Frederick & Nelson.

This page, to look for: one wonderful top like Mary McFadden's mint-green suède long-sleeved "T-shirt"—it sets the mood of a "suit" this fall. Here, with her quilted silk jacket and mohair/wool (Agnona/The Ideacomo Group) skirt. Pullover, jacket, skirt, and leather wrap belt, about $3,790. Late September, to order at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Saks-Jandel; Montaldo's; Maison Blanche; Balliet's; Lou Lattimore; Giorgio.

THE SHOE
TO OWN NOW
IS A

pump—

FOR
EVENING!





Penn

FIRST CHOICES

One of the most important forces for change in dressing this fall: the pump—in jazzier versions for evening. In deep-pile suèdes, satin, metallics—in brilliant color . . . in black. Always, with a new sense of ornamentation

Symbols of the new attitude for evening, left to right: Charles Jourdan's sleek red suède pump with a metallic bow and heel, about $150. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; Charles Jourdan Boutiques. . . . The P.M. version of the short boot—in black satin, with passementerie trim. Givenchy, about $178. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Frederick & Nelson. . . . Yves Saint Laurent's green satin pump, ornamented with rhinestones and feathers. About $160. August at Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. . . . New dazzle—a bronze pump edged with red metallic. Pancaldi/Walter Steiger, about $105. I. Miller, NYC; Sakowitz; Shaw, The Fashion Shoe, San Francisco. . . . The play of platinum and suède, the inventive shape of Maud Frizon's pump. About $210. Maud Frizon Shop, NYC; Mr. Jay, Millburn, NJ; Neiman-Marcus; Right Bank Shoe Co., Beverly Hills. . . . Sheer texture—black diamond-patterned tights by Electric Sok, about $4. At Henri Bendel. . . . The evening classic updated: Halston's black suède pump, piped in platinum. By Garolini, about $110. Saks Fifth Avenue; I. Magnin.

Above, in a year when knits are taking off: a jet-black angora wool sweater, fluted at the hem and cuffs—and the immediate delight it brings to evening dressing! With an accordion-pleated skirt, dotted with gold (viscose/Lurex). Sweater, about $240. Skirt, about $140. Donna Karan and Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co. Elizabeth Arden; Garfinckel's; Hudson's; Dayton's; Lou Lattimore; Bonwit Teller. Accessory information, next to last pages.

SPECIAL REPORT: FALL READY-TO-WEAR

By June Weir

First, it was Rome. Then, it was Florence. Now, it's Milan.

Twice a year fashion *aficionados* gather there to see what Italy's fast-growing ready-to-wear colony is projecting for the season.

Out of this northern industrial city—rated by some gourmets as having some of the best Italian restaurants (El Toulá, Bice, Saint Andrews)—has come a group of on-the-target designers rated by American experts as making the Best of Italian Fashion.

Just look at the record!

Unbeatable knits by Tai and Rosita Missoni . . . masterful tailoring from Giorgio Armani, Aldo Ferrante's Basile, and Jean-Baptiste Caumont . . . splendid shapes by Krizia's Mariuccia Mandelli, who always adds her own amusing twist . . . colorful sportswear with pure Italian know-how as Gianfranco Ferre sees it . . . and multi-faceted dressing from Gianni Versace—are some of the standouts.

And, of course, the fact that the famous Fendi sisters bring their fabulous furs and leather accessories from Rome to Milan—just to show the world press and buyers assembled there—is a tribute to this new center of Italian fashion.

For fall and winter 1979, the Italians realize American women love clean, crisp, contemporary dressing—and they've pulled together a world of ideas that work.

Biggest success is the City Suit . . .

They see women wearing the suit, both to work and out to dinner. It's a whole way of dressing from day to evening . . . just look at the variety: Basile's sleek wool suits with one-button asymmetric closings; Armani's trendy one-button jackets with a draped detail; Krizia's slender wool suits—belted and worn under toppers, both wool and fur; Missoni's soft buttery knit jackets and skirts in autumn's hazy colors.

You can't miss the details: jackets are shaped with broader shoulders (but never exaggerated!) . . . sleeves are set in with modified padding . . . and most of the jackets have notched lapels. If your waist is an asset—you'll like the way the Italians have curved, fitted, or belted the jackets—so the waist can't be missed.

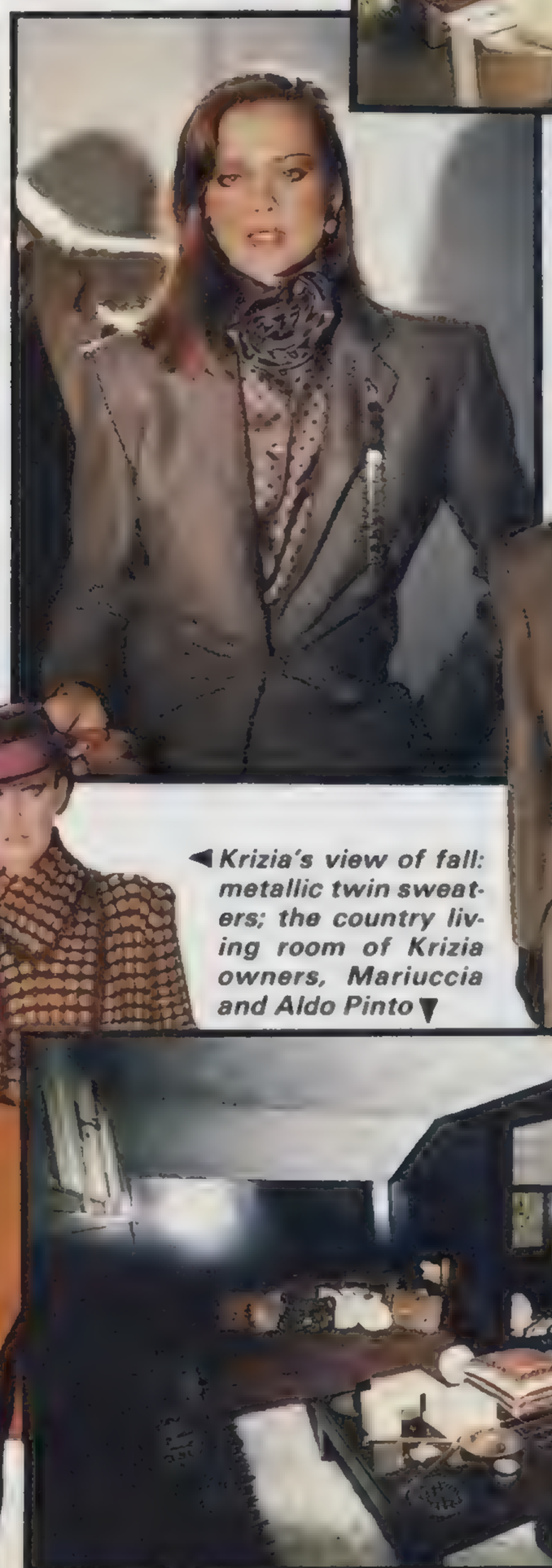
The City Suit skirt is slim, straight, and short—just below or around the knee. *(continued on page 214)*



Armani's great wool and cashmere sweater, with matching scarf neckline



Outdoor dining on Tai and Rosita Missoni's terrace in the country: the perfect jacket and romantic blouse, by Armani



Krizia's broad-shouldered coatdress, worn with fur muffler, fedora, and crocodile envelope bag

Krizia's view of fall: metallic twin sweaters; the country living room of Krizia owners, Mariuccia and Aldo Pinto

KNITTING...IN A BIG WAY, EVERY WAY—AND ALWAYS A WINNER! *AND NOBODY KNITS*

LIKE MISSONI—NOW, THEIR SOFT-SHAPE COATS, NARROW DRESSES, WITH THEIR SPECIAL SENSE OF COLOR

Near right—Versatility, Missoni-style: Cobalt-blue wool mohair knit reversing to quilted navy nylon—a new coat/raincoat. With matching alpaca wool dress. Coat, about $855. Dress, about $325. Late July at Saks Fifth Avenue; Burdines; Ultimo; Balliet's; Frost Bros. . . . Center right—most inventive use of color and texture: Mauve/fuchsia/blue/beige wool mohair blend "herringbone" knit with gold Lurex—their narrow cardigan coat, matching silk jersey dress. Coat, about $695. Dress, about $500. Late September at Bloomingdale's; Hudson's; Ultimo; Bonwit Teller . . . Far right—the softest two-piece dress: Wool mohair knit sweater and narrow skirt in rust/brown stripes, under a 7/8 coat—one of the best new coat looks—in matching mohair wool ribbed knit. Sweater, about $295. Skirt, about $255. Coat, about $430. Late July, Bloomingdale's. These twelve pages: hair, Christiaan; makeup, Alberto Fava. Additional stores and accessories, next to last pages.

THE BE

Arthur Elgort

Leombruno Bodi Lami

ST OF MILAN

Arthur Elgort

Basile's new 7/8 coat, far left—dark mallard-blue, straight, simple, narrow falling. Wool/nylon; Sarti/The Ideacomo Group; about $875, includes skirt not shown. Henri Bendel; Ultimo. Coat only, at Bullocks Wilshire. Best weather coat, center left: his new 3/4 raincoat in down-filled silk—sapphire reversing to purple. About $815. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin. A softer suit, near left, in unmatching pieces—purple/blue tweed shaped jacket, black skirt—and a beautiful iridescent pin-striped blouse (another key softener!). All about $1,000. Jacket, wool/nylon; skirt, wool/cashmere; Piacenza/The Ideacomo Group; blouse, silk/cotton; Terraneo/The Ideacomo Group. Bergdorf Goodman; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Armani's perfect velvet coat, near right—narrow, draped, one-button closing. About $666. Late July at Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC and Toronto; Hattie; Ultimo; Charles Gallay; Lily Simon, Montreal. The prettiest dress in Milan, center right—Krizia's thin black silk crèpe de Chine, with a small tucked top, small waist, leggy bias skirt. About $825. Late July at Bergdorf Goodman. The black dinner suit, far right, from Basile in a self-stripe, with an asymmetric jacket. Suit of acetate wool blend. About $800. At Bergdorf Goodman; Hattie; Ultimo; Neiman-Marcus; Right Bank Clothing Co., Beverly Hills. Accessories, next to last pages.



A NEW SLANT ON TAILORING... *CRISP, SHARP, ATTRACTIVE—THE DIFFERENCE IT MAKES IN THE LOOK OF A COAT, A SUIT AT BASILE* **A NEW ALLURE TO DINNER DRESSING** *BLACK, CLOSE-TO-THE-BODY, LEGGY—THE THREE BEST EXAMPLES AT ARMANI, KRIZIA, BASILE*





THE BEST OF MILAN

Armani's suit: a narrow draped-at-the-waist jacket, slim wrap skirt . . . and, always, a ravishing blouse. Opposite, left: in charcoal brown tweed, a silk foulard blouse with his large signature rosette. Suit, wool/mink blend, about $720. Blouse, about $216. Late July at Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC and Toronto. . . . Center: A soft taupe with a striped wine-and-cream silk blouse. Suit, wool/mink blend, about $702. Blouse, about $224. Late July at Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC and Toronto. . . . Right: His coat . . . the best . . . anywhere! Uncluttered, square-shouldered, narrow . . . a single side button. In beige/black/grey wool tweed. About $576. Late July at Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC and Toronto. . . . The finished but casual look of Ferrè's sportswear. Left: A 3/4 grey rubberized-cotton coat (about $630) over straight red wool trousers, a black sweater (angora blend, about $235), with his signature muffler. Coat and sweater at Ultimo; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Center: Star of the show . . . a square red wool jacket (about $625) . . . worn over a grey turtleneck (angora blend, about $235), grey flannel pants (about $395). At Barney's, NYC. Right: A pale-grey quilted leather jacket (about $1,060); double red sweaters (angora blend, about $275); grey-and-white wool checked pants. Jacket and sweaters at Saks Fifth Avenue; (special order). Additional stores, accessories, next to last pages.

THE SOFTEST SUITS AND COATS *IN A TAILORED SEASON . . . ARMANI'S DRAPING . . . HIS SOFT, NARROW SHAPES . . . NOTHING TOUGH, TIGHT, EXAGGERATED* **A MORE POLISHED SPORTSWEAR DRESSING** *FERRÈ GIVES IT NEW SHARPNESS . . . A MODERN, REAL-LIFE ENERGY . . . MORE OPTIONS*

Arthur Elgort





EVERYWHERE, THE IMPORTANCE—THE IMPACT—OF EVENING TOPS

FROM THE NEW SWEATERS AND JACKET DRESSING OF VERSACE AND CAUMONT . . . TO THE CHARM KRIZIA GIVES A TOP—AN IRRESISTIBLE WAY OF DRESSING AT NIGHT

Above, far left: Versace's fluffy white angora sweater with satin ribbons . . . one of the prettiest! About $300. Near left: A mid-thigh-length shearling jacket in pale grey . . . embroidered! About $1,200. Both at Theodore, Beverly Hills. Behind them, one of Versace's padded suède dinner jackets. For Genny. . . . Caumont's narrow dinner jackets . . . inset left, in dark-green panne velvet . . . inset right, black velvet . . . over a bare camisole, the slimmest skirt. . . . The all-out femininity, opposite, of Krizia's small puckered top in peacock colors. It came out again and again—here a blue one; behind it, purple. The blue top, nylon/cotton, about $440. Late July at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's. . . . Beauty Note . . . Color keeps going. The lip shade here: Uptown Red from Max Factor's collection with the same name. Accessories, next to last pages of this issue.

Arthur Elgort



FENDI, A UNIQUE APPROACH TO FUR

YOU'VE NEVER BEFORE SEEN COLOR, SHAPE, STYLE LIKE THIS IN FUR . . . IN ANYTHING!



THE BEST OF MILAN

This page: Flamboyant—the Fendi way with Tibetan lamb in shades of blue, cognac, and coral in a 3/4-length cardigan—to wear bloused or straight—with new-shape sleeves (about $4,500). Over a diamond-patterned wool knit pullover, edged and seamed in blue Tibetan lamb (about $750). Rust quilted silk satin pants (about $450). And a salmon squirrel-belly muffler pinned with a fur corsage (about $350). The classic mink coat was nowhere to be seen. Instead: Opposite, left—a petrol-blue crocheted mink jacket (about $10,000), over petrol quilted velvet pants (about $450). All of the above available at Neiman-Marcus; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Fur pieces at Henri Bendel; Bonwit Teller, Chicago. Tibetan lamb at I. Magnin.

Center, the narrowness of a cardigan crocheted in sky- and petrol-blue mink—fastened with beaver "buttons" (about $12,000). Quilted silk satin pants to match (about $450). Right, a sky-blue beaver coat, stripped in a swirl pattern (about $12,000): a tour de force—in engineering and design! Both at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Fur pieces at Bonwit Teller, Chicago. Silk satin, Maserica/The Ideacomo Group.

THE FENDI EXCITEMENT GOES ON

FUR ON FUR, COLOR ON COLOR . . . QUILTED, CROCHETED, KNITTED . . . REAL FASHION . . . UNBELIEVABLE!

Arthur Elgort



THE NOBLEST LEFT ARM IN AMERICA

RON GUIDRY

By Christopher Lehmann-Haupt

He was unreal. Winding and snapping his apparently meager, five-foot-eleven-inch, 160-pound body, he somehow caused the baseball to explode at speeds close to one hundred miles an hour as it passed the batter, a feat normally reserved for men over six feet tall and two hundred pounds in weight, with arms as long and loose as buggy whips. We held our breaths every time he threw the ball, exhorted him with shouts whenever he reached a count of two strikes, and hailed him with jubilant cries if he struck his victim out. We cried out jubilantly 248 times in 1978.

The baseball fan dreams of perfection—of a batter who hits every chance he gets, of a pitcher who strikes out everyone he faces. Such fantasies are never realized, of course. But during the 1978 baseball season, Ronald Ames Guidry, a twenty-eight-year-old Louisianan, came about as close as a major-league pitcher has ever done.

Playing for the New York Yankees, Guidry achieved an extraordinary set of statistics—of which his twenty-five games won and three lost (for a winning

Avedon

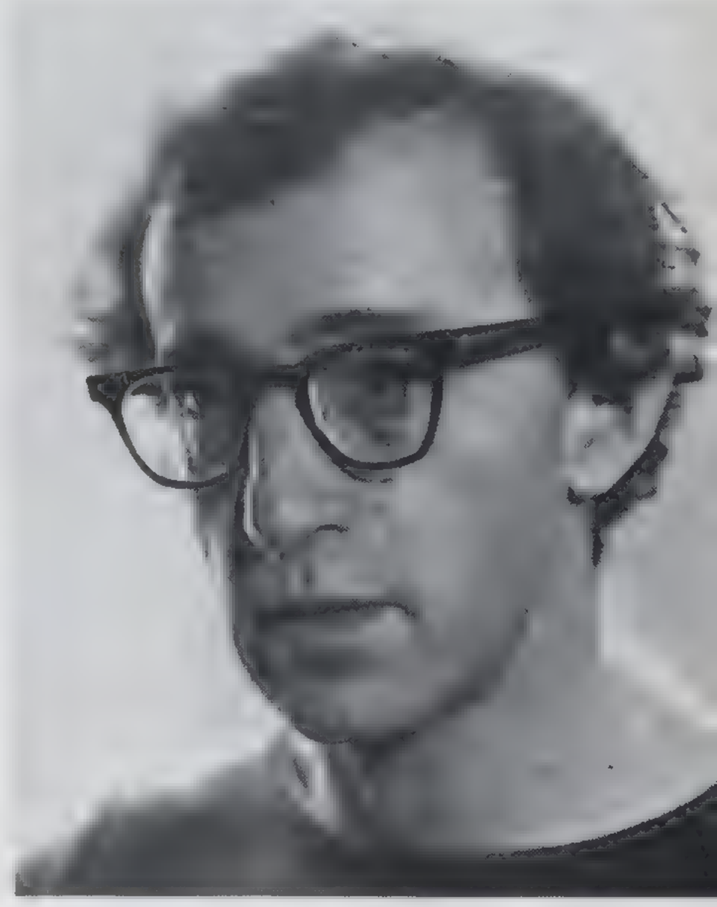


percentage of .893, the highest ever by a winner of twenty games or more) was merely the highlight. But more important than his numbers was his dramatic ability to win the games that mattered most—the many regular-season contests prior to which the Yankees seemed on the verge of disintegration; the single games that won the team the Eastern Division championship and the American League pennant; and the World Series game that, had they lost it, would have all but denied the Yankees a world championship they eventually went on to win.

Nor did it hurt Guidry's image of perfection that whenever he was not throwing baseballs, his behavior became him—a man of simple virtues. Not that we demanded his proper conduct away from the pitching mound; we would have been satisfied with beholding him only on the playing field, in his shell of concentration, his bandit's face expressionless, his shoulders heaving in an effort to drain the tension. Still, to learn that he shunned the clamor and feats of the off-season, *(Continued on page 214)*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

On summertime beaches, on holiday verandas, The Big Four: inflation, energy, oil situation, nuclear power—and wonderful ways to cope. Gasahol in our tanks. A chicken (less expensive than beef) in every pot. As for energy and nuclear power, **Carl Sagan**, astronomy and space sciences prof, Pulitzer Prize winner, issues a mighty advisory in his just-out *Broca's Brain*, an intellectually omnivorous, utterly understandable book of speculation on the nature of human intelligence: "The best way to avoid abuses is for the populace in general to be scientifically literate. . . . In exchange for freedom of inquiry, scientists are obliged to explain their work. If science is considered a closed priesthood, too difficult and arcane for the average person to understand, the dangers of abuse are greater." . . . The *new* **Woody Allen,** meaning the waif-eyed whiz-kid come to full, urban maturity with his city-smart, people-compassionate funny movie Valentine to his Manhattan. Woody sees it romantical-comical, laughing all the way to the teary heart of his town. "With comedy," Woody told a reporter, "you can buy yourself out of the problems of life and diffuse them. In tragedy, you must confront them and it is painful, but I'm a real sucker for it." . . . The spread of wine bars from London, Paris, Manhattan's SoHo to its uptown East Side where Claret's, a blond wood oasis, is the tasting place for such as **Keith Carradine,** various **Guinesses** and **Niarchoses,** platoons of bright young New Yorkers. And this seasonal overheard: "What's it like in Provincetown?" "Baubles, bangles and bluefish." . . .*Michelangelo and His World: With Drawings from the British Museum,* forty-one of them never before seen in America, and only to be seen at The Pierpont Morgan Library, New York—an exhilaration of **Michelangelos**: sheets thronged with painstakingly articulated torsos, mysterious Renaissance beauties, even a drawing that is a passionate declaration of love for **Master Tommaso de' Cavalieri**. . . . Stress and the growing awareness that "too little stress can be as harmful as too much," and this happy amplification from organizational psychologist **Dr. Gerard E. Fisher**: "Stress is a neutral term. We are the ones who can turn it into dynamic tension which is an energetic, creative state." . . . **Andy Kaufman,** an apple-cheeked, '60s-sideburned youngling, who's making Dada jokes, impersonations, satiric put ons and take offs to ever-increasing TV and concert-hall audiences. Andy's got a mind like a Coney Island fun house complete with trick mirrors. . . . Caramoor, a magical house and garden north of New York City, in Katonah, New York, where the thirty-fourth Caramoor Festival cools the hot summer ravishingly: jets of pellucid sound—the lyrical, high reasonableness of eighteenth-century music; the noble coziness of **Mendelssohn**, **Brahms**; a **Respighi** celebration. . . . Essayist **John Leonard's** *Private Lives in the Imperial City,* a wise-words, mores-probing book crammed with beach plums such as this: "It is hard to be an American male; we keep tripping over our wooden swords. We know, in our sweat socks, that we aren't deerslayers, whaling captains, river pirates, Lone Rangers, private eyes, **Hemingway**, or **John Galt**. But neither, necessarily, are we Daddy Megabucks. We should be allowed our sneaky dignity, the surprise of pride."



WOODY ALLEN

"Manhattan" is his funny Valentine

MERYL STREEP

What happens when a real star is born is that audiences are reborn, revitalized. It is energizing somehow to be dazzled, to surrender to a performer's magic. Actresses Meryl Streep (*above*) and Patti LuPone (*right*) are real stars of a rare order. Meryl Streep is not only blondly, silkenly beautiful—on the order of a Flemish master's angel—but her performances have the precision and flash, the white fire, of a spectacular diamond. Even offstage, she intrigues—something elusive, agelessly empathetic and deeply humorous in her eyes.

Emerging from the Yale School of Drama only four years ago, Meryl Streep has been compared to Olivier and has swept up awards in every medium she's tried (theater, where she's ranged from Shakespeare to Chekhov to an experimental contemporary musical; television—*Holocaust*; and movies—*The Deer Hunter*, *Manhattan*, *The Senator*, and coming in December, *Kramer vs. Kramer*). The critical excitement storming around her she observes quietly, though she says, "This is a career and status in a career I never dreamed of." What did she dream of? "Oh . . . love," she smiles, and her delivery is such that one hears birds chirping above her head and sees cupids daffily shooting each other.

Avedon

ACTRESS POWER: THE BRIGHTEST BLAZES



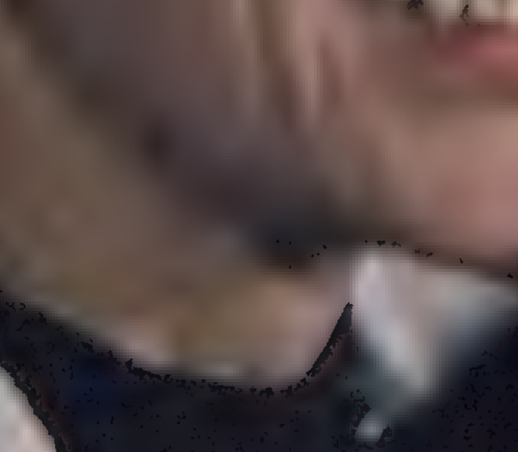
PATTI LUPONE

Patti LuPone is small and powerful and barely contains a huge talent—intensity, energy, a big throaty laugh constantly spill over. She has the look of a waif one minute and, the next, transformed by a thought of the character she is playing, draws up tautly, all nerve and steel. The character is Eva Perón, the bewitching monster behind Argentina's president Juan Perón; her life—part fairy tale and part horror story—is the basis for a musical, *Evita*, that has been acclaimed in London as the best thing since *My Fair Lady*. Written by the *Jesus Christ Superstar* team, Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber, directed by Harold Prince, the show offers an actress the role of a lifetime. Astonishingly, that role—sized for an Ethel Merman—has been won by an almost-unknown actress, and the discovery of this new star—this new way to be dazzled—is a joy to everyone who cares about theater.

Patti LuPone herself has been in love with the stage all her life. "I knew as a kid I was built for musical theater. My brothers' chores were all outside the house. I would stay inside, dusting and staging musical numbers of Broadway shows." Now called an overnight success, she started dancing lessons at four. "My mom wanted me to have grace."

"Her husband's oldest ally and closest friend": Rosalynn Carter, above, with Jimmy in Plains, Georgia, campaigning for Presidency. "Her simplicity inspires belief": at a post-inauguration reception for Carter supporters, right, a foot-weary Rosalynn sheds her shoes. Opposite page: Rosalynn with sweetheart Jimmy, and Miss Lillian, his mother, in 1946 at Carter's graduation from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Steven L. Borns/Sygma



Transworld/Steve Wall

THE Real

Behind the soft voice, the strong-minded woman who



EDITOR'S NOTE: *In this unorthodox personal view of the First Lady, WOR radio's Sherrye Henry, whose daily interviews with figures in the worlds of politics and current affairs are heard throughout the Northeast on "The Sherrye Henry Program," writes with clear-eyed appreciation about Rosalynn Carter as "one Southern woman understanding another." (Ms. Henry grew up in Memphis, Tennessee.) She was the first broadcaster in New York City to put Jimmy Carter on the air after he announced his candidacy for President, and she first interviewed Rosalynn Carter in 1976 after Carter became a Presidential candidate.*

Arthur Grace/Sygma



By Sherrye Henry

Even in a long conversation, Rosalynn Carter does not fidget. You might call her rigid, except that she is so relaxed. Her head inclines toward you and holds steady. So do her wide green eyes, quite soft, that meet yours directly and do not glance away. She does not touch her hair, fiddle with her dress, move papers around as she speaks. Her fingers, with unpainted nails, remain quietly on the table. Nothing on Mrs. Carter twitches or jerks or flutters, or even moves carelessly. She is composed.

Her collectedness gives her authority. Her voice does not. It is small, thin, lacking the drama of volume change or pauses for effect. There is no verbal underlining for important phrases. This woman does not depend on theatrics. She probably does not know how to use them. She relies, instead, on directness. She listens thoughtfully, considers, then begins an answer that may grope for words and change verb in mid-sentence, that must struggle in order to say exactly what she means. She is not naturally articulate, and not even close to glib. Her vocabulary is rudimentary, but her simplicity inspires belief. She is forthright, and she is confident. She dresses herself as simply as she does her conversation—without flair but with certainty. She does not appear to operate on many levels. She does not conjecture; she dislikes hypotheticals. She concentrates her energies on what she cares about and what she knows.

And Mrs. Carter knows Jimmy. That is the only way she refers to the President, as if you were to know him just as well as she. She runs the West Wing, he presides in the East Wing, but the two provide their own bridge with regularly scheduled conversations. She carries a folder of questions she needs answered to their private weekly luncheon. He, in turn, gives her a report on inflation and, as she puts it, "a summary of what's happening in the world." Imagine the intimacy here: temporarily all alone, two trusting and trusted friends, sharing global concern about the world's progress over a salad. Later in the afternoon they will run together "around the yard," as she says, on the driveway, then off along the fence and around the fountain of the South Lawn at a pace that still allows a conversation—strategies to be refined, defenses planned.

Mrs. Carter is the President's best defense. She turns around the criticisms, makes the lemons into lemonade. Others may decry our lack of leadership, she says, "We are very, very fortunate to have Jimmy for President, someone level-headed and strong, calm and at the same time tough, when things happen around the world." The lack of action becomes an action, as in Mexico, when, by not speaking back to the hostility and rudeness of the Mexican President, Carter cleared the air, relieved the historical tensions between the two countries. It may even, she thinks, be the most significant contribution he has yet made. *(continued on page 203)*

Rosalynn

low-key style—a disciplined, is fiercely loyal to her husband



William Styron in front of the Brooklyn house—today an abandoned, burnt-out ruin—that was the one-time "Pink Palace" of "Sophie's Choice"

Bruce Davidson

THE NOVEL OF THE YEAR

WILLIAM STYRON'S

new novel, "Sophie's Choice," is larger than life—the result of more than ten years...

. . . of writing and thought

An ambitious work (Styron's last novel, *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, won a 1968 Pulitzer Prize), *Sophie's Choice* encompasses not only the individual lives of its characters, but the greater events, questions, moral issues that give those lives substance. To envision and accomplish such a book requires a kind of heroism these days, when many writers create intricate literary structures, but few build monuments. Great intentions require great risks, and monuments most often diminish the stature of their authors.

But Styron is a larger-than-life author, a man who knows his ancestors and carries them proudly—belligerently—before him. Thomas Wolfe. William Faulkner. Even Herman Melville. ("Call me Stingo," says the self-conscious narrator of *Sophie's Choice*, an Ishmael in a perilous world. Stingo plans to write a great American novel: Could his creator intend anything less?) *Sophie's Choice*, with its melting pot of characters—a Southern WASP narrator, a Polish Catholic heroine who has survived a Nazi concentration camp, her Jewish-American lover—is a distinctly American novel. Its characters are all uprooted, all *haunted* by their roots—by times, places, and events of such magnitude that they invade the present. In this novel (as in some lives), ordinary time gives way to a dimension in which actions reflect moral choice; the present is electric with shocks from the past, and omens of the future.

Such a novel requires time to evolve; its questions must not simply be posed, but wrestled with. The very process of creating such a book fascinates, and is part of its ultimate value. In the pages that follow, Robert Brustein, who, next January, becomes artistic director of the American Repertory Theatre Company and director of the Loeb Drama Center at Harvard University, gives us a rare view of his close friend William Styron, almost one year ago, as *Sophie's Choice* was taking on its final shape. Bruce Davidson, author of the recently published *Bruce Davidson Photographs* (An Agrinde Book/Summit Book) shows us Styron photographed at a point where his fictional world becomes real. We see the novelist at one of the actual settings of his book: the now-ramshackle Brooklyn house where Stingo, Sophie and Nathan meet, and where—as we see in the excerpt on the opposite page from *Sophie's Choice* (Random House)—the three lives intertwine. What emerges from Brustein's insights, Davidson's image, Styron's own words is a portrait of a remarkable figure: a maker of monuments that last.

Styron's Choice

By Robert Brustein

For a large man, Bill Styron has remarkably small hands and feet; they are for him a source of physical pride. On this particular day in August of 1978 (it is growing to dusk on Martha's Vineyard), his hands stroke a bottle of Tuborg beer, while his bare feet perch carelessly on a coffee table, thrust amidst a number of magazines and books. Styron has heard the sound of a friend's voice, emerged from the small cabin-study where he has been secluded since late morning, and, in that curious shambling gait of his, pushed through the screen door of the main house. The friend is invited to sit and talk, offered a cigar and asked if he wants a drink. Styron is thirsty for conversation.

At this time of day, during this particular summer, Styron finds it difficult to resist the sound of human voices. Immersed in his labors, he has not used his own soft Virginia voice for a few hours, and so he spends some moments hawking and clearing his throat. Styron is stuck in a painful section of the new book. His ears detect distraction with the sensitivity of insect feelers. He has always written slowly, making his way through a novel laboriously, like a hermit crab negotiating a series of huge boulders. But *Sophie's Choice*, in the making for over ten years, has become something of a legend for the time it is taking to compose.

Some say the book doesn't exist, that Styron doesn't even write in his study, that he spends his days in there sleeping and scratching himself. He has taken to wearing his pajamas at odd hours, sometimes for three days at a time. When he takes his regular late morning walk to the Vineyard Haven post office, he throws on a pair of worn khaki trousers. This walk may be the only regularity in his life at present; he has not been absolutely fastidious in his shaving habits or toilet. His soft hair is tangled and his lazy eyes are developing a slight film. Other habits are being abandoned, too. Styron owns a half-interest in a twenty-one-foot Wasque lobster boat called *Diabolique*; it is moored right off his dock, but he hasn't used the thing more than once or twice since June. Never a passionate lover of sun and surf (nobody has ever seen him submerge his body fully in the cold northern waters of the Vineyard), he has now begun to avoid the outdoors altogether, wandering from room to room, from house to study and back again, like a doomed soul.

Another odd change has overcome the man. Normally the embodiment of Southern courtesy, eminently sociable and affable, he has turned a little irritable this year, noticeably curt in his manner. At one party, he drove up to the house of his host, took one look at the guests from his car, and then turned the vehicle around and went home. Once, when Rose held a dinner party without clearing the guest list with her husband, Styron refused to join the table. He forgets invitations he has accepted, or accepts two invitations for the same night, or rejects invitations with no explanation or excuse. He has even quarreled with his old beloved friend, Lillian, over the ownership of some crabs he had deposited in her refrigerator.

Today, he is impatient with his wife, with his children, with his entire household. "Rose," he yells. "ROSE!!! Where's the goddamn ice. Just like her to run out of ice." Rose comes running in from the lawn, where she has set up an office table to work on her poetry, between making calls on behalf of Amnesty International. Calm and collected in her upper torso, accelerating like a piston from the waist down, she is the human embodiment of what the Supreme Court has called deliberate speed. "Darling," she says with a smile, her

patience further maddening Bill, "It's in the ice maker. Did you look there?" "I didn't know we had a goddamn ice maker," Bill replies. "I know there's nothing in the freezer." "We've had one for two years," she answers. "Well, get some ice then," Bill says, "Bob needs a drink. And get me another beer."

He talks to women with the imperiousness of a nineteenth-century patriarch; yet, such is the sweetness of his bark, and the harmlessness of it, that even the most liberated seldom take offense. As for hospitality, he has no peer as a host when the mood is on him. Styron will spend hours in the kitchen on a steaming day, preparing his celebrated Virginia ham, dipped in a glaze of Bourbon, or his delectable Southern crab cakes; and he will serve them personally to fifteen or twenty delighted guests, enjoying their pleasure in his culinary gifts as if he had no greater destiny than to feed the hungry. And this passionate hospitality extends to literature. For an American writer, he is surprisingly lacking in vanity or self-regard, almost excessively generous in his admiration for others. The campaign against *The Confessions of Nat Turner* by Black and Communist critics hurt him deeply—more deeply than he wanted anyone to know—but it did not make him publically defensive, nor did it sour him towards the profession of literature, even towards those literary vultures who exulted in his distress. He preserves the extraordinary capacity, so unusual in this country, to separate the work from the personality, as he keeps his own personality poised so impersonally within his own fiction.

One way we know how much he was suffering from the attacks on *Nat Turner* was the way it increased his fears about his health. Styron has always possessed more than a hint of hypochondria (his semi-autobiographical play, *In the Clap Shack*, is about how a young Marine mistakes a simple case of trench mouth for a syphilis infection); but after the *Nat Turner* incident, his physical terrors mushroomed. He is now the reigning Talmudic scholar of the *Merck Manual of Diagnosis and Therapy*, with the capacity not only to identify every disease for which you can provide a symptom, but to expatiate on the etymology, treatment, prognoses, and entire history of the disease from its obscure beginnings. In conversation, he may begin to take his own pulse in the middle of a sentence, or palpate his chest, or explore his liver, or knead his belly. Whatever illness you can name, he has already suffered in his imagination. A robust man with robust appetites, he is nonetheless in continual combat with his body, which he regards as a secret invidious traitor, poised always to strike him down. Only twice, to my knowledge, has his body ever threatened to confirm his suspicions of it. Once, when a doctor detected a shadow on his kidney and Styron underwent painful, anguished tests in Massachusetts General Hospital before it was determined he was free from malignancy. And once, when a single marijuana joint induced such ferocious hallucinations and paranoid delusions that he had to be hospitalized for a day.

This summer, Styron's hypochondria seems to have returned after several years of remission. And with it, that curious irascibility, that uncharacteristic crankiness, upon which I have remarked. All of his friends are remarking on it, too, for it is beginning to affect all of his friends. Oh, Styron's nature has always been volatile; but, previously, his fury was usually directed righteously against fools and knaves: the prison authorities who had mistreated a Black inmate with literary gifts in Danbury jail; the "creep" developer attempting to turn the land around Styron's beloved Tashmoo Pond into one-acre lots with a marina; the *(Continued on page 202)*

"He talks to women with the imperiousness of a nineteenth-century patriarch; yet, such is the sweetness of his bark, and the harmlessness of it, that even the most liberated seldom take offense"

FROM "SOPHIE'S CHOICE"...

It was well past midnight when we strolled the short blocks home to the Pink Palace. Sophie was calm now. No one was abroad in the balmy darkness, and along the maple-lined summer streets the houses of the good burghers of Flatbush were lightless and hushed with slumber. Walking next to me, Sophie wound her arm around my waist and her perfume momentarily stung my senses, but I understood the gesture by now to be merely sisterly or friendly, and besides, her long recital had left me far beyond any stirrings of desire. Gloom and despondency hung over me like the August darkness itself and I wondered idly if I would be able to sleep.

Approaching Mrs. Zimmerman's stronghold, where a night light glowed dimly in the pink hallway, we stumbled slightly on the rough sidewalk and Sophie spoke for the first time since we had left the bar. "Have you got an alarm clock, Stingo? I've got to get up so early tomorrow, to move my things into my new place and then get to work on time. Dr. Blackstock has been very patient with me during these past few days, but I really must get back to work. Why don't you call me during the middle of the week?" I heard her stifle a yawn.

I was about to make a reply about the alarm clock when a shadow, dark gray, detached itself from the blacker shadows surrounding the front porch of the house. My heart made a bad beat and I said, "Oh my God." It was Nathan. I uttered his name in a whisper just as Sophie recognized him too and gave a soft moan. For an instant I had the, I suppose, reasonable idea that he was going to attack us. But then I heard Nathan call out gently, "Sophie," and she disengaged her arm from my waist with such haste that my shirttail was pulled out of my trousers' waistband. I halted and stood quite still as they plunged toward each other through the chiaroscuro of dimly trembling, leafy light, and I heard the sobbing sounds that Sophie made just before they collided and embraced. For long moments they clung together, merged into each other amid the late-summer darkness. Then at last I saw Nathan slowly sink to his knees on the hard pavement, where, surrounding Sophie's legs with his arms, he remained motionless for what seemed an interminable time, frozen in an attitude of devotion, or fealty, or penance, or supplication—or all of these.

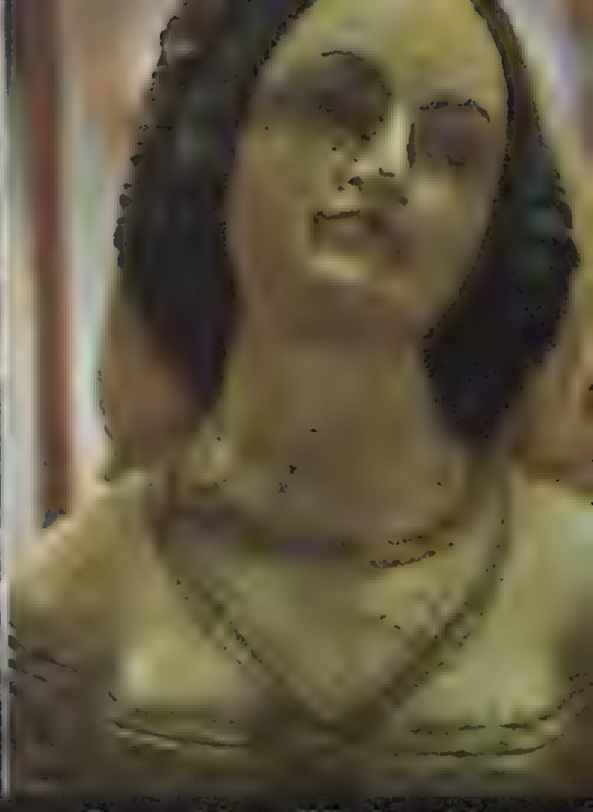
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After-dinner loll—summer dinner guest, Constance Congdon



Lilliputian gardens on Union Street



Sea goddess, Whaling Museum



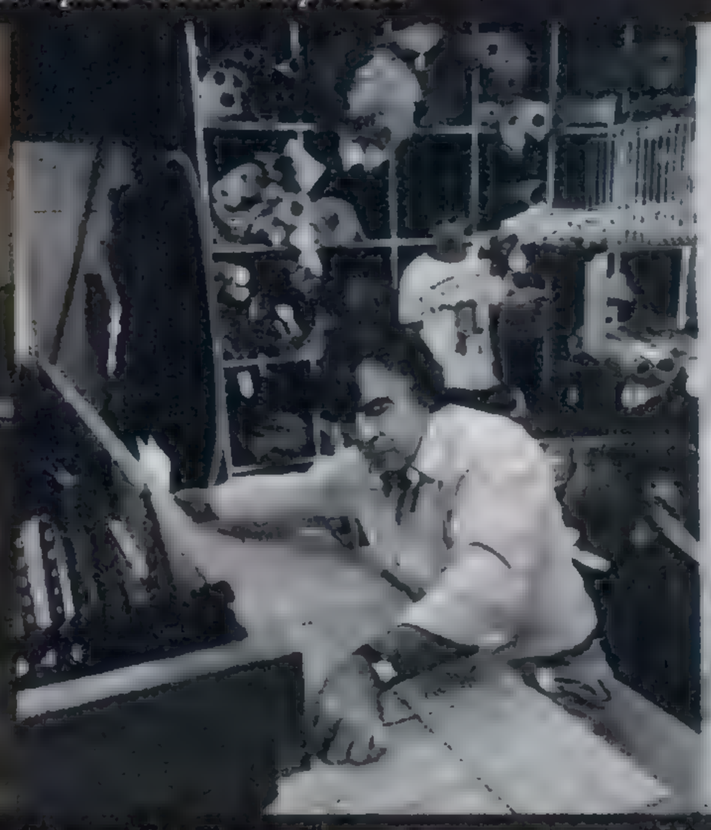
A long day's sail—The Opera House Cup Race

NANTUCKET

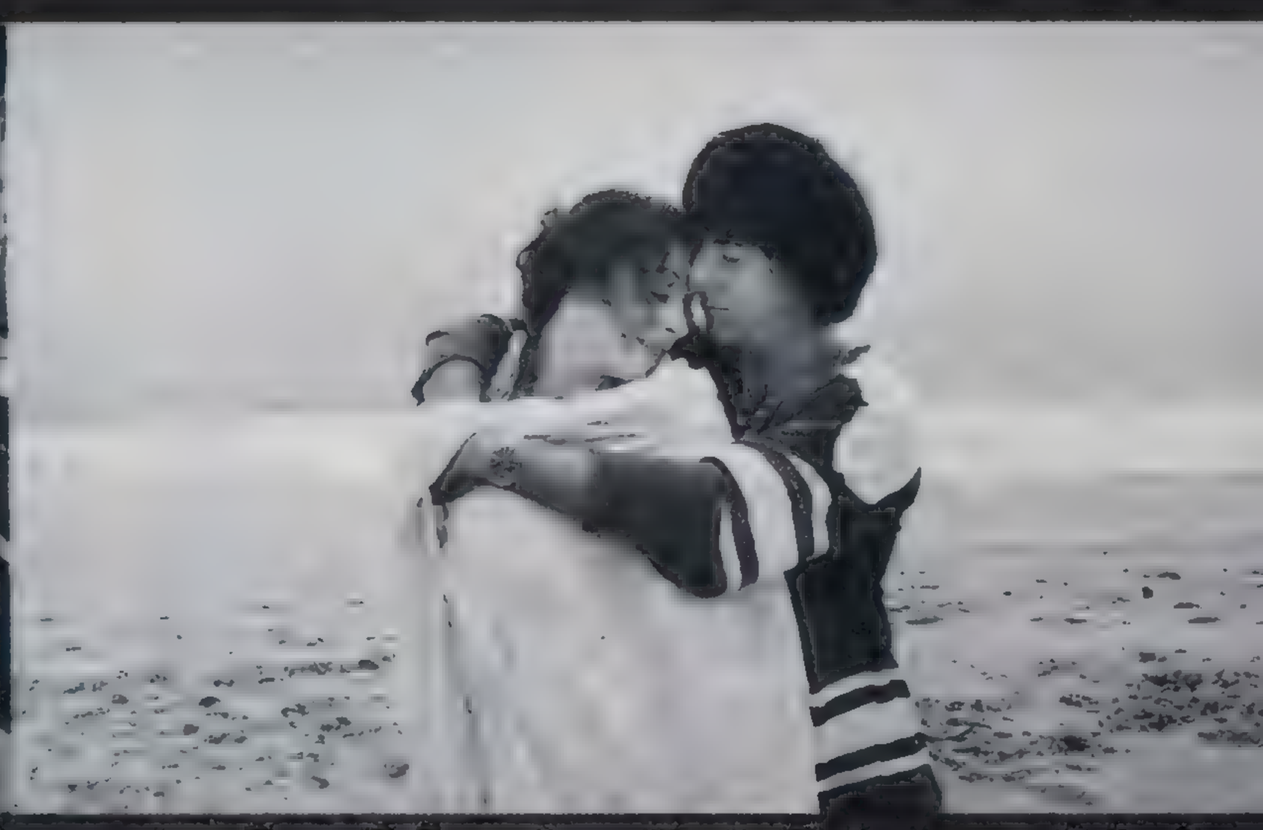
Behind the scenes of paradise—the American dream island intimately explored by novelist-critic Francine du Plessix Gray and photographer Inge Morath, on these six pages



Nantucket nabob Gwen Gaillard



Nantucket Looms' weavings are irresistible



Actor Dustin Hoffman, dancer Martha Clarke clown on the beach



"Tribal plenitude" is celebrated says writer Gray



Lucretia Mott Lane, named for Nantucket's feminist champion



Legendary races—this one, wooden sailboats only



Sea vistas backdrop household treasures



Enticing restaurant entrance



A place of pristine churches



History-weathered houses, prim fences, and—everywhere—bikes



Author Gray at work, resisting, somehow, the dazing beauty outside



Luscious island-grown vegetables at Main Street market



Nobadeer Beach, a scalloped snip of the island's 88 miles of shoreline



Saul Steinberg and Arthur Miller on Quidnet Beach

BEHIND THE SCE

"Where else is one turned away from a favorite boarding house...because it had been taken over by a week-long quilting seminar? The entire island has become a seminar in nostalgia"

NANTUCKET

On August 14, 1945, a few hours after President Truman had announced an end to the most devastating war in human history, a civic group called the Nantucket Neighbors decided not to celebrate the advent of V-J day, but to proceed with its scheduled evening program, a lecture on "Nantucket Ghosts." Subtitled "A study of some of the less well-known figures of the island's past," the lecture managed to draw a sizable crowd. Notwithstanding the jubilation held throughout the island by citizens more attuned to historic events than to local nostalgia, the audience spent an apparently enchanting evening hearing about such legendary figures as William Rotch, whose commercial wizardry helped to make Nantucket the world's leading whaling port; and Mary Coffin Starbuck, who founded, on Nantucket, a community of Quakers that in time would rank second only to Philadelphia's. Perusing an account of this insular assembly in *The Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror*, I was as struck by the prissy defensiveness of its editorial tone as by the sublime provincialism of the evening it described: "There has (sic) been larger audiences but never a more interested one. . . . It was apparent that many preferred to sit quietly, in contemplation of the ways and deeds of Nantucketers of old, rather than participate in the more strenuous methods of celebrating adopted by many others."

The intense parochialism of this event reveals a secret of the island's magic and may also point to its tragic flaw. Some twenty-five thousand vacationers—almost five times the island's winter population—are drawn here every summer because of Nantucket's zealous veneration of its hallowed ghosts, its hypnotic severance from the painful flow of history. Where else is one turned away from a favorite boarding house, as I was turned away from Fair Gardens last autumn, because it had been taken over by a week-long quilting seminar? The entire island has become a seminar in nostalgia since it was decided, in mid-century, that Nantucket could make a killing in the tourist trade if it embalmed its own past theatrically enough. The country's temper in the past two decades has made the enterprise all the more lucrative. "The nation's most meticulously preserved historic seaport," as the guidebooks put it, is a maritime Williamsburg which recaptures that intimacy and virtuousness of preindustrial times which Americans are increasingly obsessed to recover.

Pristineness of ocean air thirty miles at sea; grandiose stretches of chastely unlittered public beaches; stage-set quaintness of Nantucket's zealous architectural restorations; banning of neon signs and even of traffic lights; lustrous eighteenth-century cobblestones imposing on Main Street traffic the stately gait of horse and carriage days; that archaically specialized nature of Nantucket commerce which incites daily visits to the baker, the butcher, the doughnut maker; the newspapers' frequent failure to arrive on the noon ferry; coquettish sprucing, streets on end, of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century houses which cosmeticizes whatever poverty might exist—all these aspects of Nantucket life recapture the chaste safety of our country's youth. And let's not forget the hollyhocked fences so remindful of Beatrix Potter drawings! The exquisitely Lilliputian gardens in which a team of rabbits could emerge at any moment to play croquet! The island's miniature scale also recovers the bounded, self-contained world of our individual childhoods: snug little parlors which so trustingly invite the passerby to view their treasures of Battersea boxes, Rockingham cottages, Edouardt silhouettes, and its general celebration of animal life—Staffordshire puppy dogs and pussy cats, ducklings emblazoned on many a cushion and fire screen, ashtrays and china cups striving to emulate the shapes of frogs and various forms of bird life. Where have we returned so paradisically to the secure lulling of our childhoods? Names of thoroughfares further sweeten the island's nursery-rhyme spell: Whale Street, Candle Street, Darling Street, Coon Street, Beaver Street; and lots of *lanes* for little boys to live in: Gull Island

"The curiously sedative element of the Nantucket air which verges on the hypnotic..."

Lane, Traders Lane, and the New Dollar Lane down which I've biked towards Main Street for several summers, noting that no resort I know so zealously nurtures a cult of innocent family bliss that can border on the oppressive.

I have recently attempted to sum up these impressions of Nantucket in a fragment of fiction set in New England a few

NES OF PARADISE

By Francine du Plessix Gray

decades ago: "The ferry blows its amazing horn as if the entire world has sung out to remind itself that it is not a dream. The ferry comes in three times a day from the Massachusetts mainland, white and rounded as a pregnant bride, redolent with signs of tribal plenitude: With cribs, collies, playpens, campers' tents, riding gear, and even ponies; with clamming equipment, picnic hampers, movie screens, sand pails, bags of diapers, radios, barbecue grills, stacks of sailing manuals. Its sleek-limbed families tend to be large; the childless and the single seem almost barred from the vessel. . . ." Upon disembarking onto summertime Nantucket after two and a half hours at sea, I hear its streets humming the same hymns to procreation and tribal plenitude. The island seems to be an enormous dollhouse filled with humans playing happy family: children's voices twitter on the summer air like those of young robins in May, vacationers docilely wait in line at Nantucket's famous doughnut and ice-cream shoppes under carefully copied nineteenth-century shop signs, the air exults with the delights of ingestion and the satisfaction of innocent appetites; swingers are said to find Nantucket very dull, my homosexual friends report that it's the resort whose public lavatories are least adorned with interesting graffiti.

Anything as universally seductive as a return to childhood (especially when it's so theatrically induced) can easily lead to cultism. Unlike most vacationers, who would happily shuttle from the Hamptons to Saint Tropez to Corfu if so invited, the island's summer population tends to be one of fanatic repeaters to whom Nantucket life has become an obsession, a kind of drug much praised for its soporific effects: "It's so heavenly not to be able to *think* on Nantucket!" "I can barely even read a book here!" "Isn't it marvelous to be so empty-minded on islands," a characteristically rabid summer resident exulted for several summers. A voracious winter reader, he had always appeared critical of my habit of bringing a book to the beach. Whereas I stared with wonder at his capacity to loll and gambol on the sand for hours, exchanging small talk and endless games of beach ball with his family. "Can't you just *bake*?" he jeered at me. "It's so refreshing to be *bored* here for a few weeks. . . ." Such zealotry, alas, can also lead to ready defection. This particular *aficionado* sold his Nantucket home after five summers, expressing as vigorous a distaste for the resort as I have heard.

Yet my friend was not so much a victim of his own enthusiasm as of some curiously sedative element of the Nantucket air which verges on the hypnotic. Visiting the island in 1774, one of the finest American travel writers of his time, J. Hector Saint John de Crèvecoeur, reported the following detail: the entire adult population of the island—which was predominantly composed of women, since most able-bodied men spent three or four years away at a time on whaling voyages—had the habit of imbibing several grains of opium a day. Crèvecoeur's veracity on this point has been disputed, yet I always think of the allegedly stoned matriarchies who reigned over the island in whaling times as I move dazedly through the beauty of an island day, more easily distracted from work than in any other place I know, wondering what element in Nantucket's pristine air leads to such languid lessening of ambition. Could it be the uniquely oceanic nature of the island's terrain, a rolling expanse of moor-like heath whose undulations are strikingly similar to those of the true ocean that surrounds it, and further heighten the amniotic tranquillity found in all islands far out at sea? Or is it that Nantucket's past has been so carefully frozen, its stage set so well realized that we live here as in that spell induced by a perfect theatrical production? It may not be a coincidence that a community of actors some eighty years ago were among the first vacationers to build up that tourist trade which eventually lifted Nantucket out of the depression it had suffered after the demise of the whaling trade. Nor is it a coincidence that compared to the infinitely less beautiful island of Martha's Vineyard (summer home of William Styron, John Hersey, Kingman Brewster, Harvey Cox, Robert Heilbroner, Lillian Hellman, and numerous other novelists, historians, and scientists), strikingly few "intellectuals" vacation on Nantucket. For its cutesy-pie theatricality seems a barrier to the tough archaeology of emotion, the ironic inwardness most of us need to work. Even the island's pretensions to the visual arts, as evidenced by the aproned sea gulls and sailor-garbed pussy cats that proliferate on the galleries of Straight Wharf, are hard to beat for ghastly coyness.

I spent many summer vacations on the Vineyard before coming to Nantucket. But being a little too gregarious to resist the charm of the Vineyard's marvelous conversations, and much too solitary to fare well in its hectic social pace, I went to Nantucket precisely because its archetypal vacationer is so uninteresting to me: I visualize him as *Le Puritain moyen sensuel*, descendant of those WASP families who made an Aryan Utopia of Nantucket's notedly exclusive Yacht Club, a sportsman and devoted family man with 2.6 children, a setter named Rambler, and a wife who adores Nantucket's fabulous array of quaint and expensive boutiques. And no wonder that scores of hotel rooms are being built this year alone, scores of houses remodeled, to fulfill his touristic demands. For Nantucket's celebration of the nuclear family, its narcissistic severance from all political concerns, its nostalgia for virgin nature, and its striking fixation on gourmet food have made it a more prophetic microcosm of our late-'seventies hedonism than any community I know.

Few resorts on this continent, for instance, more graciously satisfy the tourist's digestive system. The quaint farm trucks that stand on Main Street from 8:00 A.M. on offer an array of fresh local produce unequaled in Northeast resorts in splendor and variety: Sumptuous beets and *(Continued on page 204)*

Victorian captain's mansion

A pond of silence

Nantucket milestone

At the ocean's edge



One open-to-the-public house



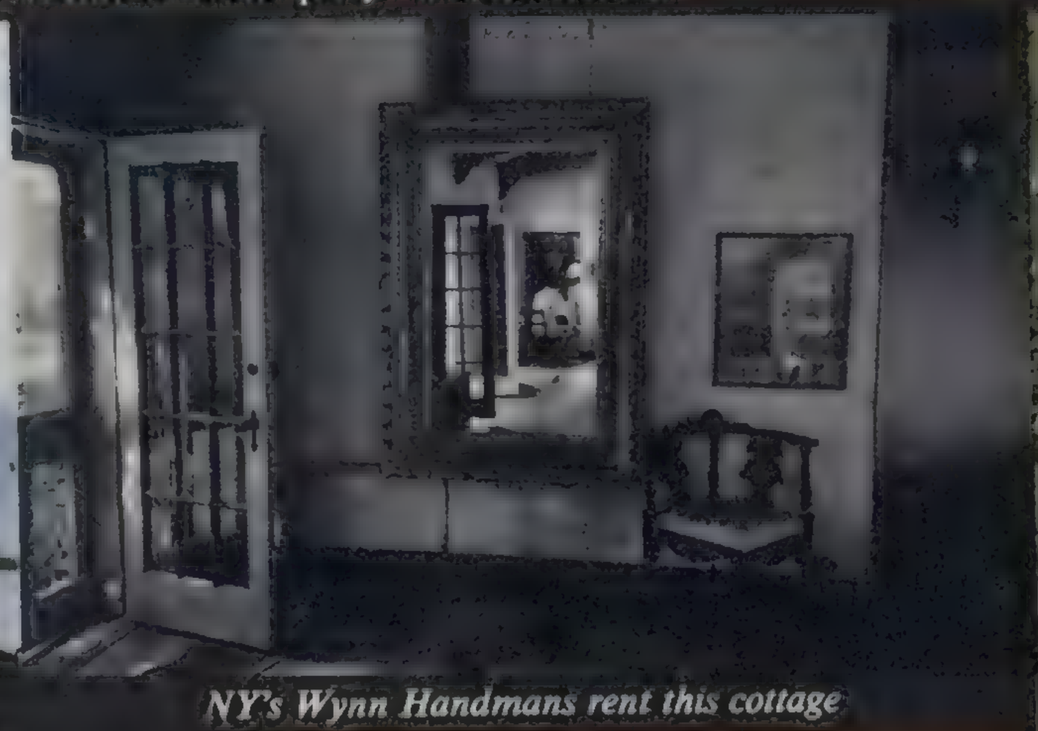
The Nantucket dinner party—a beach cookout



Our Store's Avis Skinner



This tiny lighthouse is the heart of the harbor



NY's Wynn Handmans rent this cottage



A page out of Beatrix Potter



The greens of Quidnet's meadows



Our Store's designer, Janet Russo



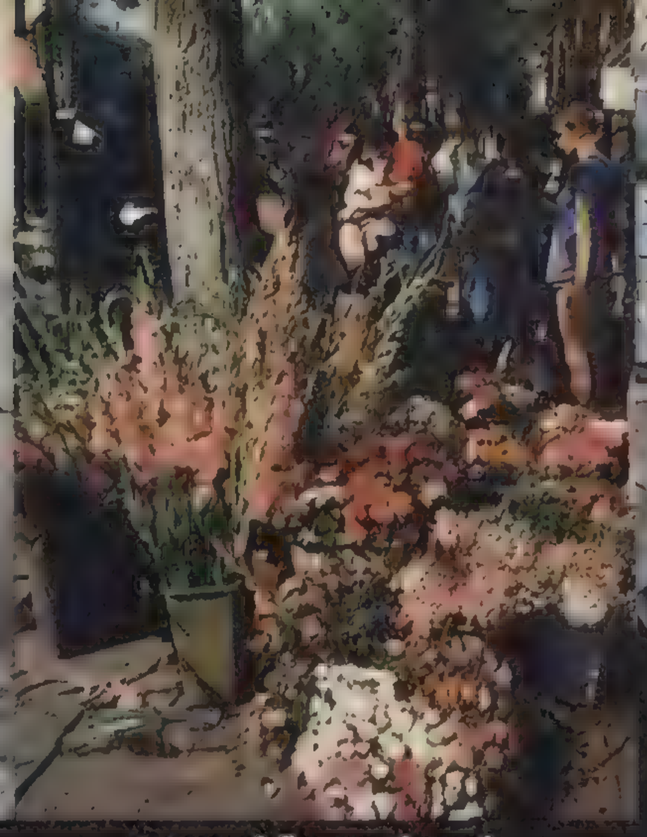
Sunsets are extravagant



The Old Mill—1746—built



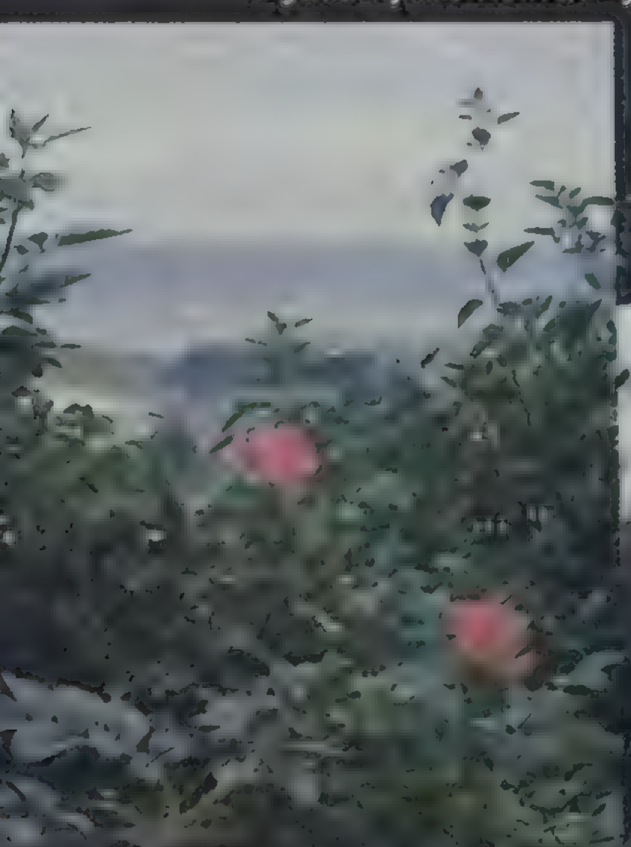
A form of meditation—fishing at Hummock Pond



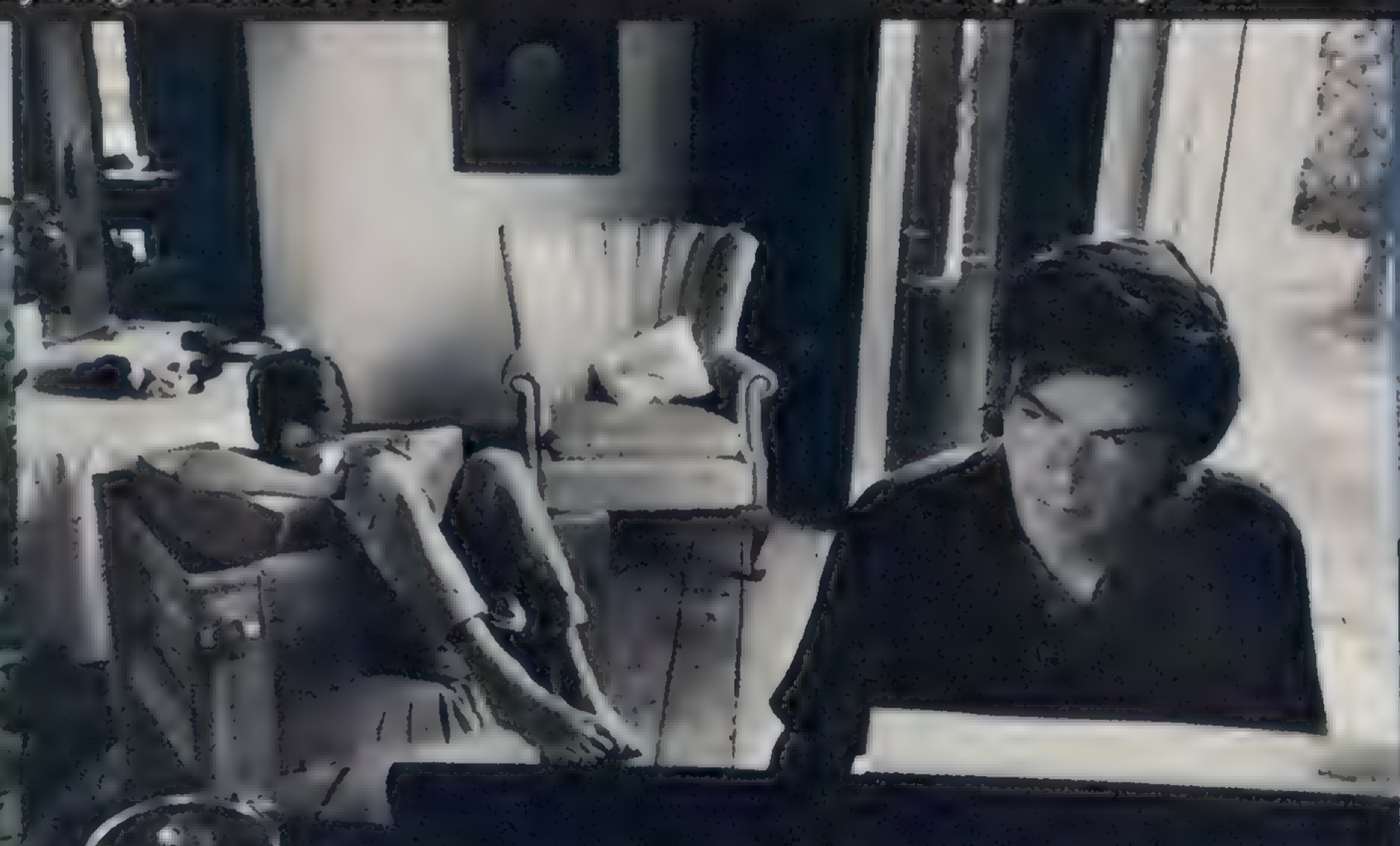
A toss of flowers for sale



Wharves—fingertips of the town



Flowered beaches of 'Sconset



Year-rounder Frank Conroy—pianist, author of "Stop-Time"—and one of his sons

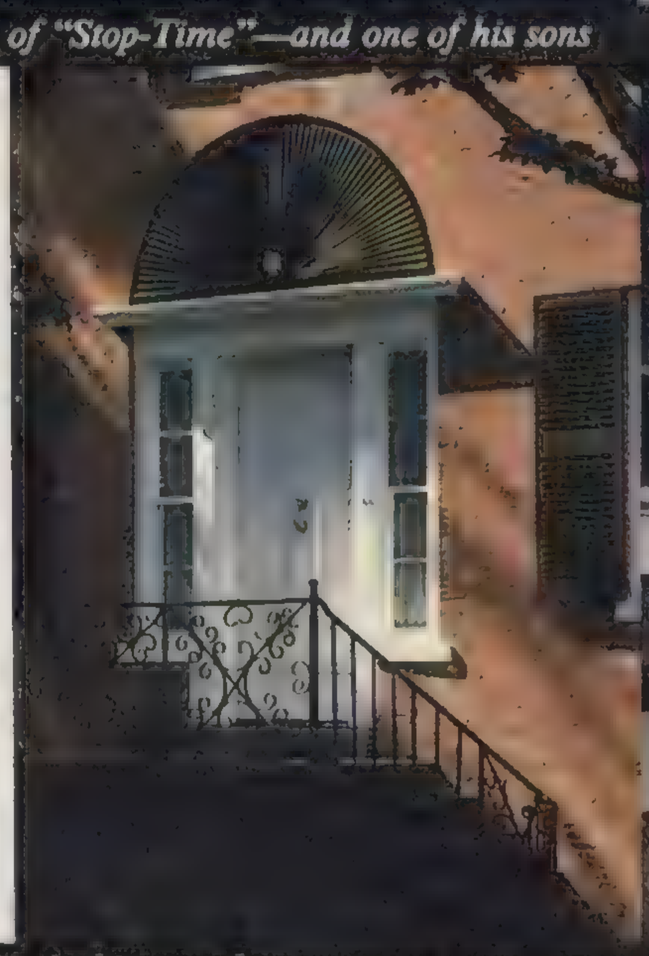


Best fishing—Great Point

NANTUCKET

Continued

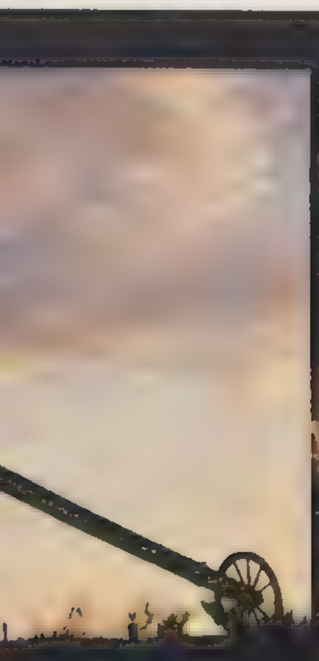
"Upon disembarking onto summertime Nantucket after hours at sea, I hear its streets humming the same hymns to procreation and tribal plenitude. The island seems to be an enormous dollhouse filled with humans playing happy family"



Architectural treasures on every street



David Halberstam, Jean Butler



of shipwreck wood



Island pride—Company of the Cauldron's breads



'Sconset, where once Broadway elite lived

IN PRAISE OF purées

the essence of summer

By Arthur Gold
and Robert Fizdale

Now that the food processor is as much a part of everyone's *batterie de cuisine* as the whistling teakettle, purées are coming into their own. The Italians like to think the word purée comes from *porri*, Italian for leeks. And certainly *porrea* or *purrea*, the traditional Italian purée of leeks, is a splendid dish. But if the Italians invented the word, it was the French who saw the purées' endless possibilities. To begin with, they puréed leeks, onions, and rice together to create the subtle *sauce soubise*.

And it is the French who heighten and lighten purées by transforming them into soufflés; who texture them by baking them into rings and filling them with non-puréed vegetables, fish, meat, or fowl; who thin them into glorious soups and sauces; who thicken them with butter and serve them as canapés; who layer them into flaky pastries; who make them into nests and bake eggs in them.

Curiously enough the food processor is ideal for every imaginable purée except the one we've all eaten since childhood: mashed potatoes. The lowly spud demands the kind of tender loving care no machine can provide. It wants to be boiled and drained, dried in the oven for a few minutes, mashed with a wooden masher or riced in a ricer. Then you must pamper it with butter, moisten it with boiling milk, perk it up with salt and pepper, and serve it up at once.

Purée purists are often happiest with the velvety texture and the soft color of a simple garden-fresh vegetable, puréed with sweet butter, salt, pepper, and perhaps a bit of cream to smooth it and a pungent herb to point up the essential flavor of the vegetable. For that is the magic of purées. A purée of carrots tastes like the essence of a carrot; a purée of fresh peas spells early summer.

But let us go further. Combining vegetables in a purée can be an amusing challenge to kitchen creativity. Recently we filled woodsy mushroom caps and astringent artichoke bottoms with a delicate purée of—hold on to your hats—boiled garlic. Arranged alternately, they made an attractive platter that had our guest wondering what that only slightly sharp filling was.

Serve puréed spinach and sorrel molds; the slightly bitter leafy taste of the spinach springs to life when combined with the wild, grassy flavor of the hardy herb. Mix sweet parsnips and provocatively sharp turnips to make the perfect companion to a roast. A three-star purée when a little of the roast's pan juices is stirred in.

Bake a timbale of puréed celeriac and enliven it with a sauce of diced celery and fennel for contrasting texture. Add a purée of potatoes to a purée of salmon or mackerel to make croquettes. Serve with a sauce of chopped mushrooms, Madeira, and cream. One of our favorites is a purée of split peas, its smoky taste a perfect foil for a sage-scented pork roast.

TIP: Any purée can be molded and baked as long as it has one egg yolk beaten into it for each cup of purée. Then cook over low heat to reduce some of the liquid and thicken purée so it will hold its shape. Spoon purée into generously buttered metal or Pyrex molds (half-cup or three-quarter-cup size) and set them into a baking dish with boiling water poured around them half way up their sides. Bake for 20 to 30 minutes in preheated 375° oven until sharp knife inserted into purées comes out clean. Remove from oven and set on a rack for five minutes before unmolding. To unmold: run sharp knife around edges to loosen purée. Cover each mold with inverted dish; holding dish and mold firmly together, turn them upside down. Serve purée with Mushroom Sauce.

PURÉE OF SPINACH AND SORREL

four to six servings

2 pounds fresh spinach (or 2 10-ounce packages frozen)
1 pound fresh sorrel, or 1 cup sorrel purée (Le Semeur brand, in jar)
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons chopped onions
Salt, freshly ground pepper, and nutmeg

Trim spinach by snapping stem-ends off small leaves and removing stems completely from large leaves. Wash very carefully in several changes of cold water. Trim sorrel in same way but keep separate.

Cook spinach with just water clinging to leaves, in Pyrex or enamel pot with a cover for 8–10 minutes, or just till tender but still bright green. (Spinach cooked in aluminum pot will lose its color.) Drain immediately; as soon as cool enough to handle, squeeze with your hands to remove as much water as possible. (If using frozen spinach, cook according to directions on package, taking care not to cook one second longer. Drain immediately and squeeze dry.)

Cook sorrel in an enamel or Pyrex pot in 2 tablespoons of butter, stirring often, just till wilted, a matter of 2 or 3 minutes. (If using bottled sorrel purée, it does not need cooking.)

Sauté onions in remaining tablespoon of butter over low heat for 6–7 minutes, stirring often. Do not let brown.

Purée all ingredients together in blender or a food processor (using knife blade) till smooth, seasoning to taste with salt and pepper and adding generous sprinkling of nutmeg.

Serve hot as an accompaniment to grilled salmon slices or roast chicken.

(*For more recipes, see page 68*)



Pure color, pure flavor: vegetables picked at their freshest, transformed into delicately seasoned purées, used in soups, appetizers, with meats, or beautifully on their own.

YOUR BR

ow to care for and protect your breasts: in seven articles, expert voices explain physical and emotional facts

As visible proof of a woman's developing sexuality, breasts gain a strong emotional significance in our lives, an erotic role in our arts and fashions. The subject, perhaps, of more folklore and misinformation than any other bodily part, the breasts become a symbol, even an obsession. On these six pages, we discuss the true physiology of the breast and its psychological implications. Included is the latest information on breast cancer, now striking increasing numbers of American women. Advances in detection and treatment, detailed here, can help to reduce fear; and a growing number of organizations are providing emotional therapy for the woman who does lose a breast, whether she has surgical reconstruction or not. Most important of all: reminders of the whys and hows of breast examination.

HOW BREASTS GROW AND CHANGE

By Nissa Simon

Size and shape of breasts come from your genes

Probably no other part of a woman's body is of such intimate importance or has richer significance than the breasts, yet most of us know very little about our breasts other than what we can see.

Female breasts develop their size at puberty and become a visible signal that a girl is becoming a woman, but the process of breast development starts long before birth. There are, in fact, obvious differences in breast tissue between males and females as early as three months after conception.

Mammary glands (which, in the female, will later go on to produce milk for her young) are the distinguishing characteristic of all mammals, both male and female. They are derived from cells that grow in from the surface of the body just as sweat glands do.

"Mammary glands, in fact, are merely modified sweat glands of a special type called apocrine glands," according to Edmund Crelin, Ph.D., D.Sc., professor of anatomy at Yale University School of Medicine. "These apocrine glands are different in their structure and the way they secrete from other sweat glands in the body. In mammals, the future mammary glands are located only along what's called the 'milk ridge,' an imaginary line on each side of the body curving from the armpit to the groin. As the fetus develops, some of these glands that look as if they're going to become apocrine sweat glands go on to develop small ducts which will eventually produce milk and are called 'mammary glands.' In humans, these mammary glands are located in the chest region and there are fifteen or twenty of them on each side, each with its own opening on the nipple."

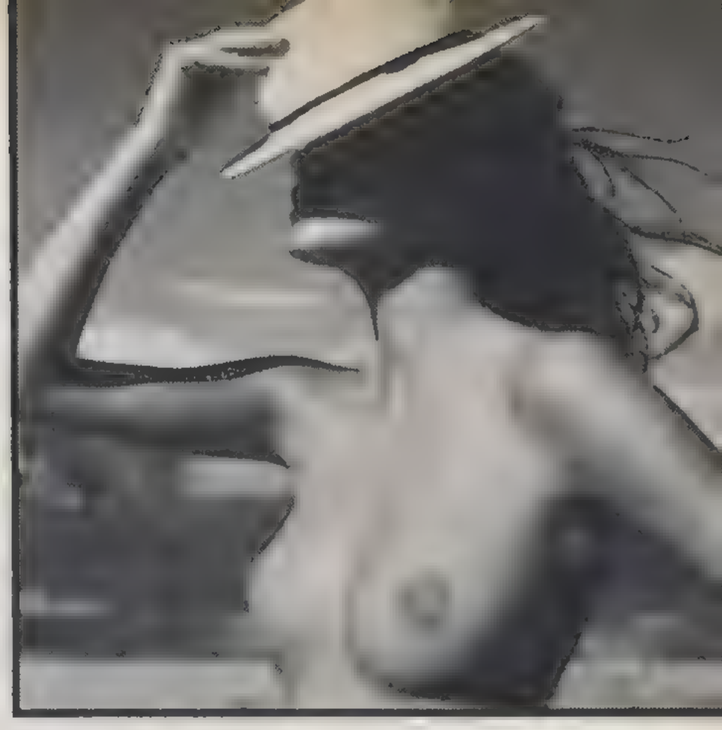
Both males and females start with this duct system; but, in men, androgen (the male hormone) starts circulating about three months after conception and suppresses the effect of estrogen and progesterone (the female hormones), so the duct system remains undeveloped.

At birth, it's normal to find milk seeping from babies' nipples, both males' and females'. (It used to be called "witch's milk.") Before birth, the mother's estrogen, reaching the fetus through the placenta, stimulates the mammary glands. Once the umbilical cord is cut, however, the mammary glands regress to small ducts, a few millimeters long. In the male, they're destined not to do anything (although the potential is there). In the female, the duct system remains undeveloped until the first menstrual period starts.

Visible breast development starts in a young girl anywhere from one to two years before she begins to menstruate. Often, development of the two breasts will be uneven, one developing more rapidly than the other. Cushman D. Haagensen, M.D., professor emeritus of clinical surgery at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center in New York, said that this is neither abnormal nor dangerous. No paired organs are ever absolutely identical, so one breast will never be *exactly* the same as the other, although they will eventually look the same size.

At the same time the breasts begin to grow, the areola (the red portion around the nipples) enlarges and the fat cells that will surround the duct system grow in size. "In the breast area, fat cells are

EASTS



of a specific type, unlike the general fat anywhere else in the body," said Dr. Crelin. "Breast fat will recede and let the duct system grow through it, fat in any other part of the body will not. Those cells, minus their fat content, are there when a girl is born, waiting to be stimulated. They're already programmed. I wish I knew the program that says these fat cells will become mammary fat, but we still know too little about mechanisms of development. All we know is that the cells respond when the circulating hormones reach a certain level in the blood called the 'threshold level.' "

Once the menstrual cycle is fully established, there's often a feeling of swelling and tenderness for about a week preceding each menstruation and lasting for two or three days afterward. Some women find that cutting down on salt and sugar during this time helps to relieve it. The swelling is often associated with a lumpiness in the breasts (the medical term is "nodularity") which comes and goes with the menstrual cycle. This is simply a physiological process of thickening of the tissues in the breasts because more blood goes to them during this phase of the menstrual cycle.

"This is a normal change that occurs with the menstrual cycle," said Dr. Haagensen. It is so common, in fact, that Dr. Haagensen makes it a practice not to examine a woman's breasts during the week preceding her menstruation or during menstruation.

"Too often, this cyclical change has been mistaken for a tumor caused by real breast disease and unnecessary biopsies are performed." It's heartening to know that this is an entirely normal phenomenon and the nodules need not be removed.

(If nodularity does not appear and disappear with menstruation but remains constant, it would be wise to have it checked by a physician.)

As women get into their thirties and forties, maturing supportive tissue of the breast may trap fluid in the ducts, creating cysts. These cysts are often given the name "fibrocystic disease"—a frightening term for a condition that is fairly common and usually benign.

"The cysts can be drained of fluid quite easily if a woman is worried about them," said Ann B. Barnes, M.D., assistant clinical professor of obstetrics and gynecology at Harvard Medical School. "A great many women have them, however, and they should not be a matter of concern." If either the physician or woman is concerned about the possibility of malignancy, the fluid that's drained from the cysts can be sent to a laboratory to be analyzed. If concern persists, mammography may be helpful in making the diagnosis.

Another common occurrence is the growth of small hairs from the follicles in the areola. "These hairs are a perfectly normal phenomenon," said Dr. Barnes. "A lot of women don't realize that. *(Continued on page 213)*

BREASTS AND YOUR EMOTIONS: Helen Singer Kaplan

What's behind the way you—and the men in your life—feel about the look of your breasts

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In an interview with Vogue, Helen Singer Kaplan, M.D., Ph.D., associate professor of psychiatry and director of the human sexuality program at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center and author of "Disorders of Sexual Desire" (Brunner Mazel), expressed the following ideas about the emotional significance of a woman's breasts.*

Women, young women, can be too focused on their breasts. I seldom meet a young woman who thinks her breasts are the right size; they tend to think them too small or too large. This can become an obsession, an irrational anxiety. A woman may think: If only I had the perfect bosom, everything would be all right.

But this obsession with breasts is often not the real reason for worry. If you are persistently concerned about your breasts, chances are that you are hiding from some deep inner problem. You may be anxious about success in your career, worried about your ability to relate to a man in an emotional relationship. These very real fears can be unconscious, and people tend to distract themselves from such fears with obsessions. Breast obsessions are very common in our culture.

One reason for breast obsession is that women often feel competitive about the size of their breasts. Just as men in the locker room will compare penis sizes, women tend to compete with each other with their breasts. But this competition is a misguided one, since there is no such thing as a universal ideal in breast size.

The breasts, as an erogenous area, are attractive to certain men, though many find some other aspect of a woman more appealing. These are men who hardly notice whether a woman is flat-chested or full-breasted; they may respond to her voice or her fragrance.

When a man *is* strongly attracted to breasts, he may be very specific in his desire, whether he prefers one shape or another. We don't know how these preferences are formed. There are theories about early sexual impressions—what may first have aroused a boy—but all this is speculative. We do know that many men choose women who resemble their mothers in almost every way, while others veer to *(Continued on page 207)*

Mike Reinhardt

YOUR BREASTS



exercises, creams, or potions cannot change breast size—but better posture can make your bosom look more appealing

FITNESS OF THE BREASTS

By Dava Sobel

Exercises for posture, right bras for sports

Women have always thought of their breasts esthetically, erotically, and maternally. And today, there is also emphasis on the fitness of the bosom. But even with this healthy new perspective, misconceptions about the form and function of the bust abound.

"The breast is an organ of the *skin,* not the chest wall," says Jack C. Fisher, M.D., head of the division of plastic surgery at the University of California, San Diego School of Medicine. "And its shape is mainly determined by the skin, not the glands inside. Which is why a plastic surgeon can change the shape of the breasts without necessarily destroying the function of the breast tissue—for example, breast-feeding is still possible after certain plastic-surgery operations."

Like the skin elsewhere on the body, the breasts contain fibrous connective tissue that loses its firmness under the combined stresses of time, motion, and gravity. "There is no doubt that bralessness will facilitate sagging," Dr. Fisher says. "The braless look is attractive; but, if you make a habit of going without a bra, you will stretch the ligaments more quickly. The effect is, of course, more obvious among large-breasted women."

Dr. Fisher adds that the promises of most "bust development" programs are misleading in that there is no way to raise, to round, or to enlarge the breasts through exercise.

"The breast contains no muscles that support it," he explains. "In fact, the only muscle in the breast is an involuntary one that controls the erection of the nipple."

Despite this anatomical truth, the appearance of the bosom can be improved by adopting a good standing posture and holding the body properly aligned while sitting, according to Naja Cori, who teaches body conditioning, placement, and alignment at her own exercise studio in New York City.

"The positions of your rib cage and shoulder girdle affect the appearance of your bust," Miss Cori says. "To look your best, you should hold your shoulders slightly back so that you get a continuous straight line along that axis. Also, keep your shoulders pressed down until you are aware of it. Let your hands face your body, and never exaggerate the pose by allowing your elbows to hang behind you."

It is impossible to maintain correct posture, Miss Cori cautions, if you expand your chest the wrong way with each breath. Correct breathing means opening and closing the rib cage—not lifting the shoulders.

Whether you're sitting or standing, Miss Cori points out, the position of your spine should be the same. To understand the right alignment for yourself, she suggests leaning against the edge of a door, so that you can feel the contact all along the area from your tail bone to the middle of your shoulder blades. She says this attitude in the spine erases the exaggerated lower back curve that many women assume. Once you memorize the sensation, she adds, you won't need the door as a prop.

Miss Cori also sees a benefit to exercising the pectoral muscles, which underlie the breasts, extending from the chest wall to the shoulder and the collar bone—since these muscles are the ones that help you achieve proper alignment.

"If you put your right hand under your left armpit, lift the left shoulder and then strongly press it down," Miss Cori says, "you *(Continued on page 208)*

YOUR CHOICE: BREAST RESHAPING

By Phyllis Lehmann

Surgery can make breasts larger or smaller to relieve discomfort or up psychic well-being

A woman's breasts are often a key determinant of her sense of femininity and sexual attractiveness. So it's no wonder that operations to improve the appearance of the breasts have joined the facelift and the nose job as a standard part of the plastic surgeon's repertoire.

The American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons estimates that some three hundred thousand women in this country have had their breasts enlarged. About forty thousand do it each year. Another fifteen to twenty thousand a year undergo a major operation to have their breasts reduced.

Like any surgery, a breast operation should not be taken lightly. But it is a relatively safe and painless choice for the woman who feels that changing the size of her breasts is crucial to her psychological or physical well-being.

Breast reduction

Reduction mammoplasty, a procedure in which tissue is removed from overly large breasts, may be done for either medical

Mike Reinhardt

or cosmetic reasons. The weight of very large, sagging breasts can cause backache, neck pain, slumped posture, curvature of the spine, sore shoulders from the constant pressure of bra straps, and rashes or raw skin under the breasts. In such cases, surgery may be necessary to relieve physical discomfort. If the medical problems are documented, many insurance companies will cover the cost of a reduction operation.

Some women choose to have their breasts reduced because they are embarrassed to wear bathing suits or have trouble finding clothes that fit well or because large breasts interfere with an active life.

The operation can be performed at any time after breast growth is complete. John Goin, M.D., public information chairman of the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons, says that reductions are most often done on young women whose glands have responded too generously during adolescence and on older women who are no longer able or willing to tolerate large, pendulous breasts.

Because bone tends to lose minerals and become more porous after menopause, a middle-aged woman may not be able to bear the physical strain of large breasts as well as she could when she was younger. And after a woman reaches forty, large breasts tend to sag significantly. "With aging, the suspensory ligaments stretch, some of the breast tissue atrophies, and often it may turn to fat, which is less firm," explains Joel M. Noe, M.D., assistant professor of plastic and reconstructive surgery at Harvard Medical School and a member of the staff at Beth Israel Hospital in Boston. "The breasts enlarge at various times, such as during pregnancy and breast-feeding or while the woman is on the Pill, and this stretches the skin, so that by forty or forty-five, there is excess skin relative to the amount of breast tissue. As a result of these forces, the breasts fall."

The most common surgical method used for breast reduction is a variety of the pedicle procedure that results in the "inverted T" scar. The surgeon makes a circular incision around the areola (the pigmented area surrounding the nipple), a vertical incision down the underside of the breast, and a third elliptical incision in the inframammary fold, the crease where the breast meets the chest wall.

In order to maintain a blood supply to the nipple while he removes excess breast tissue, the surgeon usually leaves the nipple attached to a pedicle, or stem of tissue connected to the body. The nipple then is lifted to a normal position on the reduced breast. If the breast is extremely large and elongated, however, the blood supply in the pedicle may be so inadequate that there is danger the nipple may die. In these cases, the nipple and areola are removed completely and then grafted back after tissue has been removed—although there is a very slim chance that the transplant may not take, and the graft will be lost.

Reduction mammoplasty is a three- to four-hour operation that is usually done in a hospital under general anesthesia. The patient is hospitalized about four days on the average. Considering the scope of the operation, pain is minimal and often can be alleviated with a mild analgesic. *(Continued on page 209)*

BABY'S PLUS: BREAST FEEDING

By Melva Weber

What nursing does for babies—and for mothers

Near the end of its feeding, the breast-fed infant begins a warbling, cooing melody that tells its pleasure in being warm, full, sleepy. Richard M. Applebaum, M.D., El Paso, Texas, pediatrician and leader in childbirth education, has recorded a great many baby "nursing songs." Some have the magical, beyond-time quality of whale and dolphin songs; others are memorably similar to the spontaneous pleasure-cries of human coitus.

Sounds made by the child at the breast are quite different from those made by the baby with a rubber nipple in its mouth. "The breast-feeding child has better use of its tongue," said Dr. Applebaum, "and is better able to phonate its gratification."

Breast-feeding, its proponents believe, may give a child an advantage in learning to speak later on; and Dr. Applebaum theorizes that early oral gratification may prevent frustration which could lead, much later, to overeating and obesity or to a smoking habit.

In Houston, a sampling of private hospitals shows more than nine out of ten new mothers nurse their babies at the breast. Five years ago in these same hospitals, only one baby in ten was breast-fed. Across the nation today, more than half of the babies are fed at the breast at the time they leave the hospital.

Most doctors warmly commend breast-feeding, for several reasons. Most important for the infant are near-ideal nourishment for growth and development, protection from infectious diseases and allergies, and a special, needed bonding with its mother, a psychic reinforcement that endures throughout life.

Makers of commercial baby formulas—a boon where nursing at the breast is impossible—try to come close to the nutritional qualities of human milk. Yet all of science and technology can't equal, much less excel, the product of the human breast, which varies in consistency and content—from watery to rich and thick—during a feeding, as if the baby were offered a full-course meal with beverage and dessert.

Milk from the human breast is intricately, superbly compounded to nourish a baby, with ingredients strikingly different from those of cows' milk: More fat, milk sugar, vitamins A, B_3, and C; less protein, calcium, phosphorus, and vitamins B_1 and B_2. Many of the enzymes, fats, and amino acids or protein building blocks are uniquely different in human milk.

What cannot be reproduced in a commercial formula is the protective property of human milk. In the womb, a baby is nourished by a marvelous temporary organ, the placenta, which also supplies protective antibodies. After the child is born, the breast takes over these lifeline functions of feeding and immunizing. Substances in the milk protect the newborn from diseases, allergies, and infections. Some of these are enzymes, some proteins, others known by such names as the bifidis factor and the antistaphylococcal factor. Gravely ill babies with enterotoxic *E. coli* infection have been saved by donor breast milk. A usually fatal disease, *acrodermatitis enteropathica,* also has been controlled by breast milk, and researchers only recently found out why: breast milk has protective amounts of zinc, an essential dietary element, and the dreaded disease involves deficiency of zinc.

Breast-fed babies are far less likely to catch colds or to have diarrhea. They develop fewer allergic symptoms, such as eczema, asthma, and runny noses, than do bottle-fed babies; and some research indicates that this allergy protection may continue into adult life. The longer a child breast-feeds, according to Dr. Applebaum, the safer it is from developing allergies.

Commercial feeding formulas have been greatly *(Continued on next page)*

(Continued) improved in fat-absorption properties and digestibility. This has been done by replacing cows' milk fats with polyunsaturated vegetable products, giving a virtually cholesterol-free product. But breast milk does contain cholesterol, and babies need it for proper growth, especially of brain and nerve tissues. Strangely enough, getting the right amounts of cholesterol early in life seems to protect against too-high blood cholesterol levels later. An ongoing Boston study is bringing in evidence that adults who were breast-fed babies have lower blood cholesterol scores.

Breast milk is low in iron, and for good reasons. Two proteins plentiful in human milk—lactoferrin and transferrin—are protective agents against infectious bacteria. But they can't work when saturated with iron. There is lactoferrin in commercial formula too, but it has been found ineffective against bacteria because it becomes denatured in the manufacturing process. And finally, the small amount of iron in breast milk is more readily absorbed than is cows' milk iron.

Breast-feeding may protect your baby against overweight later in life. Some studies indicate that obese adults are more likely to have been bottle-fed babies. Breast-fed babies are rarely fat; "They're generally smaller and meatier," says Dr. Applebaum. Possibly this is because they're fed on demand, and know when to stop. And that magical change in the milk during nursing, creamy part last, may give the baby a satisfied feeling at the right time.

Can you breast-feed your child? Most likely. As many as 96 percent of women who give birth are able to nurse their young when the conditions are right, medical experts say. And, adds Carmen Acosta Johnson, Ph.D., of the Baylor Mothers Milk Bank, the size and shape of your breasts have nothing to do with your ability to produce milk. But seeking out the right conditions for starting your child at the breast may be up to you.

Obviously you'll need an obstetrician who's in favor of breast-feeding. You'll also need to be sure your hospital's staff and facilities do not offer obstacles such as a nursery routine that keeps mothers separated from their babies, or a standard practice of feeding newborns sugar-water. Ideally, a breast-feeding consultant should be available to show you just how to hold and feed the baby. "Most breast-feeding difficulties are due to the method of feeding," said Dr. Applebaum, "*not* to any inadequacy in the quality or amount of mother's milk." *(Continued, page 213)*

BREAST-CANCER UPDATE **By Ellen Switzer**

Advances in detection, treatment, and research are reducing cancer fears, give hope for the future

During the past few years, a quiet revolution has overtaken the field of breast-cancer detection, treatment, and research. Most of the news from university-affiliated cancer centers and from the National Cancer Institute of H.E.W. is good: new and better diagnostic methods make it possible to spot even tiny cancers early when they are most treatable. Surgical procedures are becoming less radical and mutilating. Reconstruction techniques have improved to the point where the cosmetic impact of mastectomy can be minimized for many women. Cancers which were formerly considered untreatable are now being treated successfully with radiation and/or chemotherapy.

The bad news is that more women seem to be getting breast cancer and that, in spite of concerted educational campaigns on breast self-examination, sponsored by the American Cancer Society and N.C.I., many women are still ignoring symptoms until it is too late, probably because they just cannot face the possibility of coping with a condition which they seem to fear more than any other.

A manual breast examination by a doctor must include palpation of *all* areas of the breast, including its "tail" going towards the armpit, with lymph nodes searched for in the neck above each collarbone and breast, and particularly deep in each armpit. The checkup must be considered superficial if it does not include palpation of the breasts with the patient in the following positions:

- **Sitting on the edge of the examining table with hands on legs; patient is asked to "squeeze" her hips (this will accentuate a "dimple" of breast skin or nipple if it is drawn inward by a deep cancer)**
- **Hands over head; this position often accentuates any differences in the breast contours**
- **Lying supine (face up), slightly turned first to one side, then to the other, with hand of the examined side on forehead**

The good news is best summed up by Bernard Fisher, M.D., chairman of the department of surgery at the University of Pittsburgh, and of the National Surgical Adjuvant Project for Breast and Bowel Cancers, a worldwide research effort financed by the American government. "When consideration is given to the progress being made in the treatment of breast cancer, there is insufficient acknowledgment of changes taking place *as profound and as far reaching in consequence as any in our time*," he says in the lead article in the medical journal *Seminars in Oncology*, published in December of 1978.

Until fairly recently, an operation known as the "Halsted radical" mastectomy was used almost routinely for all breast-cancer patients. Radical mastectomy means the removal of the affected breast, the lymph nodes under the arm, and the muscles in the chest wall. It leaves a large vertical scar and a depression below the collarbone that are almost impossible to conceal. Not enough skin is left to permit reconstructive surgery, and the patient's situation may be complicated by lymphedema, a painful, disabling, and ugly swelling of the upper arm.

According to Dr. Fisher's research, less drastic operations are turning out to be as effective in controlling the spread of cancer as the radical mastectomy. The "modified radical," which leaves the chest muscles in place, is used with increasing frequency. Instead of emerging with a concave, scarred breast area, the patient has a flat surface on one side. There is usually enough skin left (especially if the breast surgeon and a plastic surgeon work together in planning the original operation) to permit later reconstruction of the affected breast, and lymphedema occurs very rarely.

"We are changing our approach," says Roy Ashikari, M.D., acting chief of the breast service at New York City's prestigious Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. "Ten years ago, only 13 percent of our patients were treated with modified mastectomies. Five years ago, this went up to 23 percent. In 1977, according to the latest figures we have, the number had climbed to 44 percent. I suspect that we have performed this lesser operation on more than half of our patients during 1978."

Dr. Ashikari explained that many surgeons at Memorial Hospital now remove the breast and a sample of the lymph nodes under the arm. "If nodes prove positive for cancer, we remove



YOUR BREASTS

Self-examination is your first defense against breast cancer; any sign or symptom should send you straight to your doctor

them all," he said. "We know that 90 percent of cancers are of the infiltrating variety and that only by knowing if cancer cells have spread to the nodes can we assess whether further treatment with radiation and/or chemotherapy is indicated. If the patient wishes to have reconstructive surgery later, we often plan the original operation together with a plastic surgeon. We are now getting excellent cosmetic results with this type of surgery . . . the patient can usually wear low-cut dresses or even bikini bathing suits without anyone's knowing that she has had a breast removed."

Some medical centers are using operations even smaller than the modified radical. In *The Journal of the American Medical Association* of February 1979, Maurice S. Fox, Ph.D., professor of molecular biology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, published a paper examining the results of surveys done in Britain, Denmark, and the United States in which only the cancerous lump plus surrounding tissue was removed from the woman's breast. This treatment was followed up with intensive radiation therapy. He found that, statistically, there was no difference in the ten-year survival rates of women treated with radical mastectomy and those treated with segmental surgery, plus radiation.

Ira Goldenberg, M.D., professor of surgery at the Yale Medical School and Oliver Cope, M.D., professor emeritus of surgery at Harvard, have long held the view that relatively minimal surgery plus aggressive radiation *(Continued on page 210)*

BREAST LOSS, EMOTIONAL RECOVERY

By Amy Gross

Healing is aided by new support networks

On the other side of mastectomy are two kinds of healing—physical and emotional. The first goes faster, and its course is more predictable than the second. Three months after breast-cancer surgery, almost all women are totally recuperated. "They're back at work, they've resumed household chores," says Sona Euster, a social worker at Memorial Hospital, the clinical section of Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in Manhattan. "They may not be bowling, but they're playing tennis, swimming." Psychologically, they are still jarred. It will take them from six months to a year to reach a new balance point.

The good news is that an increasingly dense network of support is helping women survive the emotional fallout of a mastectomy. It is greatly comforting to learn that because of such help most women do cope, repair, and surface again. I think: I would be able to cope. The fear of being overwhelmed by fear and grief is second only to the fear of being overwhelmed by cancer itself. It is reassuring to hear how these fears are being met with sensitivity and respect. And the humaneness of the new concern for the woman patient's psychological well-being is a mark of moral progress.

"Twenty, twenty-five years ago," says Jimmie Holland, M.D., who is chief of the division of psychiatry at Memorial, "a mastectomy was a big secret. Women felt like leprous outcasts, ashamed and guilty. There was a sense that they'd brought the disease on themselves in some way." The patient was relegated to the role of helpless infant, who couldn't understand the medical facts and wouldn't be able to take them if she did understand.

"A doctor would say, 'We better take this off so we don't run into a lesion,'" Dr. Holland recalls. "The woman wouldn't even know she had cancer. Now a patient will tell you what kind of a mastectomy she had, that she had three positive nodes indicating the cancer had spread, and that she must consider undergoing chemotherapy. She wants to be part of her medical care."

Instead of secrecy and shame, the new idea is to air information, share emotions. At hospitals like Memorial, counseling begins almost immediately after surgery. The second postoperative day, the woman attends her first session of the Post-Mastectomy Rehabilitation Group. Meeting every day for an hour and a half, the group is co-led by a nurse, a physical therapist, and a social worker. Patients are taught exercises to strengthen the affected side and alleviate stiffness, their medical questions are answered, and their emotional reactions are discussed.

The recovering woman patient has two major concerns. "First is whether she will live or die—will the cancer recur?" said René Mastrovito, M.D., associate clinical professor of psychiatry at Cornell Medical School and associate attending physician at Memorial. "Second is to adjust to the loss of her breast. There's a grieving process; it's just as though someone has died."

The relative weights of the two concerns vary from person to person. A woman whose lymph nodes were reportedly clear—meaning that the cancer had not spread—has, in effect, the opportunity to worry about her appearance. A woman with chancy prognosis may consider that issue minor. But it's hard to predict how a woman will react to her loss, Dr. Mastrovito said. It depends on what she thinks she's losing. "It's not necessarily true that a twenty-eight-year-old full-breasted woman will suffer more than an *(Continued on page 207)*

Avedon

To live in, work in,

count on day to day—

soft, attractive...real suits—

with skirts...with pants

...with a new focus on knits

...and always with pumps

READY TO

Duane Michals

GO!

If you buy only one thing this fall . . . make it one of these easy-to-wear, polished, real-life suits. They have a whole new feeling now—narrower lines, new shapes, new colors. And they're geared to a fast, active pace. You just fall into one, forget it . . . go!
What sets up the look . . . a pump! By now you know . . . it's the shoe of the year. The shoe you're going to see everywhere, on every heel height . . . best with a leg of the same color: textured, patterned, or sheer.

The pump that says everything, *left*. . . . Andrew Geller's neutral wine-colored leather spectator with a high black stacked leather heel. About $70.
Lord & Taylor; Strawbridge & Clothier; Marie Leavell; Kushins, San Francisco.
The bag that holds everything, *left*. . sleek, businesslike, easy to carry—superbly finished in brown textured leather and filled with pockets. From Bottega Veneta NYC. About $350.
Calvin Klein's brown wool tweed suit, *right*—everything a suit should be now—fitted, un-strict, polished . . . with a long smooth jacket (about $250), a slim soft skirt (about $104), and a crew-neck (the neck to watch for!) tomato-red cashmere sweater (about $136).
Altman's; Garfinckel's; Hudson's; Famous-Barr; I. Magnin.
The suit you see part of, *opposite*, by Kasper for J. L. Sport.
Bracelet, Angela Cummings of Tiffany.
On this and the next six pages: hair, Marc Pipino of Pipino-Buccheri Salon; makeup, Joey Mills.
Accessories, next to last pages.

Alex Chatelain



No skirt vs. pants debate. This year you have options! No matter which you choose, you can get a finished, pulled-together look . . . and that's what really counts!

1. How soft a pants suit can be now: Gordon of Philadelphia's toast wool flannel: a shorter jacket (about $100), pants (about $56), and a jolt-of-purple silk jersey blouse from Christian Dior Blouses (about $50). Jacket and pants, late July at Altman's; Jordan Marsh, New England; Woolf Brothers. Blouse, early August at Bergdorf Goodman; Higbee's; Sakowitz; Bullocks Wilshire. The jewelry here, Bulgari Danaos Ltd.

2. All the new interests. For day, for dinner . . . Cathy Hardwick's iridescent bronze leather skirt (about $220); sweater-jacket of nubby brown wool blend knit (about $134); white silk broadcloth blouse (about $80). Early August, at Bloomingdale's; Bullock's, Westwood.

3. The pump for skirts, pants, walking: Geoffrey Beene's low-heeled brown glacé kid spectator (about $140). To order at Saks Fifth Avenue.

4. Ease *and* finish *and* color. Mondi of America's knit plum bouclé acrylic blend cardigan (about $56) belted over matching wool flannel pants (about $98), both piped to match an electric-blue satin polyester blouse (about $78). Early Sept., at Saks Fifth Avenue; John Sims, Pikesville, MD; John Carroll, Asheville, NC; Jacquelyn, Ocala, FL; Balliet's.

1

READY TO GO!

Alex Chatelain





5. Indispensable: a slim, dark suit snapped with color. From Pendelton Woolen Mills, a carbon-blue wool flannel jacket (about $100) and pleat-front skirt (about $54), with a fuchsia silk crêpe blouse by Adrienne Vittadini (about $68). Jacket and skirt at Miller's; Knoxville, TN; Desmond's, Southern California. Blouse, late August at Bergdorf Goodman; Jacobson's; Sakowitz; Bullock's. Accessories, next to last pages.



1



2

3

What counts now—not only the suit . . . but the way you wear it! There's a world of difference . . . of added dash and individuality . . . in the accessories you choose.

1. Setting up a new look . . . instantly . . . attractive, really wearable . . . pumps The pump with all the news—Yves Saint Laurent's sleek suède spectator tipped and heeled with kidskin . . . this season's "works-with-it-all" color—cassis About $98. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Sakowitz; Frederick & Nelson

Another essential—an executive "tote." The one here in black saffian leather slim, clean-lined, shaped. Big enough to snap closed over everything you need. Including a small clutch bag—all the bag you need when you go to lunch, to dinner, any place you don't have to carry papers. Bag, about $250 From Morris Moskowitz. Late August at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's

2. Down-to-earth version of the pump—Bally's classic brown reptile on a low, walkable heel. About $160. At Bally Salons, NYC and Boston.

3. The pump with a difference . . . an ankle strap. John Higdon scallops the black calf, balances it on a slender heel. About $105. Hecht's; Chalk Garden, Salt Lake City; Faithful Footman, Los Angeles. **4.** Great shoe for day . . . a medium high-heeled pump of cassis-colored leather and reptile by Salvatore Ferragamo. About $120. Saks Fifth Avenue; I. Magnin.

5. The raciest new above-the-ankle boot . . . caramel leather, wrapped and strapped and cowboy-heeled. From Ottorino Bossi. About $225. Botticelli, NYC; Strega, Philadelphia, Via Lusso, Chicago; Footgear by Roger Bowman, Beverly Hills.

READY TO GO!

Alex Chatelain



6. Whenever you're not wearing a soft blouse . . . the new around-the-clock sweater—small, crew-necked, cropped at the waist and nipped in by ribbing, by elastic, by a narrow slick of belt. And often glittery . . . with beads, with Lurex . . . with just enough shine to catch the light. Adrienne Vittadini's day/night sweater—small, waist-ribbed, in silvery-grey wool with strands of fuchsia and blue metallic—says it all. Wool/Lurex blend. About $78. Late August at Altman's; Rich's; Jacobson's; Bullock's.

Beauty Note . . . For any season, makeup is one of your most important accessories. What you'll want this season . . . delicate, porcelain face color with rose on the cheeks, rose on the lips: Payot's Rose de Nacré Creme Blusher, Ursula lipstick

Accessories, next to last pages.

Now there are lots of new ways to think about suit-dressing . . . about dressing in pieces. Often now, there's a mix of color and texture . . . often the excitement of new fabrics, new ways with knit . . . always, the look is carefully assembled but easy, uncomplicated.

1. Calvin Klein's terrific take on two-piece dressing: a slim, cherry-red leather skirt (about $320) with this season's close-at-the-waist sweater in black angora/lamb's wool (about $74). Mid-August at Bergdorf Goodman (skirt, to order); Hudson's; Maison Blanche; Frost Bros.; Bullock's.

2. Another turn on a soft suit: the new longer black wool knit jacket (about $130), garnet-red wool crêpe pants (about $128), an earth-colored thin-as-tissue faille blouse (acetate/rayon, about $90). From Donna Karan and Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

3. Soft shape, soft color . . . a heathery celadon tweed suit with a cropped-short jacket (about $240), narrowing pants (about $130), the surprise of a sheer georgette blouse (about $100). Suit, wool/nylon. Blouse, polyester. By Ron Leal for Betty Hanson. Early August at Bloomingdale's; Gidding-Jenny; Jacobson's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Piaget watch.

4. To reach for any time, any place . . . Halston's brown pebble wool/alpaca tweed suit with a short jacket (about $270), soft skirt (about $220), the news of a sweater knitted of matching tweedy! . . . yarn (about $130). From Halston Sportswear. Early August at Bergdorf Goodman, Jacobson's; Dayton's; Harzfeld's, and all Halston Boutiques. Jewelry by Angela Cummings of Tiffany.



4

5

5. Think of heliotrope as a neutral and you'll wear this suède cut-out pump with everything. About $90. By Marco Martini. Late July at Joseph Salon Shoes, Chicago; Margo's Lamode, Dallas; Joseph Magnin.

6. The most ease . . . knitted into a mahogany houndstooth wool blend jacket and skirt. With a mahogany polyester crêpe de Chine blouse. From St. John by Marie Gray. About $370. Late July at Saks Fifth Avenue; Lillie Rubin-South & West; Jacobson's; Lou Lattimore; Bullocks Wilshire. Accessories, next to last pages.



6

READY TO GO!

VOGUE PATTERNS

In a season of suits . . . the best one to have . . . to sew—one that goes night and day . . . any hour, any place. What does the trick best? Have it in basic black, in wool gabardine. Have it with the news, *near right*, of a shaped, shorter jacket; a slim, slit, slightly-gathered skirt. And wear it with fall's choice accessories . . . a soft, bright blouse—here, Adrienne Vittadini's blue silk . . . a pump—of course—high heeled black suède . . . the shine of a wide "gold" belt.
Vogue Pattern 9832.
Wool, Anglo Fabrics.
Available at Macy's Herald Square; Marshall Field; Home Silk Shops, Los Angeles; Frederick & Nelson. . . .
What turns the look of a white blouse and black pants at night . . . adds excitement . . . a different appeal? The fabric—thin-as-tissue silk taffeta, with a slight rustle, a little sheen. And the femininity of a shape that's body-conscious but very soft.
Far right, Gianni Versace's pleated-front blouse with full sleeves, a string tie under a small, stand-up collar. And pencil-slim pants held by a wide, pleated cummerbund . . . part of this season's focus on the waist.
Vogue Pattern 2025.
Silk taffeta, the Wellman Collection through Sewing Associates.
Available at Weller Fabrics, NYC; Richard Brooks Fabrics, Dallas; Sakowitz; Frederick & Nelson.
Hair, Bob Fink of Pipino-Buccheri Salon; makeup, Joey Mills, Alberto Fava.
Accessory and pattern information, next to last pages.

VOGUE PATTERN 9832

READY TO GO!

VOGUE PATTERN 2025

Alex Chatelain

THE HERBAL WRAP, ABOVE, IS A KIND OF AROMATHERAPY THAT HELPS TO CLEANSE AND RELAX YOUR WHOLE BODY

THE 4-DAY H

What you want today is a beauty-and-health break that works for your active life, and the new four-day spa plan does just that. You get started on a diet and exercise program you can go right on living with —so you really get in shape . . . and stay that way!

EALTH PLAN

Helmut Newton

Today, more and more active women are trying to find a way of getting fit and staying fit that works with—and sometimes almost in spite of—a fast-paced job life. They want to be able to break for a quick fitness stint in the middle of a long business trip. They want to be able to whiz straight from the office Thursday night and be back at their desk by 9:00 A.M. Tuesday—with the revitalizing impetus and input of a four-day beauty-and-health regimen to help start them on a regular daily shape-up session at home. And now the good news is that some of the super spas—like the one at Palm-Aire—are coming up with weekend-long health plans so you can do just that. What's more, the things you do in the course of a typical spa day, as *below*, are very easy to do on a spa-at-home basis. Lisa Dobloug, *opposite*, the director of Palm-Aire, feels this is a key point. "Whether you spa at Palm-Aire or at home," she says, "what you want to do is take stock of what your beauty-and-health life is . . . and what it isn't. And then start on habits that make you totally aware of your body . . . and make you want to bring it to its fullest potential of health and beauty."

4-DAY HEALTH PLAN

1 SPA DAY X 4

7:30	***Breakfast.*** *If you are overweight, you begin the day with a Super Diet breakfast that is about 125 calories. For details of the menus and recipes, see pages 199,200.*
8:30	***Walking/jogging/running.*** *Before starting out, there are a few minutes of stretching exercises. Then you do walk/jog alternates for 1½ miles, the ratio depending on your fitness level . . . progressing to slightly longer jogging intervals or greater distance by the fourth day. You learn how to take your pulse rate so you can pace yourself.*
9:10	***Stretching and breathing.*** *Here, the emphasis is on the overall preparation of the body—for the next class and for the whole day ahead. You work on the flexibility of the individual muscle groups and on all the joints—right down to the ankles. And you concentrate on breathing, too. Everything is done to get the body slowly in gear for more intensive exercise.*
9:40	***Spa special.*** *This is a heavy conditioning session, where you stress the body more, do more difficult movements, and go at a faster speed. You learn the importance of balance, rhythm, control—of moving well. You work on the legs, the back, the bust, the alignment of the whole body. And a variety of different techniques are used—going all the way from floor work to fencing.*
10:20	***Whirlpool.*** *This has something of the effect of a cool-down—the water is kept fairly cool and the motion is very relaxing. The force of the jets is quite strong, so it is important to take a good rest afterwards—in the siesta room.*
11:00	***Face treatment.*** *This is usually done each day, but some of the younger women may be given a face treatment only every other day—it depends on the condition of the skin.*
11:40	***Yoga.*** *This exposes you to a different form of movement—one which is very easy to do by yourself. The class goes very slowly, and care is taken to avoid any movements that might stress the back too much.*
12:20	***Water exercise.*** *This is not at all strenuous. You work with the resistance of the water and concentrate on the different muscle groups. The body is light in the water and you have a certain feeling of ease. On the first day, the movements are very slow; on the following days, they are speeded up so that there is increased resistance.*
1:00	***Lunch.*** *The Super Diet plan (outlined on page 199) allows for a lunch that is about 250 calories. This is followed by a rest period either in the darkened siesta room or in your bedroom.*
2:40	***Conditioning.*** *The areas that come in for the most attention in this exercise period are the waist, the abdomen, the hips and thighs. Exercises help to strengthen and tone and streamline. This session is given on the first and third days, alternating with aerobic dancing, which concentrates more on cardiovascular fitness.*
3:20	***Herbal wrap.*** *This is a wonderful relaxation for the muscles after all the work they have been doing. Details about the treatment are given on page 196.*
4:00	***Body massage*** *is done to improve the circulation and to help you relax. It is important, Lisa notes, that the masseuse never lose contact with the body—you want a continuous flowing movement that begins at the neck, continues down the length of the body and returns to end at the neck. On the fourth day of the 4-Day Health Plan, the body massage is replaced by the Salt/Glo Loofah treatment, details of which follow on page 197.*
4:40	***Pedicure, manicure, makeup, hair appointment****—a different treatment is scheduled for each of the four days. This is followed by a period of rest before dinner.*
6:45	***Dinner.*** *This meal, menus and recipes for which are given on pages 199, 200, totals about 225 calories on the Super Diet, bringing your daily number of calories to 600.*

FENCING—OR AT LEAST THE INTRODUCTION TO IT THAT LISA DOBLOUG GIVES YOU, OPPOSITE—IS A WONDERFULLY COMPLETE KIND OF EXERCISE FOR FLEXIBILITY, GRACE, SPEED OF MOVEMENT, ENDURANCE, POSTURE, AND FOR ITS STRENGTHENING EFFECT ON THE UPPER PART OF THE BODY, AN ESSENTIAL THAT WOMEN OFTEN NEGLECT. FOR BASIC FITNESS AND CONDITIONING ROUTINES, YOU DO NOT EVEN NEED A FOIL—SEE THE SHADOW-FENCING ROUTINES LISA DOBLOUG HAS WORKED OUT AS PART OF THE SHAPE-UP, ON PAGE 83.

Helmut Newton





STATIONARY BICYCLE



HERBAL WRAP

4-DAY HEALTH PLAN

4 SPA

The stationary bicycle is the one machine that is used regularly each day at Palm-Aire as part of the 4-Day Health Plan. It is computerized, so it can give you an instant readout on how much you should raise your pulse to get a heart-training effect, how many calories you are burning, and how much resistance there is—things like that.

"If you use a stationary bike on your own, be sure not to stress yourself too much," Lisa Dobloug cautions, "unless you are in very good shape. At first, put on only a little resistance, and check your pulse after a couple of minutes. If it is up too far (the average target level ranges from about 150 beats a minute if you are in your twenties to about 110 or 120 if you are in your sixties), slow down right away. If you are really out of shape, don't even try to reach the target zone until you have made some real progress."

The stationary bicycle, *above*, is very adaptable. It can provide a low-intensity exertion if that is what you should have. Or it can give you a real workout if you are in great shape and know what your body can take. You can push against 50 pounds of resistance, or 80 or 100, or even more. Stop right away if you have any suspicious symptoms such as a pain in your chest. And be sure to check your doctor before starting on this or any other exercise plan.

For a marvelously relaxing and cleansing effect, there is really nothing quite as tonic as herbs and warm moisture. So it is not surprising that the Herbal Wrap is a daily spa ritual. When the wrapping is done by experts, as seen above and on the opening pages, you are covered with unbleached linen sheets that have been steeped in a fragrant blend of medicinal herbs. They are folded over you and tucked in all around until you are almost cocooned in moist, scented warmth. You remain in the Herbal Wrap for about twenty minutes. Then you have a tepid, but not hot, shower to bring your skin temperature back down again. The whole treatment takes about forty minutes.

To do your own Herbal Wrap, steep a mixture of soothing herbs such as camomile and eucalyptus in a tub only partially filled with hot water. Soak a couple of bath towels in the solution. Then lie down in the tub and spread the warm, wet towels over your entire body.

If you want to use the herbs Lisa Dobloug likes, here they are:

- *Camomile* flower, one of the oldest herbs known, is said to have a wonderfully tranquilizing effect.
- *Eucalyptus* leaf is also claimed to be very soothing.
- *Spearmint*, the garden variety of mint, is very refreshing.
- *Peppermint*, an even more pungent form of mint, is another good pick-me-up.

Zeroing in on some of the rituals that make a spa experience so revitalizing, you can see that each of the elements on these two pages is easily adapted to a self-spa program. If you don't have the time— or the money— to put yourself in expert hands for the four-day spa stint, you can work out your own beauty–and–health break on weekends at home. Here, to help you, are four ways in which you can make key parts of Lisa Dobloug's wonderfully full spa day your own. And on the next pages are the basics—the menus and recipes—for the Super Diet that completes the 4-Day Health Plan.



SALT/GLO LOOFAH



YOGA MOVEMENT

SPECIFICS

This treatment is basic to the 4-Day Health Plan. The gentle salt-and-oil rub followed by a vigorous scrub with a loofah and special soap has a slightly abrasive effect on the skin that helps slough off dead, dry skin cells and stimulates growth of new tissue. Here is exactly what it takes and how it works:

The salt used is a very finely textured sea salt. It is mixed with a blend of avocado, peanut, olive, lime, and mineral oils—avocado oil being the main ingredient. The loofah—a fibrous by-product of a semitropical plant—acts as a textured sponge when wet. The soap combines a medicated formula with Vitabath.

First, the salt-and-oil mixture is massaged on the skin. "We start with the feet, concentrating on the heels, where there is often a buildup of callus," Lisa Dobloug explains. "Then legs, thighs, abdomen, the rest of the torso, arms, and underarms—always with a gentle up-and-down or circular motion. Next comes a quick hose down. After that, you turn over for the oil-and-salt treatment on the back part of the body and then another hose down. Finally, the loofah soap scrub."

You can do a simple version of this in your own tub. If you don't have sea salt, substitute table salt. And for the lubricant, use baby oil. To get a good soap mixture, combine a little liquid Ivory with Vitabath. The one part of the body that is hard to get at is your back. But a long-handled bath brush helps.

As you can see by the daily rundown of spa activities on page 194, one of the main aims of the 4-Day Health Plan is to open up all different kinds of movement. "We like to expose people to as many ways of moving as possible," says Lisa Doblong, "because, quite frankly, some people just do not like to exercise—but, in the course of learning new motion techniques, they may hit on an activity they like.

"This is one of the great things about yoga: someone who has been bored and miserable doing regular floor work all their life may find yoga more comfortable and interesting. We have a forty-minute class, and we go very slowly. We don't really stress the body until the third day . . . and even then we are careful not to add too much stress. For people who have done some yoga and for whom the class would be too basic, I give classes of individual instruction," as in the photograph *above*.

One variation on yoga movement is exercising in water—at the shallow end of a pool. Think of this as water yoga. An important part of this kind of exercise is breathing, which can be coordinated with the simple water yoga movements. "You work easily with the buoyancy of the water, so you bring individual muscle groups more into play. But it is not taxing—there is no strain. The movements can be kept very simple. And water is a pleasant element to exercise in. There is a nice feeling of leisure to it."

4-DAY HEALTH PLAN

Here is a Super Diet worked out for you by Palm-Aire experts. The meals look good, taste good, and provide a good variety of nutrients. Breakfast is about 125 calories; lunch, about 250; dinner, about 225. The daily total for each of the four days is 600. The menus and recipes also serve as the basis for a maintenance diet. All you do is *gradually* increase the portions until you have doubled the amount. Stay at that level for four days. Then gradually work up to triple the amount: about 1800 calories a day!

SUPER DIET

1

BREAKFAST
- 1 cup of fresh berries with ½ cup skim milk
- 1 Whole-Grain Muffin* with 1 pat of butter
- Decaffeinated coffee or herb tea

LUNCH
- Julienne Salad* with low-calorie French dressing
- 1 slice of eight-grain bread, toasted
- Decaffeinated coffee or herb tea

DINNER
- Madrilene Soup*
- Tangy Broiled Scallops*
- Fresh steamed broccoli
- Potato Shell*
- Endive Salad with Zero Dressing*
- Pineapple Frappé*
- Decaffeinated coffee or herb tea

2

BREAKFAST
- Seven-Grain Cereal* with ½ cup fresh berries and 1 ounce skim milk
- Decaffeinated coffee or herb tea

LUNCH
- Cold Watercress Soup*
- Cottage-Cheese Fruit Plate* with Yogurt Dressing*
- 1 thin bagel slice, toasted (use water bagel, 10 slices per bagel)
- Decaffeinated coffee or herb tea

DINNER
- Jellied Chicken Consommé*
- Veal Sauté*
- Broiled tomato with Parmesan cheese and oregano
- Potato Shell*
- Garden Salad* with Lemon Dressing*
- ½ cup fresh strawberries
- Decaffeinated coffee or herb tea

KNEADING THE BODY WITH STRONG, EXPERT HANDS, LIKE THOSE YOU SEE OPPOSITE, CAN DO WONDERFUL THINGS TO REV UP THE CIRCULATION, UNKINK TIRED MUSCLES, AND SOOTHE ANY ACHING JOINTS... GIVING YOU A GLORIOUSLY DEEP SENSE OF RELAXATION. AT PALM-AIRE, A CLASSIC METHOD OF MASSAGE IS USED—STROKING, PRESSING, KNEADING, TAPPING—AFTER A SPECIAL SPA OIL HAS BEEN APPLIED TO THE SKIN—A MIX OF AVOCADO, OLIVE, PEANUT, MINERAL, AND LIME OILS.

3

BREAKFAST
- ¼ of a 5-inch melon
- 1 poached egg
- 1 slice eight-grain bread, toasted
- Decaffeinated coffee or herb tea

LUNCH
- Cold Chicken Platter* with Green Goddess Dressing*
- ¼ cup peach sherbet
- Decaffeinated coffee or herb tea

DINNER
- Spinach Soup*
- Spa Scampi*
- Steamed fresh green beans
- Marinated Cucumbers
- Chilled Pear in Red Wine
- Decaffeinated coffee or herb tea

4

BREAKFAST
- 1 cup vegetable juice
- 1 scrambled egg
- 1 slice eight-grain bread, toasted
- Decaffeinated coffee or herb tea

LUNCH
- Parsley Chicken Consommé*
- Seafood Supreme*
- Romaine Salad with Zero Dressing*
- Fresh fruit—12 grapes or 1 kiwi
- Decaffeinated coffee or herb tea

DINNER
- Chicken Cacciatore*
- Asparagus
- Potato Shell*
- Heart of lettuce salad with low-calorie Italian dressing
- Vanilla Tart* with puréed strawberries
- Decaffeinated coffee or herb tea

Super diet recipes, next page

*The recipe is given for any dish marked with an asterisk

Helmut Newton

All recipes are for four servings unless otherwise indicated. After you have been on the diet for four days, you can gradually work back to a double serving of each dish. Stay at that level—1200 calories—for four days. And then gradually work back to a triple serving—1800 calories. This is a maintenance diet you can live with comfortably.

4-DAY HEALTH PLAN

SUPER DIET RECIPES

WHOLE-GRAIN MUFFINS

twelve to sixteen small muffins

1¼ cups whole-grain flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1½ cups unprocessed bran
4 tablespoons wheat germ
1¼ cups skim milk
1 egg
½ cup honey
¼ cup chopped sunflower seeds
⅓ cup safflower oil
¼ cup currants

Stir together flour, baking powder, bran, wheat germ; add milk and egg. Beat well and let stand 2 to 3 minutes. Add all other ingredients and mix well. Place in well-greased muffin tins that will yield 2-inch by 2-inch muffins when baked. Bake at 400° for 25 minutes. Each muffin, 70 calories.

JULIENNE SALAD

1 quart chopped greens
8 ounces cooked turkey, cut in thin strips
2 ounces Cheddar cheese, cut in thin strips
2 ounces Swiss cheese, cut in thin strips
4 hard-boiled egg whites, sliced
4 cherry tomatoes
1 cup fresh bean sprouts
8 tomato wedges
Parsley

Arrange greens on large plate. Place turkey, cheese, egg, tomato, sprouts on greens, then add garnish. Serve with low-calorie French dressing. Each serving, 150 calories.

MADRILENE SOUP

½ quart chicken stock
½ cup diced tomatoes
½ tablespoon chopped red pepper
2 poached cherry tomatoes

Heat chicken stock with the tomatoes and peppers until the boiling point. Garnish with poached cherry tomatoes and serve. Each ½-cup serving, 10 calories.

TANGY BROILED SCALLOPS

¼ cup Chablis wine
2 cloves garlic, minced
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
½ teaspoon sweet basil
1 teaspoon Veg-It (low-sodium seasoning)
1½ pounds raw scallops

Mix wine, 1 cup water, garlic, parsley, basil, and Veg-It. Pour over scallops, marinate in the refrigerator for 2 hours. When ready to serve, broil the scallops about 5 minutes or until opaque and firm. Turn frequently. Serve at once. (Do not overcook). Each 3¼-ounce serving, 150 calories.

POTATO SHELLS

2 potatoes, scrubbed and halved lengthwise
Parmesan cheese; paprika

Bake potatoes 1 hour. Remove potato from skin, leaving as little as possible without tearing skin. Sprinkle shell with Parmesan cheese and paprika. Broil until brown and crisp. Each half-potato shell, 20 calories.

ZERO DRESSING

1 cup tomato juice (freshly blended)
1 tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar
1 tablespoon chopped celery leaves
1 tablespoon chopped parsley leaves
3 cloves garlic
¼ teaspoon oregano
⅛ teaspoon sweet basil
¼ teaspoon horseradish
½ teaspoon vegetable oil

Place all ingredients in a blender. Blend at high speed 3 to 5 minutes. Store in refrigerator. Shake well before using. Each 1-ounce serving, a few calories.

PINEAPPLE FRAPPÉ

¼ cup lemon diet gelatin
1½ cups pineapple, water-packed and puréed

Make gelatin according to directions on the container. Chill. Beat until frothy, add puréed pineapple. Save enough pineapple for garnish. Each ½ cup serving, 40 calories.

SEVEN-GRAIN CEREAL

Slowly stir ½ cup seven-grain cereal (can be purchased in health-food store) into 2 cups boiling water. Cook 7 to 10 minutes. Remove from heat. Set aside to cool. Each ¼-cup serving, with ½ cup berries and 1 ounce skim milk, 100 calories.

COLD WATERCRESS SOUP

eight servings

1 quart chicken stock
1 cup chopped watercress
1 teaspoon Veg-It

Bring chicken stock to boil. Add Veg-It. Remove from heat. Chill well. Add watercress before serving. Each ½-cup serving, 10 calories.

COTTAGE-CHEESE FRUIT PLATE

8 half-inch pineapple chunks
12 strawberries
4 honeydew balls
4 cantaloupe balls
8 orange slices
8 grapefruit segments
12 grapes
1¼ cups low-fat cottage cheese

Arrange on a bed of fresh watercress. Serve with Yogurt Dressing (recipe below). Each serving, 180 calories.

YOGURT DRESSING

1 cup low-fat yogurt
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¼ cup honey
¼ teaspoon each nutmeg and cinnamon

Put yogurt in bowl, add other ingredients and mix with wire whisk, until smooth. Each tablespoon, 28 calories.

JELLIED CHICKEN CONSOMME

eight servings

¾ pound chicken parts
1 large onion
3 stalks celery
2 carrots
Bay leaf
Unflavored gelatin

Put chicken parts and vegetables in large pot. Cover with 1 quart water, simmer for 2½ hours, let set, then strain and skim off all fat. To jell the consommé, add 2 tablespoons gelatin to hot broth and store overnight in refrigerator. Each ½-cup serving, 10 calories.

VEAL SAUTÉ

1 pound veal stew meat, all fat removed
1 tablespoon vegetable oil
1 cup sliced fresh mushrooms
½ clove garlic, minced
¼ cup chopped green onions
¼ cup chopped green peppers
½ cup chopped fresh tomatoes
½ cup Burgundy wine
¼ teaspoon Veg-It

Sauté veal in oil until light brown, turning on all sides. Remove veal; add mushrooms, garlic, green onions, and sauté until almost limp. Add peppers, tomatoes, wine, and veal. Cover, cook at low heat for 1½ hours. Add water if necessary. Make sure veal is tender. Each 2¾-ounce serving, 150 calories.

GARDEN SALAD

Romaine; Boston lettuce
Red cabbage
Watercress; chicory
1 slice pimiento, chopped
1 teaspoon grated Parmesan cheese

Wash and chop all vegetables. Add Lemon Dressing (recipe on page 202). Mix well. Garnish with pimiento and Parmesan cheese. Each 1-cup serving, about 30 calories.

(Continued on page 202)

The danger within: life-shaping personal impact of nuclear power

Why you can't—and shouldn't—get Three Mile Island out of your mind

By Cathleen Medwick

At certain moments in history, one image—often of an extraordinary subject or event—is seen by a culture as if it were a projection of something internal: an embodiment of the consciousness of the age. One such image: a *Life* magazine photo of an American GI at the moment of being reunited with his girl. Another, more recent: a Vietnamese soldier about to be shot. These are human images, but non-human ones can be equally potent.

Such an image surfaced last spring at the time of the accident at the Three Mile Island nuclear power plant in Pennsylvania. Suddenly, the reactor towers, with their vaguely futuristic symmetry, dominated our vision. Many of us had never seen these towers before—had never thought of nuclear energy being *contained* by any concrete structure. If we thought about it at all (and we tried not to), we imagined some subterranean vault—mysterious, impregnable, and infallible. We did not, in any case, admit the physical reality of nuclear power plants as part of the familiar landscape, certainly not the landscape of rural America. Nuclear energy must, we reasoned, be encompassed by deserts, by the most alien, remote environment known.

Suddenly, the image of towers—medieval in their seeming inviolability but modern in their function of keeping something *in*, not out—dominated the covers of our major news magazines and journals. A new vocabulary (new to the layman) presented itself as an attempt, not so much to clarify, as to contain within reasonable boundaries the rash of possibilities that we were now forced to consider. We suddenly realized that, within the context of "news," we had all become witnesses to an event that might significantly alter the flow of human history. *The New Yorker* articulated it: "The appearance in news stories of words like 'forever' is one more clear signal, if we still need it, that with the discovery of nuclear energy, events of a new order of magnitude, belonging to a new dimension of time, have broken into the stream of history." This, in a country which has always considered itself to be progressing toward brighter tomorrows.

There is a quiet irony in the fact that a country with few natural adversaries—no erupting volcanoes, infrequent tidal waves or plagues—should lodge in its rural heartland such a behemoth as a nuclear reactor. One is reminded of island villagers who live at the edge of a volcano that grumbles in their midst and accept the possible eruption as a risk inherent in living. But there is something disturbing about such philosophic acceptance when the threatening force is man-made, a product of decisions that are arbitrary (as far as the general population is concerned) and that, despite a veneer of rationality, are at least open to question. Even before the accident, didn't the people living within sight of the Three Mile towers experience some discomfort, some fear?

An image that serves as a literal transcription of this question: Martha Cooper's photo for the *New York Post*—but looming larger when printed in *The Village Voice*—of a farmer grazing his cattle on a flat field. Farmhouses in the distance, and behind them, like mountains (or, we would say now, like parodies of mountains), the twin towers. The farmer seems unconscious of the towers. Yet they thrust him forward, in all his rural anonymity, into what seems his larger context.

What we see is a familiar landscape with one element that is not right. If we had accidentally seen this photo before the accident, what would we have thought of it? Would we have registered the presence of the towers as part of a landscape, or would we have been disturbed by them? After the fact, the towers look ominous to us. But when the farmer saw them, daily, did they seem benign? Did they ever seem to him, as they seem to us now, incongruous? Or were they, like other signs of modernization, absorbed within the vaster, seemingly more potent context of the everlasting, dependable, productive earth? Is it possible that—just because farmland has always been so steady and dependable—the presence of a nuclear reactor on the landscape was understood, until the accident, as one more positive symbol?

> "Suddenly, the reactor towers, with their vaguely futuristic symmetry, dominated our vision"

The picture presents, simultaneously, many realities. The reality of the coexistence, these past years, of the ordinary and the extreme, the more or less unchanging present and the unpredictable future. The picture could, before the accident, speak both of the continuity of human pursuits like farming—a "Good Earth" motif—and of the successful integration of advanced technology with rural concerns, as evidenced by the placid, somewhat bovine assimilation of the odd-shaped towers into the rural landscape.

For most of us, the picture is experienced not so much as a symbol but as a projection of an internal reality. As in dreams we operate within a highly charged personal landscape, so this landscape with which (often in spite of ourselves) all Americans identify—the flat country heartland—is transformed, charged by the presence of the towers. Like Childe Harold's dream towers, they are mysterious, and compelling, and appropriately vague. They seem to be part of a universal consciousness. Here the vocabulary helps. What we fear is a reactor—a something that reacts. We are afraid of its reaction. We are afraid that, slowly, perhaps inevitably (the words "human error" keep creeping in at this point), the core will be exposed. The core must *never* be exposed, because the core is hot, too hot to control.

The metaphor is obvious; and it would be trite if it were not, on the deepest level, a reality. Metaphors such as this one invite rhetoric, our only way of experiencing order and passion at the same time. To say that what we fear about the nuclear reaction is what we most deeply fear in ourselves is not to say that our fear is purely internal, a problem for therapists. What makes the metaphor of nuclear power so potent is the fact that it is not a figure. The danger without is a realization of the danger within. Our consciousness of the nuclear threat—bringing to the surface, finally, unconscious or barely conscious fears that many of us have felt since childhood—has thrown into context the major concerns of the last decades: the 'sixties' and 'seventies' concern for ecology, for a return to the earth in some fundamental sense; the endless search for new therapies, primal releases of pent-up dangerous energies; the search for new religions to provide some bastion against forces that are, if not demonic, at least potentially destructive to life. All are attempts to counteract our too-complete understanding of the forces—radiation or rage—that erode and do not rebuild.

The future of nuclear power is a vital issue, and it is a moral issue. Like all moral issues, it has ambiguous terms: Is it morally right to attempt to safeguard the future of mankind while simultaneously risking it? Whose right is it to take the risk, and whose responsibility is it to protest? As in the case of past crises, will the failure to decide turn out to be, in the last analysis, a crime?

These questions are all inherent in the image of the towers—making this an image that we must keep in front of us, in our conscious minds, so that we may further understand its potential, and its power. ▽

SUPER DIET RECIPES

(Continued from page 200)

LEMON DRESSING

¼ cup lemon juice
1 tablespoon safflower oil
¼ cup dry mustard
¼ teaspoon Veg-It
2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Combine all ingredients. Mix thoroughly, let set. Shake before serving. Each 1-ounce serving, 10 calories.

COLD CHICKEN PLATTER

13 ounces cold chicken
8 cherry tomatoes
8 mushrooms
4 stalks celery
8 sliced carrots
4 stalks broccoli
4 thin slices purple onion
1 cup fresh bean sprouts
4 tablespoons sunflower seeds
Boston lettuce

Arrange everything on a bed of Boston lettuce on a serving platter. Serve with Green Goddess Dressing (recipe below). Each serving, about 200 calories.

GREEN GODDESS DRESSING

1 cup low-fat yogurt
3 tablespoons low-calorie whipped dressing
4 anchovies, rinsed in cold water and chopped
2 tablespoons tarragon vinegar
¼ cup minced parsley
¼ cup chopped green onion
¼ tablespoon Veg-It

Mix all ingredients in yogurt and serve. May be made in advance. Store in refrigerator. Each 1-ounce portion, 22 calories.

SPINACH SOUP

2 quarts chicken broth
½ bay leaf
1 teaspoon Veg-It
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
1 green onion, thinly sliced
1 cup skim milk
1 cup chopped fresh spinach

Heat chicken broth, bay leaf, Veg-It, nutmeg, and green onion. Add skim milk; then the spinach. Heat 3 minutes. Keep covered. Each ½-cup serving, 10 calories.

SPA SCAMPI

1 pound raw shrimp, shelled and deveined
¼ cup Chablis wine
2 fresh garlic cloves, minced
¼ teaspoon dried oregano
1 teaspoon Veg-It
1 tablespoon chopped fresh parsley

Mix wine, ½ cup water, garlic, parsley, oregano, Veg-It. Pour over shrimp, marinate in refrigerator 3 hours. When ready to serve, broil shrimp for 5 minutes or until pink, turning frequently. Serve at once. *Do not overcook.* Each 3-ounce serving, 150 calories.

PARSLEY CHICKEN CONSOMMÉ

eight servings

¾ pound chicken parts
1 large onion
3 stalks celery
3 large carrots
1 bay leaf
1 teaspoon Veg-It
½ bunch parsley, chopped

Put chicken parts and vegetables in a large pot, cover with 1 quart water, simmer for about 2½ hours. Remove from heat, let cool enough to strain through gauze. Chill in refrigerator. Skim all fat off surface. When ready to serve, reheat. Garnish thickly with parsley. Each ½-cup serving, 10 calories.

SEAFOOD SUPREME

½ cup skim milk
½ cup chicken stock
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 teaspoon Veg-It
¼ cup Chablis wine
2 cups broccoli, steamed
3 ounces cooked crab meat
3 ounces cooked shrimp
Paprika
Parsley
Pimiento

Combine skim milk, chicken stock, cornstarch, Veg-It. Cook, stirring constantly until thick, add Chablis and simmer for a few minutes. Place broccoli and seafood in a casserole. Pour sauce over seafood, sprinkle with paprika. Bake 400° for 5 to 10 minutes. Garnish with parsley and pimiento before serving. Each 3-ounce portion with 1-ounce sauce, 150 calories.

CHICKEN CACCIATORE

5 chicken breasts, all skin removed
6 ounces unsalted tomato juice
½ teaspoon each dried, rosemary, oregano, sweet basil, and Veg-It
1 bay leaf
1 teaspoon chopped fresh garlic
½ cup chopped green onion tops
½ cup chopped green pepper
1 cup diced fresh tomatoes
¼ cup Chablis wine

Brown chicken on all sides in a hot Teflon pan. Add tomato juice, herbs, garlic, and chopped vegetables. Cover and simmer until chicken is tender. If sauce is too thin, boil to reduce the amount. Add wine while chicken is cooking and simmer a little longer. Each 3½-ounce serving, 150 calories.

VANILLA TART

3 egg whites
2 tablespoons diet vanilla pudding
¼ cup powdered whipped topping
¼ cup ice water
¼ teaspoon vanilla extract
4 ladyfingers
½ cup puréed strawberries

Beat egg whites, set aside. Mix pudding with powdered whipped topping and ice water until mix stands in a fluffy peak; then fold this mixture into the egg whites and add extract. Serve in chilled sherbet glasses, garnish with ladyfingers (split in half, then half again) around rim of glass, then add 1 tablespoon purée of strawberries. Each serving, 40 calories. ▽

STYRON'S CHOICE

(Continued from page 167)

bureaucrats responsible for imprisoning Soviet dissidents; the perpetrators of the Vietnam war; the Connecticut officials who unjustly accused a Litchfield boy of killing his mother. But now his rage has turned inward, touching those who love him most.

How could we know he was giving birth to Auschwitz? How could we know that not only his protagonist, Sophie, but the very author of her torment had been forced into an agonizing choice—to base a fictional work on the most awesome event in human history and to place that event within a personal narrative, with daring comic overtones, concerning his early experiences as a young unfulfilled writer and lover in New York? On this very summer day, perhaps, as he and his friend drink together in the living room, Styron has been wrestling on the bloody mat with the ghastly relationship between Sophie and Rudolf Höss, Commandant of Auschwitz. He is near to completing his painful masterpiece, and it is tearing him to pieces.

Unlike many writers, Styron tends to be reticent about his books until he completes them, but during the making of *Sophie's Choice* he has been positively secretive. True, he published, in *Esquire*, a long, deliciously funny episode concerning an encounter between Stingo, the horny hero, and that classic cockteaser, Leslie Lapidus, but this gave no clue to the actual content of the book. Also true, he wrote a short Op-Ed piece for *The New York Times* in which he spoke feelingly on behalf of the forgotten non-Jewish victims of Auschwitz, but this only enraged the more chauvinistic editors of Jewish magazines.

Nobody, neither Rose nor the children, nor his closest friends, has been permitted more than fragmentary knowledge of the new book's true nature. For reasons of his own, Styron has determined to carry the burden of this concentration camp entirely on the portals of his own heart. The long years of research followed by the longer years of composition have been private years; and the agony of Sophie's choice and eventual fate at the hands of her demon lover, Nathan, were contemplated, experienced, and created by the author in solitude.

And this solitude was exacerbated by another agonizing choice of Styron's: to remain a writer of fiction in an age when fiction writing had been declared so problematical. The opinion-makers had been telling us for years that the time of the classical novel was past, that henceforth the celebrated writers would be personal journalists and cultural sports. Writing on the moment and of the moment, pirouetting around the media in a ballet of ideology and fashion, the celebrities of our literary culture, we were told continually, had virtually routed the "old-fashioned" novel and, with it, the very concept of a literary tradition. Yet, here was William Styron still working slowly and carefully, in relative obscurity for more than a decade, watching his name disappear from the lists of

leading American writers, on a major work of literature in the tradition of Tolstoy and Mann—a work that does not exclude the personal element, but rather measures its size against the magnitude of history.

A choice that constitutes a singular act of courage and devotion, for which American literature is richer both for the important book produced, and for the example of its composition. A choice, too, of which the author is obviously conscious, for the book is permeated with his awareness that he may have embarked on a quixotic, risky, absurd, and ultimately fruitless venture. A choice, though, that may not have been volitional, for William Styron is a classical writer to the very soles of his feet.

Those feet are resting on top of the finished works, galley proofs, and magazine stories of his contemporaries, as he downs a third bottle of beer in the company of his friend and his wife. The house is beginning to fill with noises: Polly has returned from the stable, Alexandra from the beach, Tommy from his sailing race, and Susannah is expected that night from her theater in New Hampshire. Rose wants to throw a benefit party on Sunday to support Isabel Letelier's crusade to bring the killers of her husband to justice, but Styron is not at the moment certain he can face a gang of people. He'll let her know. His eyes wander out to Vineyard Sound where the ferry is just beginning its approach to the harbor. The ping of tennis balls can be heard from the Yacht Club courts next door. That lovely golden light—which you only see on Martha's Vineyard, and only in August towards dusk—has begun to drape itself on the lawn like a yellow blanket. Styron gets up stretches. The book, he thinks, will be finished in four months. In time for Christmas and some weeks in the Caribbean. Maybe Venezuela. A respite from those endless hours at his desk—a release, if only temporary, from those dreadful, lacerating choices. ▽

ROSALYNN CARTER

(Continued from page 163)

Others may call the President weak, indecisive. Mrs. Carter calls him "a steady presence." The critical reviews of his handling of Iran, Afghanistan, Vietnam are of small matter. The people who are screaming, she says, are those without responsibility. She talks about people's screaming without raising her voice, indeed, without changing it at all. She could be discussing children, or daffodils. Her confidence in her husband is unshaken. Either that, or this untheatrical woman is playing the ultimate scene. The polls, the pundits, the menacing young Democratic hopefuls, the resourceful Republicans smelling a break in a two-term run do not daunt. "We seldom get discouraged," she says.

Is it confidence, or playacting? Is it an ability to steer in a storm, or a lack of knowledge of the sea? Even the polls are discounted. Those people who give Jimmy just a "fair" rating are actually on his side, Mrs. Carter claims. They are simply disgruntled with forces out of control—inflation, foreign crises—not with the President.

If people are certain about how Mrs. Carter feels about her husband, they are less so about how she feels about herself. Critics of Mrs. Carter point out the country does not know who she is, that she has no "image." It is a word that is on her mind—she brings it up defensively like a plain girl who claims she wants to be known for her brains, not her looks. "I've never tried to build an image. I have just been doing the things that were interesting to me, that were challenging to me—the things that were important. I have never worried about doing something just so people will *think* I'm interested in something. That's superficial. The programs that I'm involved with, in the area of mental health, working with the elderly, those are not the kinds of programs that get a lot of press. Those are boring."

It *is* possible to get a rise out of Mrs. Carter. Ask her if her fuzzed image will hurt her husband in 1980. Like a sudden temperature drop on a winter night, she ices over, "I will not be a detriment."

The South teaches its women to put only clean laundry on their public clotheslines. Tradition has it they make do in difficult times—they run farms and family when their men are gone, hide the family silver before the advancing soldiers, rebuild by their wits when they are burned out—and remain eternally optimistic. Scarlett set the standard. Even as Mrs. Carter discards the comparison, she plays out the role. Her father's death when she was thirteen, her grandmother's death the following year, those were "unhappy times" for her; but watching her mother work in a laundry, washing heads herself in a beauty parlor for a few extra dollars, returning home to care for the younger children—she thought it an adventure.

"I felt very strong, it gave me a feeling of independence, a feeling of contribution." Remind her of the lean years of her early married life, she remembers, with a laugh that long ago forgot the pain, the $200 profit the young Carters' business earned the first year. The lemonade again. "It was something we were doing together, we were building this business and it made exciting times." Just

Like Scarlett O'Hara, Mrs. Carter faced hard times and won

making it through tough times intact is a triumph for many of us. Not for Mrs. Carter. She refuses to characterize herself as a "survivor." She prefers "winner," and declares, as if she has not yet been called on for truly difficult days, "I have never thought of myself as badly off."

There are limits to Mrs. Carter's confidence. It rests comfortably on her husband's ability and on her own strength, when she revises history and plans the present. But the runner stumbles when she deals with theorizations, with unencountered situations, with moral dilemmas. The questions that have Americans pounding the dinner table, are out of bounds here—even unfair. Would she *consider* abortion for a teenage daughter even though she were personally against it? Should terminally ill patients have the right to end their own lives? She is discomfited, would prefer not to answer. Where the wide-mouthed bass in Betty Ford will slam into the bait, the catfish in Mrs. Carter, barely flicking a fin, sinks to the bottom and hugs it. The answers are no answers. She really "hasn't thought about those things."

But Mrs. Carter is not evasive. She does not duck controversy. Would she too consider a facelift down the road? She laughs. "I think Betty Ford looks beautiful since she had hers, and I'm getting pretty old. I might need the same thing before long."

And she is forthright about the unpleasant. Openly negative about the possibility of failure. Take the ERA. Mrs. Carter doubts that it will ever pass in many states, including her own state of Georgia. "The women are not for it. There's been so much radical opposition that people are afraid, they don't know what it means, they think their lives will change." Still, the determination remains. "We keep working . . . on and on and on. To explain that state laws are different and must be brought into line. That a relationship between a man and a wife will not change. That a woman who wants to remain at home and raise her family can do exactly as she wants."

Can Mrs. Carter be embarrassed? Ask her about Billy Carter; hear her disassociate herself from his rudeness with a self-deprecating laugh. "I don't assume responsibility for Billy. He's always done exactly as he wanted."

Can Mrs. Carter be pushed too far? Insinuate that Amy is a difficult child to manage. "*I* think Amy's a nice child. . .really well-behaved to have always had so much attention. She's not been difficult to raise, such a joy really. Living in the public eye is just a way of life for her, she's very nonchalant about it. I *hope* she's a normal kind of child."

Can Mrs. Carter fight back? Suggest that women leaving the home to work has contributed to the breakdown of the family, the moral breakdown of America. "I worked always. I don't think you have to be with children every minute. Love and security are the main things, but you can give them those and be outside the home. People who blame women are trying to find an easy answer to a difficult problem."

But embarrassed, pushed, fighting, defending, or praising, Mrs. Carter is—above all—controlled. Other words come to mind: level, placid, sensible, unsophisticated, restrained, disciplined, secure. But—above all—controlled. If another's energies could be described as a house afire, she is a house aglow—like cottage windows lit against the lowering night.

Mrs. Carter must rise before you realize how tiny she is. Like many women who sit tall at table, she loses height from waist to foot. And you must jog your memory before you remember how old she is. No director with a clear eye would ever cast this woman as a grandmother. Even at fifty-two, she does not look the part. Yes, she is clearly in the middle of middle age—lines have gathered around the eyes on cue—but a girlishness remains, an innocence. You know exactly what she looked like when she was young.

Mrs. Carter must actually leave before you remember again, in full measure, she is the nation's First Lady. She does not strike you as powerful. She seems, instead, like someone we all know—a cousin, a neighbor. Small but not delicate, smart but not wily, and natural without being folksy, Rosalynn Carter is her husband's oldest ally and closest friend. The strongest living influence on the President of the United States murmurs a gentle goodbye and walks away with a dainty step. ▽

NANTUCKET

(Continued from page 171)

ruby lettuce, tomatoes worthy of the most finicky Sicilian chef, five varieties of squash, an abundance of dill, basil, tarragon, and other *fines herbes* unseen in the Hamptons, the Vineyard, or the neighboring Cape. The quality of restaurants which have proliferated on Nantucket in the past two decades is equally unequaled in any Eastern resort. The most popular eatery in Nantucket town is a tyrannical institution called Company of the Cauldron which makes all of its own pasta, offers one *prix fixe* menu at $18.50 minus wine, and demands reservations at least a week in advance which are automatically cancelled if not reconfirmed by 3:00 P.M. of the same day (typical menu: fettucine with caviar, orange and rugola salad, poached salmon with sauce choron, etc.). Twenty minutes away at the other end of the island in Siasconset, the venerable Chanticleer occasionally performs in the gastronomic league of Lutèce or La Grenouille, and its main dining room is solidly booked a fortnight ahead.

All of the public Nantucket I have just described—Puritan voyeurism of Main Street, mindless twitter of domestic happiness, hedonism of ingestion, New England Disneyland—is precisely the Nantucket I need to flee in order to survive Nantucket at all. And the tiny island is all the more admirable because it can shelter a breed of tourists who thrive on sites and pastimes considerably more lyrical and private. I survive, for instance, by walking for hours on the many miles of superb heathland that surround Altar Rock, a rolling violet undulation of sassafras, viburnum, sweet fern, wild indigo whose splendor travelers compare to that of Wales and Scotland. I survive by only reading, while living on Nantucket, a genre of cynical French literature savagely inimical to the island's saccharin domesticity: (Céline: "What is happiness but infinity made available to poodles?" Sartre: "I did not know what to do with my body . . . in the midst of this tragic, resting crowd.")

I bike on back lanes through landscapes reminiscent of Brittany's in their contrast of silvery light and brilliant flowers—pale silver grey of shingle houses, brilliant blue of clematis, scarlet of trumpet flowers. I sun in dunes reached by long tortuous dirt roads, neighboring one of Nantucket's long brackish ponds, dotted with silvery beach grass and wild roses, where no one can offer me new recipes for bluefish or describe one of Nantucket's outstandingly dull Saturday-night summer parties. I sometimes attend the botanical walks that start every Thursday afternoon from the Maria Mitchell nature center and on which I've enjoyed (mostly with Quaker nature lovers) some fine conversations in a resort direly devoid of that commodity. And I've recently attempted to keep in touch with the vigor and clarity of the Quaker tradition itself, which I've admired since my college days near Philadelphia, and which often leads me to ponder the irony of the island's Quaker origins. How would a people so opposed to all decor and luxury that they banned gravestones as ostentatious regard Nantucket today? How would a sect who threatened its own members with excommunication for planting a wild rosebush on a loved one's grave, or for owning a piano, look upon the rampant hedonism of a 1979 Nantucket summer?

As the old saying goes (I learned it at Bryn Mawr), the Quakers came to America to do good and did well instead. One cannot stress enough the central role played in the island's history by this sophisticated and frugal sect who continued to impose an esthetic of sparse simplicity in their most affluent times. It was their industriousness and moderation which enabled the growth, on Nantucket, of the world's leading whaling industry. The austere elegance of their unpainted shingle houses (which recently earned Nantucket the odiously cute name of "Little Grey Lady of the Atlantic") preceded by a century the splendor of Main Street's Greek Revival and red brick mansions, and remains the island's most moving architecture. The apolitical narcissism of present-day Nantucket was preceded, in Quaker times, by a level of political concern which one can only call radical. The island's very first settlers were a family persecuted by the mainland's Puritan bigots for sheltering Quakers. And the Friends who came to find their own safety on the island several decades later built a community unique in eighteenth-century New England for its total freedom of worship.

Any Quaker stronghold was bound to be an early center of the abolitionist movement. The home of Elihu Coleman, the movement's first pamphleteer, still stands miraculously preserved on Hawthorne Lane. And it is hard to imagine what other town meeting in the country would have given a standing ovation to the escaped slave Frederick Douglass, as Nantucket's did in the 1840s, when he came to the island to raise funds for the abolitionist cause. The Nantucket Quakers seemed to be as concerned with the earliest stirrings of the Women's Movement as they were with every other area of human rights. Islands tend to intense ritualism, and, if going towards the port, I never bike down any thoroughfare other than Lucretia Mott Lane, named after one of the first of Nantucket's long line of feminist leaders. Along with Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mott was the first champion of women's suffrage, and an organizer of the first Women's Rights Convention (1848) ever held. In that same decade, in her observatory on Main Street, Maria Mitchell discovered an important comet, became the first professor of astronomy at Vassar College, and received more degrees and honors than any American woman of her generation.

But apart from the sparse elegance of their architecture, pathetically few signs are left of the Quakers' valorous achievements, or of that open, generous character which Crèvecoeur described as "so affable and conversant with the affairs of the world." By the time the island's whaling industry had been destroyed by a network of historical forces (one of them was the discovery of petroleum, which ended the world's need for whale oil), the Quaker community had been equally decimated by problems of inner dissent. There were few if any Quaker meetings held on Nantucket between the 1880s and the 1930s, and the first regular Sunday Meeting in over a century was reinstated only in the 1970s. The character of present day islanders is radically opposed to that of the Friends'—dour, conservative, uncommunicative, distrustful to the extreme. For which one cannot blame them. For beneath the jolly dollhouse sweetness of summer Nantucket lies the harsh winter reality of a population economically hard pressed, unhealthily dependent on a brief season of tourist trade, increasingly resentful of the fact that it serves as a servant class to an idle summer stock of pleasure-seeking foreigners.

Ever since its intense restoration in midcentury, Nantucket has been skilled at cosmeticizing whatever demons lurk behind the adorable quaintness of its summer façade. There is much violence in all cults of innocence, as in many of our nursery rhymes. "Here is a candle to light you to bed, here is an axe to chop off your head."

A visit to the island in midwinter, when Nantucket's decor has the tragic formaldehyde air of a recently abandoned stage set, also reveals many hardships carefully hidden from the summer vacationer's view. With the end of the numerous employments bred by the tourist industry—waiter, bartender, sales clerk, chambermaid, keeper of one of Nantucket's innumerable guesthouses—most islanders must hold down two or three jobs to make ends meet. A shopkeeper will supplement his living by house-painting during the slow winter months. Electricians and carpenters will make their house calls at night and work in the fishing fleet in the daytime. Other Nantucketers resort to part-time work in scalloping at sea—a dismally chilling, arduous trade that remains the island's most profitable winter industry notwithstanding its extreme volatility (in order to protect the fragile mollusk beds, scallop-gathering is only allowed when the air temperature is over 28 degrees above zero, and injunctions are regularly issued against those who transgress the rule). After a good day's catch the island swarms with citizens of both sexes and all

VOGUE'S TRAVELOG

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ages standing by the hour in unheated shanties, frequently plunging their icy hands into buckets of hot water to keep their fingers nimble as they engage in the monotonous, chilling work of cracking the tough mollusks open. The fee for scallop-opening is sixty cents a pound and skilled, swift old-time "openers" can earn up to eight or ten dollars an hour. Such is the frugality of winter life here that the icy, malodorous task of scallop-opening is not only engaged in by the island's neediest, but has traditionally been taken up by such *grandes dames* as Ann Killen, Nantucket's discerning real-estate agent, when her children were growing up; it has been resorted to by Maggie Conroy, actress and wife of novelist Frank Conroy, who has worked in scallop shanties to earn money at Christmas time.

"I sun in dunes . . . dotted with silvery beach grass, wild roses"

In an age of material aspirations already exacerbated by the media, the example of high living periodically brought into this frugal community by twenty-five thousand wealthy vacationers is bound to create dissatisfaction, resentment, an increasing frequency of petty crime. Numerous cases of breaking and entering, and of theft, are written about each week in *The Inquirer and Mirror*, and it is reported that Nantucket County has one of the ten highest rates of petty crime in Massachusetts. There is also that late winter disease called "March madness," whose symptom is more easily remedied by those who can afford to travel beyond Hyannis. Finally, the Nantucketers' natural dourness may have been intensified in the past decade by the arrival of several hundreds of young people who have migrated to Nantucket since 1971, and whose extraordinary success in running the island's commerce may constitute the most significant sociological phenomenon in recent decades of island history.

The typical member of this new migrant wave is between thirty and thirty-five years of age, highly educated, and had either participated in or was highly sympathetic to the campus activism of the nineteen sixties. The majority of these disillusioned radicals and seekers of alternate life styles ekes out a living by house-sitting for wealthy summer residents to protect their homes from vandalism, or joins the native islanders to work as maintenance men of the Nantucket stage set as carpenters and painters. The most singular segment of this generation, once thought to be so distrustful of the Puritan work ethic, are the bearded, long-haired off-island entrepreneurs whose phenomenal success in managing Nantucket commerce is as striking as the Quakers' business acumen was two centuries ago. They own an important share of the island's most lucrative enterprises. The Nantucket Shipyard, which repairs and maintains most of the island's marine craft, is co-owned by a young Harvard graduate who has been heard to quote from *Paradise Lost* while hammering on a stern. One of the owners of Company of the Cauldron restaurant is a young middle-Westerner who stopped a Ph.D. in psychology at Stanford to live on an island where "you can forget you're in America." The island's finest bookstore, Bookworks (the single most remarkable one of its size I know of anywhere), is owned by a winsome Oklahoma girl who first chose to live in Hawaii, and then in Nantucket, because of her disillusionment with American politics. One of Nantucket's most sought-after carpenters is a former draft evader with degrees in classics from Dartmouth and Cambridge, England. Nantucket's busiest entrepreneur is a ponytailed mainlander, Gene Mahon, who owns the island's only camera shop, its principal record store, and its most popular night spot, where Frank Conroy plays jazz piano from June to September.

Tracking down a friend in Nantucket is as easy as it would be in a tiny Sicilian village. Nantucket's new communards are a complex breed who enjoy being private in a public place; they seem deeply introverted yet thrive on a maritime Peyton Place so intimate that they can be found at a moment's notice round the clock. Are they recapturing the communal safety they enjoyed as children, an analog of that fairyland smugness so seductive to summer visitors? "You feel that the community will take care of you here," one of the more astute of these new islanders tells me, "problem-solving is easier in the playpen." The pleasures of theatricality also continue. There is a clear style of island machismo which involves playing fisherman: spending the winter dressed in scalloping gear—even if you're a Trust Fund Hippie who hasn't seen a scallop in five years, driving a pickup truck with three large dogs in the back, and using a great deal of island lingo ("I'm going to America"; "Finest Kind" for very good, far-out; "Coof" for one who comes from off the island, or outsider). For this new generation of islanders—particularly its women—Nantucket winters can serve as a nordic Sausalito, a community in which to pursue the 'seventies cult of privatism and perpetual self-improvement. Weaving, pottery, watercolor workshops, community theaters, yoga, ballet, and meditation classes abound. Yet there are many negative components to a Nantucket winter beyond March madness. Women of the 'sixties generation in particular complain of the machismo inevitably bred in a tough maritime town. The menages of Nantucket communards are nomadic and short-lived. There are many single mothers on the island, wage-earning is extremely difficult for them after the housekeeping trades of summer tourism come to an end; only men can earn money in the fishing industry, many a woman finds herself keeping house for three or four of her man's buddies and catering his poker parties. The local chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous is very large, and consciousness-raising groups are mushrooming. This is America after all.

The future? Nantucket's future cannot help but be affected by the new wave of idealistic migrants who are often more popish than the Pope in their distrust of the tourist industry, their fervent desire to develop a stable year-round industry less geared to cosmeticizing the island's past. The Connecticut-born Reverend Ted Anderson, pastor of the Unitarian church, is one of a growing number of younger immigrants who would like to see a viable non-tourist industry develop in Nantucket—"agriculture, aquaculture, native crafts, extensive lobster fisheries, anything rather than boutiques." Others envision a multimillion fish-processing industry on Nantucket which would enable boats to take on ice and fuel, and proceed to further fishing beds without wasting the fuel and time of a sixty-mile return to the mainland. And upon my last talk with Mr. Anderson he was jubilant that Nantucket had recently received a federal grant to finance a feasibility study for this project. Ted Anderson feels that Nantucket needs to immediately develop such an alternate economy in order to survive into the nineteen-eighties without psychological damage. "Tourism bailed us out of the deep depression we were mired in in the 1880s but it stifles the islander's ambition, lets him slip into servile, dependent attitudes. It increasingly inhibits the resourcefulness, imagination, drive for which Nantucketers have been so famous."

Shortly after I had sat down at Friends' Meeting on a Sunday morning last October, a brash electronic sound began to interrupt the deep silence that is meant to be preserved in these assemblies. "Over, over, seventy-five" an electronic voice was braying from the back of the austere grey meeting house. "Over, over . . ." The noise was all the more startling because the October meeting was composed only of seven people. I wondered whether some kook had exploited the traditional democracy of the meeting-house by bringing in a transistor radio. I wondered whether the elders sitting against the bare white wall in front of me would move to impose silence. I soon deciphered enough words ("Doctor Smith to surgery, over") to realize that the source of the noise came from one of the beeper belts now worn by a majority of doctors. Still, I kept wondering how a group of Nantucket Quakers would handle this disturbance, how their moral ingenuity would manifest itself on that particular Sunday.

Towards the Meeting's end a marvelous woman in her sixties rose to speak. (I later found out that she had authored one of the most extensive histories of the Quakers ever published.) Her words carried the following message: She enjoyed sharing the noise of the bleeper with the Meeting, she was profoundly grateful for it. For although it is necessary at times to remove oneself from the world through contemplation, it is equally essential to be reminded that there are people always suffering and waiting for us in the outside world. The beeper had aided her, that Sunday morning, to meditate upon that suffering to which we must be constant witnesses. And she again expressed her gratitude to the bearer of that morning's electronic disturbance—a very pregnant doctor who is the head anesthetist at the Nantucket Cottage Hospital—for having called us to be better witnesses.

What a graceful acceptance of the flux and change of history! That Meeting's testimony made me hope that Nantucketers might manage to regain some of the inventiveness, incentive and spiritual vigor of their early Quaker tradition; that they might wallow less in sentimental contemplation of their ghosts and lost paradises, and tackle the challenge of survival with the same ingenuity and valor as the Quakers, centuries ago, had tackled the violence of a New World's seas. ▽

Every
Sixty Seconds
Another American
Is Diagnosed
A Diabetic

Seconds tick by...minutes pass...the toll mounts. Ten million Americans have diabetes. Over 600,000 new cases of diabetes are diagnosed each year. There is no cure for diabetes...no preventative...no vaccine. IT'S TIME TO CURE DIABETES...IT'S TIME WE ALL HELPED. Take a minute...sixty seconds... Contact your AMERICAN DIABETES ASSOCIATION

American Diabetes Association

Thanks to you it works...

FOR ALL OF US

United Way

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Ad Council

Consider this first when buying a car: does its frame fit yours?

A smaller car won't always suit your smaller shape: here, the questions to ask before you buy

By Lillian Borgeson

Today car dealers across the country report a new kind of two-way traffic. Small cars are rolling out, each equipped with a brand-new buyer; big cars are rolling in—Trade-in Row is jammed with their beefy bodies. They look like a convention of corporate bigwigs on a Southern California beach: overweight, overdressed, and suddenly out of it. And the exchange is no surprise. In a time when gasoline prices are soaring and rationing is a real possibility, the switch to smaller, lighter cars clearly makes sense. But for women, it also magnifies a problem—the need to find a car that offers a good, safe, comfortable fit.

Now, on the surface, this may seem contradictory. Most women are smaller than most men, so you'd think smaller cars would be just right for the female frame. Not so. Car manufacturers design their wares to fit the average customer; and, though they're well aware of "the women's market," they still see their average customer as male: a five-foot-ten-inch man who seldom shops, rarely hauls kids, and uses his car mainly for commuting, recreation, and status.

As a result, most cars, big and small, are tailored for this average man; adjustments for the average woman are likely to be engineering afterthoughts. And, in small cars especially, where diminished space limits the design options and makes the tolerances more crucial, the results can be lame.

Take one rakish little medium-priced two-door that's had a fair amount of play in advertising aimed at women. Its seating position is low, too low to give the average-sized women a clear view over the dashboard and hood; and, like most cars in its price class, this one does not have power seats. It does, however, have an afterthought adjustment: a seat-raising lever with a single slot for "up." Use it and you do indeed rise high enough to see the road; but, in that position, the steering wheel makes an umbilical connection with your belly, you can't floor the gas pedal, and there's no way you can move without ramming a knee against the steering column. Clearly, only the television commercials were designed for women.

Millions of women may be driving around in this kind of mismatch, but you don't have to be one of them. You *can* find a small car that suits both your dimensions and your life style; and you can answer many of the critical questions about fit right on the sales lot, before you even take a test run.

If you do the usual amount of shopping and traveling, for example, you can eliminate some small-car contenders with one analytical look at the trunk. Does its shape allow supermarket sacks to go in upright? If not, you'll be chasing oranges from here on out. Will it hold your normal ration of travel gear? Is the sill low enough to make loading and unloading easy? For many small-car trunks, the answer to such questions is no, which is why foresighted women may choose that versatile alternative, the hatchback with fold-down seats.

Next, consider the passenger seats. If you need them at all, you'll probably need them often, so give your fellow travelers a break: don't just *look* at the rear seats, sit in them, paying special attention to leg room and to the ease of entry and exit. If you'll be chauffeuring an infant or toddler, it's important to know which passenger safety belts can hold an infant carrier or child restraint; in some cars, you'll find none long enough for this important job.

Now back to how the car fits you. Depending on the model, the mechanism that governs your driving position can be anything from a simple back-to-front lever to an array of power pushbuttons that provide infinitely fine adjustments in height, location, and seat angle. But when it comes to matching specific car and specific body, the complexity of the controls may mean less than other variables. In some cars, you'll find a good position even with seat adjustments that are next to Neanderthal; in others, not even the combination of six-way power seats and a tilting steering wheel will produce the right relationships for your height, shape, reach, and eyes—which is why it never makes sense to order those options unless you can test them first, in a model identical to the one you plan to buy.

In any car, the primary specification for fit is, of course, visibility. When no seat position gives you a completely unobstructed view fore and aft, move on to the next model. If the view is right, settle in and ask the other appropriate questions. For example:

Can you floor all the pedals without straining? Even without platform-soled shoes? Is the headlight dimmer in easy range? Can you see the important instruments, or are some eclipsed by the steering wheel? Can you get to the glove compartment, the ashtray, the passenger door? If the transmission is manual and floor-mounted, can you shift into the farthest slot without compromising your normal driving position? How well does the safety harness fit? Its lap portion should ride low, across the hips; not high, across the more vulnerable abdomen. And how about the seat itself? You want it soft but not mushy, angled in a way that's right for your thighs, contoured to support your lower back.

On many car lots, of course, your interest in such questions will not make you Customer of the Year. The dealers would rather have you fall in love with a car's looks and style, and never mind the details. But here, as elsewhere, bedazzlement does have its drawbacks. It may be fine for the short haul, but it's no way to make a comfortable match. ▽

BREAST LOSS

(Continued from page 181)

eighty-four-year-old woman. The breast is an important body part which identifies a woman as a woman. It might be more incapacitating to lose an arm, but she would still think of herself as the same woman."

Television news correspondent Betty Rollin, whose book *First, You Cry* (Lippincott) was recently made into a TV movie, noticed after her mastectomy that she "shuttled" between the fear of dying and the fear of being unattractive: each side was an escape from the other. A tough-minded and bracing perspective on this seesaw is offered by Dr. Holland: "I think women tend to focus on beauty and the breast as a way of denying the real threat to life," she said. "The women are always scared. The disease can come back twenty years later, they know, and they have to live with uncertainty, which is an emotional difficulty." From Dr. Holland's vantage, "women who escape with just a mastectomy are damned lucky. It's the woman whose cancer has spread, who must go on to two years of chemotherapy, to whom my real sympathies go out."

Even harder to handle than the loss of a breast, says Ms. Euster, is the loss of one's imagined safety and security in the world. What Dr. Mastrovito has called people's "intuitive sense of mastery over their own fate" is exposed as illusion by the diagnosis of cancer.

"There's a sudden awareness of vulnerability," Ms. Euster says. "The person feels betrayed by her body; she has a sense of not knowing it any more." Why did this happen to her? The mind searches for explanation: there is a human need to *make sense*, frustrated by the fact that the logic of cancer—how it works, whom it strikes, when—is not yet understood. Imagination can invent painful scenarios: cancer of any sexual organ, Dr. Holland points out, is particularly apt to arouse guilt and fantasies that one is being punished for wrongdoing.

"And there's tremendous anger," Ms. Euster says, "directed all over the world: at the woman's doctor; the AMA; the hospital staff; her husband, if there are marital difficulties; herself; the President. . . ." The President? "Yes, for spending money on sending people to the moon instead of on a cure for cancer."

Grief may also be exaggerated if this experience reawakens past crises. The death of a husband or a parent might be felt keenly again. Since breast cancer has a hereditary component, the patient may relive her mother's experience with breast cancer, or her daughter's; and the course of her relative's disease—whether the woman died or recovered—may color her expectations for herself.

Given "mind-boggling" mood swings and an awareness that there is nothing they can do to protect themselves from recurrence, the women patients are suffering from a loss of control. To deal with this loss, Ms. Euster says, "We tell them, you're right. You have no control over the cancer, but let's look at what you do have. You do have control over the way you want to live your life, whether it's two months or twenty years. And you have control over the way you want to handle this thing emotionally."

Physically: the woman may feel lopsided, unbalanced. Her sexuality and sensuality are stunned. The dramatic advances in reconstructive surgery, in which a silicone form is safely and effectively implanted, enable many patients to look forward to having a breast again. "The finality is gone," says Dr. Holland. But the reality of the wound can still be devastating. "Some women avoid the sight of themselves by not looking in the mirror, dressing in the dark, taking fewer showers and baths. Some won't expose themselves to their husbands during intercourse," Dr. Mastrovito says.

"Women feel mutilated, ugly, freakish," says Ms. Euster, "and project these feelings onto the men in their lives. But if there are sexual problems after mastectomy, we usually find it's the woman who's not responsive. In essence, the man is no different. If anything, he's more caring."

Every signal of our culture indicates that breasts—of the correct size and shape—are of vital importance to men and to our value as

> "If a man loves a woman, what matters is that she's alive"

women. How are we to believe, suddenly, that the loss of a breast doesn't matter? The answer is remarkably simple: if the man loves the woman, what tends to matter is that she's alive. "Of course, you have to look at the relationship," says Ms. Euster. "If it's fairly stable and long-term, most men are accepting. A man will tell me, 'I love my wife—the whole person.' One man, whose wife had a mastectomy eight years ago, quite unthinkingly said to me, 'Jane's got the same figure she had when we were married.'"

A woman who had a mastectomy twelve years ago: "Sex is from the eyebrows up. Anybody will tell you that if the marriage is good, it gets better. And if it's not good, . . ."

A Couples Group, held weekly, at Memorial, is a forum for these concerns, and in psychological lingo, gives the man "permission" to realize the ordeal has happened to him as well as to the woman. The most common issue raised by men is fear that they will hurt the woman, that her chest wall is more delicate now.

For many women, their uncertainty about how they will be accepted goes beyond the man in their lives to friends, co-workers, family. They worry about who to tell and how much. If they have a daughter, they worry particularly what to tell her.

Even the smallest of these feelings and fears could be overpowering. It now seems barbaric that a woman would be sent home, as patients once were, from the hospital three days after surgery with the casual advice to stuff a wad of cotton in her bra. If, as Sona Euster says, "The great majority of women can cope with this crisis," it is "because we're giving more recognition to the fact that it has to be coped with."

If the promise of emotional support is a solace, so the possibilities of new medical discoveries are a cause for optimism. "It's important to tell women how many new treatments for recurrent disease there are," said Dr. Holland. "Women are surviving far longer with all forms of breast cancer."

And for those "lucky" enough to get away with just a mastectomy, Dr. Holland reassures: "After a period of time, they will be able to say: It's me. It's different but it's me. I still have the same values; sexually I'm still the same; I'm still lovable."

For women outside of major urban areas, or in any hospital with only a rudimentary counseling system, it is useful to know what help is available. There is agreement that what is generally lacking is support for the woman between the day she learns she may have breast cancer to the day of her surgery: this is a lonely, fearful time. After surgery, even in hospitals where there is a well-developed counseling program, a Reach to Recovery trained volunteer, on request of the woman's doctor, will visit. The volunteers, all eleven thousand of them, are women who have had mastectomies. They share their experiences with the patient, teach her exercises, and serve as attractive, empathetic proof that there is a fully lived life on the other side of mastectomy. Started in 1953, now under the American Cancer Society, the organization is in nearly every city.

Outside of the hospital, there are post-mastectomy groups at the YWCA, at some branches of the YWHA. In some cities, there are independent groups, like Share in New York, started by a breast-disease surgeon. AFTER, an acronym for Ask a Friend to Explain Reconstruction, focuses on providing information about reconstructive surgery. Its headquarters is in New York; write or telephone for the nearest member (AFTER, 99 Park Avenue, New York NY 10016; 212-986-9099). The National Council of Jewish Women (15 East Twenty-sixth Street, NYC 10010) has a post-mastectomy program in many cities. To find out about self-help groups, prostheses, reconstruction, cancer and its treatments, call the Cancer Information Service. If no branch of the CIS is listed locally, call the central office in Washington, DC. The toll-free number is (800)-638-6694. For those living in Maryland, the number is (800)-492-1444. ▽

BREASTS: EMOTIONS

(Continued from page 177)

women who are completely opposite.

For the normal woman who is not inhibited, the breasts can provide a great deal of sexual pleasure; the nipples in particular are highly sensitive to stimulation, because their nerve endings are connected to the erogenous areas of the brain. In sex therapy, we learn that many men do not realize how pleasurable it is for a woman to have her breasts caressed. A very few women even experience orgasm from this stimulation alone.

Women who have had mastectomies do not lose this sexual responsiveness; they may even "feel" pleasure in the breast that is not there. I am very much in favor of breast reconstruction after mastectomy; surgeons today are able to provide very effective help for a woman who has lost a breast.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Interviews with about three dozen women, including photographs of their breasts (but not faces), will be published in September by Summit Books: "Breasts: Women Speak about Their Breasts and Their Lives," by Daphna Ayalah and Isaac Weinstock, reveals a wide range of attitudes and experiences.*



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BREAST FITNESS

(Continued from page 179)

should feel a steel-like band just above the breast. That's the pectoral muscle." She teaches the following exercises for strengthening these chest muscles: (Each is to be done ten times, in waltz rhythm—move on the first count, then hold for two counts.)

- Press your spine (shoulder-blade region to tail bone) against the edge of a door.
- Face the edge of a door and, standing slightly away from it, squeeze the door with your hands straight up.
- Sit with your legs about a foot apart. Lean forward so you can put your right elbow against your left knee; stabilize your arm, and then try to press your legs together. Reverse. (The name of this routine, "The Thinker," should tell you what it looks like.)
- Cross your arms over your front so that each hand is on the opposite shoulder. Hug yourself while you press your shoulders down, keeping each elbow in a downward "V" configuration.
- Pull your left knee up with your left hand, keeping your left arm very close to your body; then put your knee back, trying to feel your shoulder press down as you reach away. Reverse.
- Abandoning the waltz time, lie face-down with your arms spread, pressing your arms and hands into the floor for a count of five. Then lift your arms for a count of five. Repeat this "Heaven and Earth" ten times.

Although push-ups are the time-honored way to build the pectoral muscles, Miss Cori cautions that no one should attempt them without instruction and supervision, as the wrong technique may injure the back.

More and more women can do "men's push-ups" now, as well as participate in regular jogging, professional basketball, football, and ice and field hockey; but they haven't had enough time at these activities to safeguard themselves—particularly their breasts—adequately.

"For years men have been working to perfect special protective equipment," says Christine E. Haycock, M.D., associate professor of surgery at New Jersey Medical School in Newark. "It's about time that women begin to develop equipment to meet their own special anatomical needs."

After studying the hazards of female sports, including taking a physical-education poll at three hundred universities, Dr. Haycock found that 31 percent of women athletes say they experience breast problems and that some suffered breast soreness and tenderness because they did not wear bras. In 17 percent of the reported injuries, however, the bra was the *cause* of the problem—abrasion, slippage, discomfort, or bruises from its metal or plastic fasteners.

There are two sports bras, now available in athletic clothing stores, that Dr. Haycock likes and another that she feels is less acceptable because it compresses the breasts against the chest wall and only a woman with very small breasts could derive any benefit from it.

Gideon Ariel, Ph.D., director of research at Computerized Biomechanical Analysis, Inc., in Amherst, Massachusetts, and chairman of Biomechanics and Computer Science for the U.S. Olympic Committee, studies all kinds of human motions to design improved equipment, including sports bras and running shoes, for various manufacturers. He reminds women to take their own individual traits into account and to protect their bodies.

"I know jogging is extremely popular now," Dr. Ariel says, "but women with very large breasts must use extra caution—they should be sure to run on soft surfaces. Swimming is a much better exercise for them. Even small-breasted women would be well advised to run on soft rather than hard surfaces, since less of a shock is transmitted to the breasts if the feet can sink into the ground a little at each landing. Soft sand is the best medium to run on because it minimizes the shock to the breasts by as much as 50 percent."

Another of Dr. Ariel's tips for joggers, although he admits it may be too inconvenient for some people, is to break up the running period into three short stints of one mile or less at a time—morning, noon, and night. This practice helps the runner avoid fatigue, which may prevent injury.

"As soon as you get tired, you stop running in top form and let your bones take the force," he explains. "The longer the distance you go in this fashion, the lower the ability of the muscles and ligaments to absorb the shock."

In all of his studies, Dr. Ariel has never come across any hard evidence to prove that exaggerated motion during athletics causes the breasts to sag, although he does happen to believe this is true. (Related research shows that constantly stretched tissue does not recover its original shape.) The kind of sports bra that Dr. Ariel recommends for women athletes is one with a wide, slightly stretchable cotton band under the cups to help to distribute pressure over the largest possible area. Elastic under the breasts, he finds, either cuts the skin or is so yielding that it offers no support.

For activities that routinely involve hard falls, body blows, or rough contact, Dr. Ariel has designed an inflatable protective jacket that weighs only a few grams. "Figure skaters in training may spend six or seven hours a day on the ice," he says. "They fall so much when they're trying new stunts that they really need good protection. With this jacket, they don't get bruised at all."

The jacket, which may become commercially available within the year, would not be suitable for figure-skating competition because of its bulky appearance, Dr. Ariel says. But in any sport where women are expected to wear protective gear—baseball, hockey—such a garment would prove invaluable.

Probably the only sport that has a respectable history of breast protection is fencing, where the dangers are so obvious that women have always worn durable safety guards.

Because the breast contains a rich blood supply and a great deal of fat, blows to the breast usually result in hemorrhage and destruction of fat cells, according to Robert E. Rothenberg, M.D., author of *The Complete Book of Breast Care* (Crown).

"A lump usually forms within minutes or hours following a striking blow as blood seeps into the breast substance," Dr. Rothenberg writes. "The area swells and becomes increasingly tender to the touch.

"Most direct injuries to the breast subside spontaneously over a period of several days, although the lump created by the trauma may persist for several weeks. Ordinarily, the blood clot that has collected at the site of the injury will be absorbed, as will the injured fat cells." Sometimes, he adds, a woman who discovers a hard lump of fat necrosis in her breast may think she has breast cancer, but tests can readily distinguish injury from disease. ▽

BREAST RESHAPING

(Continued from page 179)

"The discomfort is nothing compared to that of a hysterectomy or major abdominal surgery," says Dr. Goin. A woman who has had her breasts reduced can expect to wear a brassière within a few days and to return to work in two weeks. It may be two or three weeks, however, before she can resume all normal activities.

The cost of reduction surgery varies greatly in different parts of the country. The surgical fee can range from less than $1000 to as much as $5000 but averages around $3000 in most metropolitan areas.

Aside from the risks involved in any surgery, there are certain side effects that a woman can expect from breast reduction:

- There definitely will be permanent, visible scars. As scarring is highly individual, it is difficult for surgeons to predict how noticeable the marks will be. The surgical procedures are designed so that all scars are on the underside of the breast and therefore not visible in a bathing suit or low-cut dress. The most obvious scar is the vertical one from nipple to fold, but generally even that is not obvious when the woman is standing.
- Because nerves are cut during surgery, there often is at least a temporary loss of sensation in the nipples. Many women with large breasts have little sensation in their nipples anyway, so this may not be a major consideration.
- The majority of women cannot breast-feed after breast reduction, because milk ducts also are impaired during surgery, says Dr. Noe.

Breast augmentation

Augmentation mammoplasty—surgical placement of an implant that enlarges the breast—is done usually for cosmetic reasons, to improve a woman's appearance and self-image. "Augmentation is for women who feel their breasts are too small, whatever their perception of 'small' may be," says Dr. Goin. Some women have no breast tissue, while others with a fair amount of breast tissue still feel inadequate because they don't match up to some stereotype.

Even if a woman decides that she wants her breasts enlarged, she should not expect a drastic change. "Augmentation should usually increase the breast by one cup size," says Victor I. Rosenberg, M.D., director of plastic surgery at Beekman Downtown Hospital in New York. He added that "too large an implant will make the skin so tight that the breast will be too firm and not look natural. Also, augmentation does not affect the circumference of the chest. Some women say, 'I'm a 32A, and I want to be a 36C.' That's just not possible."

The surgical procedure itself is fairly simple. Working through a one- to two-inch incision around the areola or in the inframammary fold, the surgeon creates a pocket behind the breast tissue and in front of the chest muscles. A less common method is to make the incision in the armpit, a location preferred by some women because the scar is a less obvious indication of breast surgery. In the pocket, the surgeon places a self-contained implant.

Three types of implants are currently in use according to Dr. Rosenberg:

- A silicone envelope with silicone gel—or some other gel—sealed inside.
- An inflatable implant that can be inserted through a tiny incision and then filled with a saline or dextran solution. The disadvantage is that leakage sometimes occurs around the valve. Although the saline solution is harmless, there is the disconcerting possibility of a deflated breast.
- A combination implant, consisting of an inner envelope filled with silicone gel and an outer shell filled with saline solution. This refinement was designed to try to counteract the major problem of breast augmentation—the body's formation of a capsule to wall off the foreign implant.

In some patients, this capsule hardens and tightens around the implant, causing visual distortion and making the breast unnaturally firm. There is no way of predicting which women will form the hard capsules, but there are several methods of correcting the situation. With the combination implant, the surgeon can reduce the firmness by removing some of the saline solution from the outer

"Can enlarge breast only by one bra-cup size"

shell. When other implants are used, the surgeon may alleviate the problem by cutting the capsule surgically. However, there is no guarantee that it will not grow back. As a last resort, the physician can remove the implant and insert a smaller one, leaving the capsule intact.

Obviously, a better approach is to try to prevent formation of a firm capsule in the first place. To keep the pocket containing the implant as large as possible, some surgeons now advise augmentation patients to sleep on their abdomens, which compresses the implants, and to massage their breasts following surgery.

Physicians stress one extremely important point about augmentation: the implants described here are the only safe means for enlarging the breasts. Dr. Rosenberg stressed that *under no circumstances should a woman have liquid silicone injected into her breasts*; not only is this illegal, it can also be very dangerous. If liquid silicone is not sterile, it can cause a serious infection or sensitivity reaction. There also is the risk that silicone may be injected into a vein or artery and carried elsewhere in the body, and eventually block a blood vessel. Or liquid silicone may trigger an inflammatory reaction that produces nodules resembling breast cancer. In some women, these nodules have become so severely abscessed that breast amputation was necessary.

Breast augmentation may be done either in the hospital or in the surgeon's office. It varies from state to state. In California, it is usually an office procedure, while in New York most doctors prefer to hospitalize their patients overnight and perform the surgery under general anesthesia. Pain is minimal, although there may be some slight discomfort for a few days. "My patients complain of a soreness in the chest, as if they had played too much tennis," says Dr. Rosenberg.

The surgical fee ranges from about $1200 to $3000 and is not ordinarily covered by insurance, since augmentation is, in most cases, a purely cosmetic operation.

"Scarring is less extensive than in breast reduction," says Dr. Rosenberg. "A scar in the inframammary fold usually is concealed, except when the woman is lying down, and a scar around the areola generally blends in well. Many women also retain their ability to breast-feed after augmentation. But as in the reduction operation, augmentation may decrease sensation in the nipple." "In most women, sensitivity will return to about normal in six months to two years," says Dr. Noe. "But if nipple sensation is very, very important in your sex life, you should think seriously about whether you want to have this procedure."

Breast uplift

Doctors caution that augmentation cannot cure droopy breasts. When the nipple is below the inframammary fold, an implant will not help, says Dr. Goin. What is needed is a procedure known as a mastopexy, or breast uplift. In an operation similar to reduction—and producing similar scars—the breast is lifted to a more normal position but no tissue is removed. Once the breast is lifted, it can then be enlarged with an implant during the same operation or at a later time, if necessary.

What breast surgery will not do

Having your breasts reduced or enlarged will *not* miraculously solve your personal problems, improve your sex life, or make your relationships work. Nor is breast surgery simply a means to please someone else. "A woman should have breast surgery because *she* wants it, because she thinks she will feel more comfortable or look better in clothes, not because her husband or boyfriend thinks she will look and feel better," says Dr. Noe.

There is no evidence so far of any link between breast augmentation or reduction and an increased cancer risk. There is some controversy, however, about whether women at high risk of developing cancer should have their breasts reduced or enlarged. Some doctors fear that the rearrangement of tissue and the scars that result from reduction may make examination of the breast more difficult or that implants may interfere with mammography or physical examination that may be needed as a health check later in life. A woman who is at a high risk of breast cancer because of family history or other reasons should discuss this thoroughly with her physician before deciding on breast surgery.

How to find a good surgeon

The best place to start, says Dr. Goin, is probably with your family physician. As a rule, he or she can recommend a good plastic surgeon and is in a position to evaluate the results of various surgeons' work. Any plastic surgeon on the staff of a first-rate hospital will have been well-screened by the hospital and is likely to have good credentials.

If you plan to have your breasts augmented in a physician's office, however, you might want to do some further checking. Fellowship in the American College of Surgeons and certification by the American Board of Plastic Surgery are what you should look for. "Patients often are shy about asking the surgeon himself about his qualifications," says Dr. Goin. "They shouldn't be. I'm happy to tell them, and I respect them for asking."

Anyone contemplating breast surgery for reduction or augmentation also can obtain the names of several plastic surgeons in her area from the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons, Inc., 29 East Madison St., Suite 800, Chicago IL 60602. ▽

BREAST CANCER

(Continued from page 181)

treatment could be just as useful in treating some cancers as radical or modified-radical mastectomies.

For about two decades, Dr. Cope, who has treated hundreds of patients with breast cancer, has been convinced that the standard surgical procedures cured only those patients whose cancers were confined to the breast: about 25 percent of all women with breast malignancies. The other 75 percent were women whose cancers had already spread to other parts of the body, either via the lymph nodes or through the bloodstream. "For women with strictly localized cancers, a smaller operation than a mastectomy would be sufficient," he said. "For disseminated cancers, even the most radical surgery will not be enough. You can't chase clusters of cancer cells all over the woman's body with a knife. You will need methods other than surgery: radiation or chemotherapy, or both, in order to control the cancer. Radical mastectomies are usually either not enough or too much."

Yale's Dr. Goldenberg agrees. "Radiation technology has improved enormously during the past five years," he says. "We have used radiation on non-operable cancers for a long time. Now with our ability to concentrate more powerful rays on localized areas, we know that we can destroy cancers as effectively with radiation as with surgery. The accessibility of the breast makes it relatively easy to deliver curative doses with minimal damage to underlying tissues. Local excision plus radiation will, of course, leave the breast with a scar plus some shrinking and discoloration. But cosmetically, this damage is almost invisible when the woman is clothed. This method also eliminates the necessity for later reconstructive surgery."

Dr. Cope's and Dr. Goldenberg's views are still highly controversial within the medical community. At the Sixth Annual Breast Cancer Symposium, sponsored by a number of top cancer research centers, held in New York in January of this year, most of the panel members still talked in terms of mastectomy as opposed to lumpectomy. One top surgeon, Jerome Urban, M.D., of Memorial Hospital, even discussed the extended radical mastectomy, which in addition to breast, muscles, and lymph nodes under the arm, also goes after nodes under the breastbone. But there were several papers on limited surgery, plus radiation, and a majority of the physicians questioned indicated that their usual procedure now consisted of modified radical mastectomy with follow-up treatment when necessary.

"Treating cancers formerly considered untreatable . . ."

All physicians agreed that a good modified mastectomy is more difficult to perform than a Halsted radical. "We sometimes get a patient who, according to her medical record, has had a modified radical, but has had a recurrence of cancer in the old tumor site," Dr. Ashikari said. "When we look carefully at the affected site we find that the first surgeon left enough breast tissue and/or lymphastics to permit the regrowth. We then have to operate again to remove more tissue." He also indicated that occasionally he sees patients who have been treated with lumpectomy plus radiation who experience a recurrence of the tumor, and whose cancer has spread through the lymphatic system.

There are other controversies around breast-cancer surgery which will have to be resolved in the future. Many surgeons (Dr. Goldenberg and Dr. Cope among them) believe that a woman should ask for a two-stage procedure when evidence of possible breast cancer is first discovered. That means that she will have a biopsy (excision of suspicious-looking tissue for microscopic examination) under local anesthesia, probably on an outpatient basis. The tissue will then be examined, unfrozen, by pathologists to determine whether or not there is a malignancy. If there is, further surgery will be scheduled.

Many physicians feel that the two-stage procedure makes sense for a number of reasons. "We can take all the time we need to study the tissue in the laboratory, and if there is a difference of opinion about the nature of the tumor, we can get other opinions," Dr. Goldenberg said. "Most lay people tend to think that the difference between malignant and benign tumor tissue is as obvious as the difference between black and red. That's not true. And since in a one-stage procedure we have to work with frozen sections, we sometimes get false-positive results. Because of such dubious diagnoses, some women who did not have cancer have lost their breasts."

The physicians at Memorial Hospital disagree. "We do two-stage procedures only if the patient insists," says Dr. Ashikari. "We find that we cannot do an adequate biopsy with only local anesthetic . . . we have to probe too deeply and this can be very painful. We try to get a patient's permission to proceed to mastectomy if a preliminary biopsy proves that cancer is present. If there is any doubt, of course, we awaken the patient and get all the consultations that are necessary. I don't know of a single instance of a false-positive leading to a mastectomy in this hospital."

There were substantial areas of agreement as well as disagreement between all the physicians, however. All agreed that a woman with suspected breast cancer needs to see a qualified *cancer surgeon*, preferably one specializing in breast cancer, before undergoing any kind of treatment. Most recommended seeking a second opinion even before a biopsy is scheduled. "We see too many women who have had repeated, unnecessary biopsies. Their breasts are a mass of scars and their minds a mass of fears," says Dr. Goldenberg. "Most breast lumps are not malignant, and an experienced breast specialist can often tell the difference simply by feel, without needing to do a biopsy," says Dr. Ashikari. Unnecessary biopsies are not only psychologically and physically traumatic, but they may make it harder to recognize the difference between a benign lump and a malignant one because of an excess of scar tissue in the breast.

There is also general agreement that the earlier a breast cancer is treated, the better the chances are of success. Until recently, the ten-year survival rate for breast cancer had

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not changed perceptively in over thirty years. It is now showing a slight upward curve on the charts, especially for Stage I: malignancy confined to the breast, and Stage II: malignancy spread to two or three lymph nodes. Most physicians agree that better radiation techniques and new methods of chemotherapy are responsible for much of the success in raising survival rates.

At the Yale University Medical School Cancer Center, Joseph R. Bertino, M.D., head of Medical Oncology, says that chemotherapy is now used to treat breast cancers that were formerly considered untreatable by any means. "Not so long ago, chemotherapy was considered a last resort for breast-cancer patients," he said. "Now we know that some cancers respond exceedingly well to treatment with a combination of drugs, and we may use chemotherapy as a first rather than a last method." Certainly if cancer cells have reached bone and liver tissue, other methods are not very helpful. Surgery is not very useful for widely disseminated cancers, and even radiation therapy would be of limited use.

Chemicals can attack cancer cells throughout the body, where other techniques are useful only in localized sites, according to Dr. Bertino. "We have achieved remissions in patients who, not so long ago, would have been given up as hopeless." Among the drug combinations used at Yale are three that have proved to be effective in large-scale studies conducted by Dr. Gianni Bonadonna in Milan, Italy, and sponsored by the American government through the National Cancer Institute. "One reason these trials were conducted in Milan, rather than in the United States, is that almost all breast-cancer patients in Italy pass through the only cancer center there, and that follow-up under a socialized medical system is easier," Dr. Bertino said.

The Bonadonna report, three years ago, caused real optimism among breast-cancer specialists who, for the first time, saw new hope for patients with widely disseminated disease. The chemicals are powerful and cause unpleasant side-effects, such as nausea and vomiting, weight loss, and hair loss. "But we are finding that premedication can combat the nausea, at least in part, and the hair the patient loses in the course of treatment grows back," Dr. Bertino says. "Interestingly enough, women are able to accept the side-effects better than men in many cases. For instance, men who are treated with hair-loss producing chemicals for various forms of disseminated cancer seem to worry about their baldness a lot more than women. Women just buy wigs and wait for their hair to grow back . . . while men can get very depressed when their hair starts to fall out."

Chemotherapy works best for pre-menopausal breast-cancer patients. There have been recent attempts to treat post-menopausal women with the combination of drugs over a longer period of time than their younger sisters. The problem with this approach is that the longer the drugs are used, the more dangerous the side-effects can become. Recent reports have shown a few cases of acute leukemia as a result of long-term drug use.

Since cancers are most curable, and limited surgery most useful, when the malignancy is spotted early, there has been new emphasis on early detection and treatment. One screening technique, the annual mammogram for women over thirty-five, has come under attack within the past few years. Physicians feared that repeated exposure to powerful X-rays might actually cause cancer, since the breast is especially sensitive to assault by radiation. (On the plus side of the equation, this is one of the reasons radiation therapy for breast cancer is proving to be so effective.)

In 1977, a panel on mammography appointed by the National Cancer Institute recommended that only women with previous evidence of breast cancer, or those over fifty, be X-rayed routinely once a year. This directive does not, of course, apply to *diagnostic* mammograms which are indicated for all ages if breast cancer is suspected. The screening recommendation may change as lower dosage X-ray machinery is developed, some experts in radiology maintain.

"Cancers are most curable, and limited surgery most useful, when caught early"

Meanwhile, another screening technique called "Graphic Stress Telethermometry" (GST) is being tested at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. It is relatively inexpensive, simple, and imparts no radiation. Over seven hundred patients have been examined, half of whom have subsequently undergone surgery and the others were maintained on mammography control. GST is not a specific test for cancer but indicates the breast heat pattern and its response to ice-water stress. Because the test is read by computer, the subjective drawbacks of some previous tests have been eliminated. GST's usefulness is as a risk determinant. It is hoped that this test can be used to follow patients and to aid in determining who should have mammography and when; but the new test does not replace regular physical examination or mammography.

Meanwhile, all women are urged to practice regular breast self-examinations, starting in their late teens. Breast cancers in women under thirty are exceedingly rare, of course, but they do occur occasionally. Also, it's important for women to learn how their *normal* breasts feel in order to be able to distinguish abnormalities, should they occur later. Any woman who feels a lump or a thickening in her breast or who notices an abnormal nipple discharge is urged to call her physician immediately. Instructions on how to perform breast self-examination may be obtained from local affiliates of the American Cancer Society or by writing the American Cancer Society, 777 Third Avenue, New York NY 10017.

As for the bad news, the apparent rise in the incidence of breast cancer among American women, few experts have a single explanation for this phenomenon. A number of theories are being explored. Diet may be involved. Japanese women who eat less fat and more bulky vegetables seem to get many fewer breast cancers than their American counterparts. There also seems to be a correlation between obesity and breast cancer. "It's important to keep one's weight down for any number of reasons," says Dr. Ashikari. "Breast cancer may be one of the reasons. Also, very heavy breasts are harder to examine than smaller ones, either through palpation or through mammography. In addition, breast-cancer outcome seems to be slightly more favorable for women who keep their weight down."

Some physicians are worried about food additives, especially the estrogens that are often added to chicken and red meat. "We know that extra estrogen, especially in post-menopausal women, can cause endometrial cancer. We are seriously considering how this drug might be involved in breast cancer as well," one researcher said.

Although there is no positive evidence that long-term use of estrogen-containing birth-control pills cause breast cancer, some physicians are warning their patients who are on the Pill to switch to a different form of birth control once they reach their forties.

Still other experts are investigating the possible influence that cigarette smoking and/or environmental pollution may be having on the rising incidence of breast cancer in American women. Some psychologists are looking into the relationship of stress to cancer development. To date, no single factor or even combination of factors has been found to be the culprit, but investigators are looking at all possibilities.

Dr. Ashikari has noted another interesting statistical phenomenon: daughters of mothers who have had breast cancer seem to be getting malignancies earlier than other women, but usually the cancers prove to be more curable.

Breast cancer seems to be a disease that can strike any woman but in which the patient's knowledge and attitude can have a decisive effect on the outcome. "I still see women who come into this office with large, advanced cancers," says Dr. Goldenberg. "Often these patients are medically sophisticated. They knew all about the danger signals . . . yet when they found a lump, they chose to ignore it until it was too late." He feels that many of these women are so terrified of losing their breasts that they continue to ignore a potentially life-threatening condition. "The smaller operations are useful only in very early cancers," he says. "If a woman finds an abnormality and does nothing about it, she may be making sure that eventually she will be forced to have radical surgery or may lose her life."

Other physicians also emphasize the necessity of being aware of potential breast cancer, but not allowing oneself to become cancerphobic, i.e., being so frightened that one refuses to use early detection techniques such as breast self-examination or mammography, if this is indicated.

"The picture for breast-cancer patients is more hopeful now than it has ever been in medical history," says Dr. Bertino. "Of course, it's natural to fear any form of cancer . . . but it's not natural to ignore symptoms. We can treat a patient only if she comes to see us. For the patient who refuses to admit that there's anything wrong, the prognosis is not much better than it was ninety years ago when Dr. Halsted first began doing radical mastectomies on his breast-cancer patients in Baltimore." ▽

Fashion Q & A

How to give a man's hat a woman's dash, feel right in summer-sheer clothes, keep suedes in top shape

Q What can you wear—that looks right—under all these sheer summer blouses?

A This season, there are loads of sheer fabrics on the market: chiffon, cotton voile, batiste, the thinnest cotton, and silk. They look great on the beach and out at night; they don't look great at the office, when they're showing too much. When you want more coverage, one of the best solutions is a bodysuit—especially one in a new glisten-y fabric. It's thin, not hot, and adds a little shine. Try it in nude or in a color—if you're looking for another dimension.

There are heavier bodysuits—Halston for Vassarette makes one; you can get strapless bodysuits, tank-topped ones, lace-trimmed ones, suits cut straight across like a camisole. Lily of France's strapless total bodystocking is great for evening, but it's quite sheer. A nude bra-slip works well under narrow, clinging garments and is a good answer for a woman who needs—wants—the support of a bra. A little undershirt or a tank top under your blouse can add charm and some color. . .so could a matte jersey T-shirt or pretty camisole. Don't be afraid to show some lace!

Q There are beautiful suède shoes and handbags, now, in terrific colors. But how do you keep them looking terrific?

A Todd Ricci, who designs all Vittorio Ricci shoes (a great many of them are suède, as are a lot of their handbags) offers these suggestions: When you get suède shoes wet, let dry thoroughly away from heat. Put in shoe trees or stuff newspapers in shoes; brush with metal suède—or a natural-bristle—brush when dry. When suède is dirty, it can be cleaned with crêpe rubber, which you can get in strips at shoe supply or artists' supply shops. When dry, "erase" the shoe or handbag entirely with the soft rubber. Then brush.

To put color back in faded suède shoes, you can try artists' pastel chalk, if you can find a shade that matches. Grind the chalk in a mortar with a pestle, store in a vial. That's your "polish." After you erase the suède, buff it with a fine sandpaper to bring back its nap. Then lightly apply the pastel chalk, brush off excess.

Q What can you do with a man's hat to make it look great on a woman?

A Out on the street, especially when it rains, you see fedoras everywhere. . .lots of them on women. Lauren Hutton's mole-colored fedora has become almost a calling card for her; Saint Laurent's assistant, LouLou Klossowski, goes throughout Paris in a white one. Giorgio Armani shows his clothes with dark brown fedoras. How do they get them to look right?

Some tips: Shop for a fedora in a men's store, not at a ladies' hat bar. It's haberdashery, and the men are experts. Make sure the hat's large enough . . . that it's really on your head and that the crown is deep enough for you to have some room to play with the pinch, the dimple. Always get a felt hat with a raw edge—so you can shape it—and grosgrain ribbon band. The softer the felt, the more you can work it. You have to wear the hat awhile before it takes on your stamp. Even wear it in the rain.

How you pinch the crown is what gives the hat shape; Armani pinches his—and holds the shape—with a cuff stud, sticking the pin through from side to side. You can put a clip on the ribbon band. Add a stick pin. Tilt the hat up a little in back, down in front. Wear the brim all down. Above all, have fun with it.

Q How should you store a knit suit or a knit dress—on a hanger, in a drawer—to make sure it keeps its shape?

A To find out how to care for a good knit, we asked Adolfo, whose knit suits are a fashion byword, what tips he gives his women customers. Adolfo suggests:

Store the knit flat, on a closet shelf. Skirts aren't very wide now; you ought to be able to avoid folding it and creating wrinkles. If your garment does get creased, don't iron. Lay it flat. Lightly steam with a hand steamer. Never hang the knit to steam it; the weight of the fabric, together with the moisture, could make your skirt or jacket stretch.

For day-to-day storage, it's best not to hang a knit; the heavier the knit, the greater its weight and chance of losing shape. If you must hang it, line up the skirt seams carefully; use rubber-tipped skirt clips, evenly distributing the fabric's weight. (Vogue's Fabric Editor folds hers double over the rung of a hanger that's padded with paper.) The jacket goes on a narrow, flat, fabric-covered hanger.

Adolfo's advice: Never use a garment bag. "Clothes must breathe," he says. Sealed up, "this beautiful thing will asphyxiate."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *If you have a question about fashion and would like to have a professional answer, send your request to Vogue, Fashion Q/A Department, 350 Madison Avenue, New York NY 10017.*

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BREAST FEEDING

(Continued from page 179)

It's important to begin nursing as soon as possible after delivery. Dundee, Scotland, researchers determined that the best course is to put the baby on the breast within minutes of its birth, to nurse every two hours until lactation is well established, and afterward to feed it on demand. Where hospital schedules don't permit complete on-demand feeding, adds Dr. Applebaum, be sure the baby is brought for nursing at least every three hours, not on the time-honored four-hour schedule.

There are a very few conditions in which breast-feeding is ill advised: serious psychiatric disturbance, severe infections such as tuberculosis and typhoid fever, some chronic diseases. Under good control and careful medical supervision, diabetic mothers often can breast-feed their babies.

There are also some drugs and medications capable of passing into breast milk. The American Academy of Pediatrics says nursing mothers should not be taking antithyroid compounds, anticancer drugs, or anticoagulants. Pollution of the environment by harmful chemicals such as polychlorinated biphenyls, or PCBs, has caused worries about breast-feeding. The Academy's special study committee has advised that women should be encouraged to breast-feed their infants as usual, except for mothers who clearly have been exposed to the chemicals, or who have eaten heavily of fish from waters known to be PCB-contaminated.

By almost every score, being fed by breast is the best thing for babies. But what's in it for you, the mother? Will you become fat and have sagging breasts? Can you bear the inconvenience of being tied down? Does breast-feeding mean a gap in your love life? Will your husband feel left out, displaced by an all-consuming infant?

Physicians and experienced mothers promise that your figure will return to normal even sooner with breast-feeding, probably because the baby's suckling stimulates uterine contractions, pulling the abdomen back to pre-pregnancy flatness. Abdominal congestion also is far less likely. Nursing mothers, according to Dr. Applebaum, have fewer hemorrhoids and varicose veins. Breast-cancer incidence is lower among women who breast-feed.

Breasts themselves are certainly larger during lactation. "But," said Dr. Applebaum, "you are replacing fatty tissue with glandular tissue, which is firmer. Breasts will be firmer even after lactation is past."

in breast-feeding, may be listed in your town. Or write or call La Leche League International Inc., 9616 Minneapolis Avenue, Franklin Park IL 60131. Telephone (312) 455-7730.

Must you become fat in order to breast-feed? Quite the contrary. Nutrition experts recommend an added 500 calories and 20 grams of protein daily to support milk production. This can be as simple as an extra peanut-butter sandwich and a glass of milk. You should not gain weight if you're producing milk and also getting enough exercise. For added nutrition insurance, suggests Dr. Applebaum, you might continue taking the vitamin-mineral supplement you used in pregnancy.

"Breast feeding is simpler and easier than even the newest handy formula packs"

Dr. Johnson recommends a nursing brassière that supports the breasts from beneath but does not push the nipple out of place. And she suggests taking a tip from mothers in tropical climates: occasional fresh air and sunlight on the breasts.

Far from being burdensome and time-demanding, breast-feeding is simpler and easier than bottle-feeding, even with the newest handy formula packs. Obviously there's no need to buy formula, boil bottles, refrigerate, and reheat, or to perform a myriad of related chores. No need either to get up to heat a bottle in the middle of the night while a hungry baby complains; just pick up the baby and nestle back in bed.

Marian Tompson, president of La Leche League International, a leading force for breast-feeding since the 1950s, says that you can, with a little practice, nurse your baby anytime, any place. La Leche, which offers invaluable help, advice, and encouragement

Grown-up love and sexuality are not to be shut down during the breast-feeding period. Instead, you're likely to feel especially sexy during this time; and you may learn new aspects of your sexual being. Just as non-pregnant women often lactate slightly during intercourse, the act of nursing itself often is sexually arousing.

For the man in your life, the period in which you breast-feed his child can be and should be a rewarding one. The emotional and physical "bonding" that breast-feeding promotes can extend three ways. Some ways to reinforce the bond are a father's close presence during feeding, and his sharing in physical contact with the baby by bathing it, changing it, and holding it—making infant care a lot more fun, too. Many fathers find breast-feeding as a spectator event a lovely experience. ▽

BREAST CHANGES

(Continued from page 177)

They don't have to be plucked or removed. Actually, if the hairs are plucked, there's a risk of blocking the glands that lubricate the hairs and forming abscesses, so hairs should be left alone."

Because mammary glands develop from skin tissue the way sweat glands do, they extend only down to the muscle layer of the body and aren't attached to the underlying firm muscle wall at all.

"I keep hearing about attachments to the body wall that hold the breasts up called 'Cooper's ligaments,'" said Dr. Crelin. "They don't exist. There isn't anything more specialized to hold the breast to the body wall than anywhere else in the body where there's fat and skin. It's the skin around the breasts that supports them, that's all."

The connective tissue system of the body changes as we get older. The epidermis, the outer layer which gives rise to the cells that make mammary glands, sweat glands, and hair, is microscopic in thickness, about .07 millimeter. Everything deeper than that is dermis. The basic constituent of dermis is connective tissue called collagen, the fibers of the body that bind us together. In the lining cells of our intestinal tract, in our lungs, in our blood, and in our epidermis, new cells are constantly being made. In the connective tissue, however, the material isn't renewed and undergoes breakdown changes with age. One of these changes is that it loses its elasticity, the support mechanism is gone.

"Breasts may increase in size as a woman gets older"

Because there are no muscle attachments, exercise won't help to keep the bust line firm. (It will improve posture, however, which gives the bust line a better contour—see page 178.) Nor will exercises, water massages, moisturizing or massage creams help to enlarge small breasts. The body's own genetic code determines breast size, and that's the only thing that does.

More mammary fat often does develop with age. It's not uncommon for women to increase their bra-cup size as they get older, according to Dr. Barnes. "It's nothing a woman can control herself, it doesn't happen to everyone, and it's certainly not anything to worry about," she said. Is this extra fat the result of hormonal changes? We don't know that either.

"The monthly cyclical changes the breast undergoes are amazing," said Dr. Crelin. "Each month that she menstruates, a woman grows a whole new lining in her uterus in which a fertilized egg can implant itself. This is controlled by the pituitary hormones that stimulate the ovaries to produce estrogen and progesterone. These same hormones stimulate the duct system to grow to the point where it can go on to produce milk. Then the menstrual flow stops, the hormone level drops, and the duct system returns to its normal size. There's a constant growth and regression through every cycle."

During this cycle, breast size may not change noticeably but the area around the nipple and the nipple itself become more sensitive both at mid-cycle and again at menstruation. (This mid-cycle peak of sensitivity is absent in women taking oral contraceptives.) The most spectacular increase in sensitivity occurs twenty-four hours after giving birth, a necessary reflex because it's the key mechanism controlling the infant's food supply—the reason that we develop breasts in the first place. ▽



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MILAN: SPECIAL REPORT

(Continued from page 146)

Once you see these suits—you'll covet the blouses! (Bowed, always beauties.)

But, it's not just the City Suits that make Italian fashion so special this fall . . . it's the wealth of City Coats, too. When was the last time you wanted to buy a fabric coat because it looked so tempting? so delicious? Well, this fall, the City Coat is back in full force . . . take your pick:

- The *slim straight coat* with broader shoulders.
- The *topper* cut like a cardigan or bulky sweater top—it solves the skirt-length situation with class!
- The *reversible coat*—often a knit on one side and a raincoat on the other—a world of multiple dressing.

City Suits and City Coats offer a whole new way to look this fall

- And, of course, the City Coat goes out at night. Most of the best day coats come in strong, luxurious one-of-a-kind fabrics for night.

Parts of this coat story are the raincoat and the leather coat. Both are naturals. From the rubberized black raincoats of Basile (with brilliant color linings) to leathers made to look like crocodile and lizard at Armani.

As the pros know: no Italian collection is complete without *knits*. And the Italians have come up with enough ideas to make a season of sensuous sweaters. Just look at them:

- *Decorated sweaters* in cashmere, angora, rabbit's hair, even bouclé knit are made glamorous with beading, embroidery, appliqués. These are worn under jackets or stand alone with skirts and pants.
- *Twin sweater sets*—always a favorite—are all over the Italian collections.
- *Metallic yarns*—or other kinds of glamour—crop up even in twin sweater sets.
- And, of course, lots of *big, lovely patterned sweaters* done as pullovers or cardigans and worn over tights, skirts, or pants.

Maybe it's the mood, the atmosphere, or the climate; but Italians are leaders, too, when it comes to colors. And for fall, all *shades of blue* are leading the way. Fendi set the mood with a collection of furs based on "Skies of the World"—and other Italians added: mallard blue, cobalt blue, indigo blue, peacock blue, and sapphire blue.

While black is the number-one "color"—often spiked with white or sparkling clear reds, blues, and golds—the newest neutral color is *grey*! It is shown in all shades from silver to pearl; pewter to smoke.

During the day—rich Renaissance tones of Burgundy, bronze green, gold, and amethyst are important. While at night, Persian jewel colors such as ruby, jade, sapphire, and topaz are tops.

Big accessory news centers on the leg. As skirts get shorter, the whole impact of the leg and the shoe gets stronger. No doubt about it—*the high-heeled pump*—closed toe and heel—is the number-one shoe to come out of these Milan collections. It's liked in leathers, suèdes, and reptiles—usually black and sometimes piped or detailed in contrasting colors. Most Italian designers showed sheer black, smoke, or taupe hoisery with these pumps.

Belts, belts, belts. The waist is prominent. From tailored, covered-buckle belts to fantasy ones of feathers and jewels.

Italians love to add color in appealing ways. Take the *linings of coats and jackets*. Often, they're printed, patterned, or peeking out in vivid contrasting colors. They're so individual, they almost become accessories.

Or take *the colored glove*; it's a knockout! Suède, cashmere, leather . . . short or long, fringed or gauntlets . . . the colored glove adds impact to city coats and suits. The Milanese like it best in reds, royals, or real luggage tones.

And as the shoulder gets wider, the head looks smaller—owing to head-covering cloches, fedoras, berets, toques, and porkpies. Even the models looked better with the look of shorter hair—not always cut short, but wrapped, rolled, or twisted to give a neater shape.

Summing up Milan 1979—it's fast becoming an international fashion center—where clothes reflect a sense of quality and craftsmanship. ▽

GUIDRY

(Continued from page 159)

that he preferred nothing to being alone with his wife and baby daughter or tramping the Louisiana woods in search of wild game, and that once, before a particularly important contest, he spent the day banging away on his child's toy xylophone—this was tonic to our demotic souls.

But above all else, what made Ron Guidry unique was that, alone among the pitchers on "the best team money could buy," he seemed to materialize from nowhere. Understand, the Yankee fan does not mind so very much that his team's best pitchers were all developed by other organizations. The moment they arrived on the Yankees, they were magically stripped of their alien pasts and embraced as if they had been swaddled in pinstripes.

Still, a faint sense of these players' imperfection as Yankees lingers—as if they were artworks plundered from other civilizations. In the museum of our fantasies, we walk admiringly but briskly past the images of Jim "Catfish" Hunter (painted in Oakland; bought at auction for $3.75 million), Eduardo Figueroa (cast in California; purchased with Bonds), Rich "Goose" Gossage (incubated in Chicago; bought at auction for $3.6 million), and reverently enter the chapel of Ron Guidry. There we stoop to read the plaque on the side of his pedestal: "Ronald Ames Guidry, left-handed pitcher acquired as an amateur and signed for a bonus he himself described as 'a hot dog covered with mustard.' "

We swoon. ▽

MONEY

A woman's guide to life insurance: how to comparison shop

To help you to buy, some companies are translating their policies into plain, understandable English

By William Flanagan

For many women, understanding insurance is simply too important a process to be ignored, or taken for granted. In fact, most consumers don't know that all insurance companies do not charge basically the same thing for basically the same coverage. And, because the language of a policy is about as easy to understand as Sanskrit, many consumers don't know what they have bought even after signing up for a policy.

For example, the Wisconsin state insurance commissioner recently completed a study showing that a twenty-five-year-old woman who buys a $25,000 whole-life insurance policy can pay widely differing prices for the same coverage. If she buys from the Prudential Insurance Company of America, she pays one price. Such a policy at The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company would cost her 41 percent less. Massachusetts Mutual would charge 47 percent less than Prudential. And, if she were a teacher and insured with the Teachers Insurance & Annuity Association, she'd save more.

There is no need to get so distressed about the "rip-off" of life insurance that you skip buying it. It is up to you to determine whether you or your husband needs coverage or not. Certainly if you are married and have children, insurance should be carefully considered. Being insured can bring a peace of mind that is very hard to put a price tag on.

But the basic problems remain: How do you best decipher a policy, and how do you comparison shop?

First off, you must know how to read a policy before you buy one. Thanks to the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company—the first insurer to render into understandable English just what a policy covers—other insurers will soon have "readable" policies. You can get a sample copy of a typical policy by writing Massachusetts Mutual, Public Relations Department, 1295 State Street, Springfield MA 01111. Reading it will answer your basic questions about insurance.

Determining how to price-compare policies is more difficult. Since different life-insurance policies can have different characteristics—dividend features, cash-value accrual, borrowing potential for the insured—it is not easy to compare policies strictly on the basis of cost. But keep the following things in mind when you are shopping. These "Points to Remember" come from *The Life Insurance Conspiracy*, by Peter Speilman and Aaron Zelman (Simon and Schuster). The book is a very useful guide to anyone buying life insurance—the authors have a specific chapter for women—and it acknowledges the need for the product.

- The whole point of buying life insurance is to provide financial security in case of unprepared-for death; yet an insurance agent often persuades his client to buy a cash-value policy that pays smaller benefits than a term-insurance policy costing the same.
- The cash-value policy may not pay a large enough death benefit to be worthwhile. It could just cover the burial costs.
- On the other hand, the low interest paid on the "cash-surrender values" of a whole-life policy doesn't keep pace with inflation.
- If you die while insured by a whole-life policy, those cash-values are forfeited. The company will pay your beneficiary only the face amount of the policy.
- The insurance agent is paid a higher commission from his company to sell whole-life insurance than the cheaper term policies, which may affect his enthusiasm in selling.
- Your whole-life insurance agent may promise you continuing services when he sells you your policy, but he won't tell you the average agent stays in the business only six months.
- Whole-life insurance is often bought by young people, sometimes where there is obviously no need for insurance, because it is supposedly cheaper at young ages. This seldom saves money, since they then will be paying premiums over a longer time.
- The average length of time that any life-insurance policy is kept in force is about seven to nine years. Most people let them lapse during this period. In the case of whole-life or cash-value policies, you are grossly overpaying in the early years—a time when term insurance would be relatively inexpensive—and you may not continue coverage long enough to make a whole-life policy worthwhile.

"Widely differing prices for the same coverage"

Is it time to insure yourself or your husband? Or is it time for you to consider a new or different life-insurance policy? In the chapter "Women Be Wise," the authors cite a study published in 1970 by the Life Underwriter Training Council and the Life Insurance Agency Management Association regarding 1744 widows whose husbands died unexpectedly:

- The median age of husbands at death was forty-five.
- Ninety-two percent of the widows said their husbands had some form of life insurance, but only 7 percent received benefit payments from income options or annuities.
- Only one-fourth of the widows said that an agent had prepared a program outlining her husband's insurance needs.
- One-half of the widows said their living standards had declined after the death of their husbands; one in five described her living standards as much lower than before.
- Almost one-half of the families had dependent children, and 37 percent of the widowed mothers said their financial situations had had an effect on their childrens' lives, 13 percent saying that the plans for college education had been or would be affected.
- Less than one widow in five ever discussed insurance with her husband.
- The majority of the widows—52 percent—received less than $5000 in death benefits, and 70 percent received less than $10,000.

Doubtless a "Widow's Study" would reveal different data today, presuming that the gains in women's rights over the past decade have brought some awareness to husbands as well as to wives. But the fact remains that three out of four women outlive their mates. And even in cases where divorce occurs, many women remain the beneficiaries of their ex-spouses' policies—another reason to understand insurance before you buy. ▽

FASHION INFORMATION

Cover: Joan Vass sweater, about $305. Bloomingdale's; John Wanamaker; Neiman-Marcus.

Page 122: Silk crêpe de Chine beaded scarf, Heaven Designs. Neiman-Marcus. Panty stockings, "Leg Looks Collection" by Burlington. Available at fine stores everywhere. Cashmere gloves, Aris Gloves. Oct., Bloomingdale's; Joseph Magnin.

Page 123: Victor Carranza earrings. Bloomingdale's; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills. Bill Blass, Ltd. snakeskin jacket, about $1,580. Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's on the Plaza; Neiman-Marcus; Balliet's.

Pages 124–125: *Left*: Marsha Breslow bangles. Bonnie Doon socks. Available at fine stores everywhere. *Center Inset*: Small Wonders bangles. Aris Gloves. Hanes panty stockings. Garolini shoes. Kaufmann's; Garfinckel's. *Right*: Esther Gallant earrings. Calvin Klein for Alixandre fur muff.

Pages 126–127: *Left*: Barrette and earrings by Joanie Designs. Handbag by Carina Nucci, NYC. Round-The-Clock panty stockings. Shoes, Andrew Geller. Altman's. . . . *Right*: Joanie Designs earrings. Bracelet by Les Bernard. Belt, Marchant. Morris Moskowitz bag.

Page 128–129: *Inset*: John Anthony skirt, Tarloni silk/The Ideacomo Group. Sash, John Anthony. Panty stockings, Geoffrey Beene for Bonnie Doon. At fine stores everywhere. Andrew Geller shoes. Altman's; Sakowitz; Robinson's, California. . . . *Above*: Le Bourget gold sheer panty stockings. Henri Bendel; Lingerique, Birmingham, MI; Macy's, San Francisco. . . . *Right*: Bracelet, Jessica Rose. Henri Bendel.

Page 130: Earrings, Jilbari Designs. Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. Ken Begun resin ball bracelet. Bergdorf Goodman; Bullock's. Dennis Higgins bangle.

Page 131: Valentino camel hair/wool jacket,

(Continued on page 216)

"To Drink Is a Christian Diversion Unknown to the Turk or Persian"



Henry McNulty has had to concur with William Congreve's observation ever since the age of three when the communal wine and water his parson father prepared each Sunday for the flock first came to the tot's attention. But Mr. McNulty not being content to simply sit and sip has taken this Christian diversion into another dimension by writing one of the wittiest and most useful books on the subject of drinking that has come along since the Restoration.

From it we learn not only how to mix over 200 recipes for different drinks but also.

Why rum tends to get darker the further south it is produced.

Why Russians never drink vodka alone.

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FASHION INFORMATION

(Continued from page 215)

about $820; and silk taffeta blouse (Taroni/The Ideacomo Group), about $315. Valentino Boutique, NYC; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz. Joanne Cooper earrings. Kruger Gallery, NYC; Jamie, Nashville; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach, CA.

Page 132: Embroidered silk taffeta jacket, Claude Montana for Gibo, about $3,500 (sold as a suit, silk crêpe de Chine skirt not shown). Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo; Sakowitz; Charles Gallay. Accessories by Fabrice.

Page 133: Emanuel Ungaro black wool jacket, about $575, and silk crêpe de Chine blouse, about $325. Emanuel Ungaro Boutique, NYC, Bal Harbour, Detroit, Houston. Earrings, Sandy Baker. Ashanti, NYC; Emily's Across the Street, Detroit; Scheherazade, Edina, MN.

Page 134, 137, 138: All accessories by Yves Saint Laurent.

Page 135: Joanne Cooper earrings. Emanuel Ungaro boots. All other accessories, Chloé.

Page 136: Photographed at the Hotel de Crillon, Paris. All shoes, Guido Pasquali.

Page 139: All accessories by Chloé.

Page 140: Belt, Ruza for Elegant. Black bracelets by Faces of Time. Les Bernard black and golden bracelet.

Page 141: Panty stockings at Macy's; Hudson's; Bullock's.

Page 142: Necklace by Robert Lee Morris at Artwear, NYC. Alex & Lee bracelet at The Kiva Gallery, Scarsdale, NY.

Page 143: Ben Amun earrings. Bonwit Teller. Small Wonders bracelets. Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin; Bonwit Teller.

Page 145: *Above right*: Ken Begun bracelet. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Bullock's, Century City. Anne Klein for Calderon belt. Shoes by Anne Klein.

Page 146: *Above*: Giorgio Armani wool/cashmere sweater, about $216. Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC & Toronto; Lily Simon, Montreal. Accessories by Armani. . . . *Center left*: see page 150, far left. Accessories by Armani. . . . *Center right*: Krizia wool blend coat, about $425. Late July at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills. All accessories by Krizia. . . . *Below*: Krizia polyester raincoat, about $525; wool blend sweater set, about $327; wool blend skirt, about $138. At Oggi, Miami. All accessories by Krizia.

Page 147: *Left*: Coat also at Nan Duskin; Kaufmann's; Garfinckel's; Hudson's; Hattie; Woolf Bros. Dress also at Higbee's; Maxfield Bleu, Los Angeles. . . . *Center*: Coat also at Neiman-Marcus. . . . *Right*: Top and skirt also at Charles Sumner; John Wanamaker; Bonwit Teller. Coat also at Nan Duskin. All shoes by Maud Frizon. Accessories by Missoni.

Page 148: All accessories by Basile. Boots and shoes by Guido Pasquali.

Page 149: *Left*: Accessories by Giorgio Armani. Guido Pasquali shoes. . . . *Center*: Fox fur jacket, accessories and shoes by Krizia. . . . *Right*: Basile panty stockings. Guido Pasquali shoes.

Page 150: *Left*: Armani also at Hattie; Ultimo; Maxfield Bleu, Los Angeles; Lily Simon, Montreal. . . . *Center*: Also at Hattie; Ultimo; Charles Gallay; Lily Simon, Montreal. . . . *Right*: Also at Hattie; Ultimo; Neiman-Marcus; Maxfield Bleu; Lily Simon, Montreal. All shoes by Guido Pasquali. Accessories by Giorgio Armani.

Page 151: *Left*: Coat also at Charles Sumner. Sweater also at Barney's, NYC; Ruth Shaw, Baltimore; Hattie. . . . *Center*: Jacket, pants and sweater also at Hattie; Ultimo. Sweater only at Ruth Shaw; Holt Renfrew of Canada. . . . *Right*: Jacket and sweater also at Ultimo. Jacket only at Ruth Shaw, Baltimore. All shoes by Guido Pasquali. Accessories by Ferrè.

Page 152: All accessories shown with Gianni Versace clothing are by Gianni Versace. Accessories shown with Caumont clothing are by Caumont.

Page 153: All accessories by Krizia.

Page 154: Belt by Fendi.

Page 182–183: *Left*: Children's clothes at Cerutti, NYC. . . . *Center*: Hanes panty stockings, available at fine department stores. . . . *Right*: Small Wonders earrings. Electric Sok tights at Henri Bendel; Bullock's. Amalfi shoes at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Pages 184–185: **1.** Belt, La Bagagerie, NYC, Beverly Hills. **2.** Belt, see #1. Hanes panty stockings. Julianelli pumps. **3.** Burlington panty stockings. Available at fine stores everywhere. **4.** Belt, see #1. Ann Peerce bracelet. Amalfi shoes. **5.** Joseph Mazer earrings. Marsha Breslow lapis-and-gold lariat at neck. Bloomingdale's; Bullock's. Christian Dior Legwear panty stockings.

Page 186–187: **1.** & **3.** Christian Dior Legwear. **2.** Burlington "Leg Looks Collection." **4.** "So Soft So Sheer" by Burlington. **5.** Trimfit knee socks. All panty stockings and socks at fine department and specialty stores. **6.** Ben Amun earrings. Macy's, Herald Square; Bullock's, Century City. La Bagagerie belt.

Pages 188–189: **1.** Earrings by Small Wonders. Christian Dior Legwear, see information pages 186–187. Garolini shoes. **2.** Belt, Shawn Patrick & Janice Mooney for First & Mooney, NYC. Coach Leatherware clutch bag. Altman's; Neiman-Marcus. Shoes by Geoffrey Beene. **3.** Ben Amun earrings. Bracelet, Bonwillum. Handbag by Bottega Veneta, NYC. Andrew Geller shoes, see information page 184. **4.** Lisandro Sarasola belt. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. Panty stockings by Hanes. Charles Jourdan shoes. **5.** Hanes panty stockings. Bamberger's. **6.** Earrings by F. B. Durland. Ann Peerce bracelet. Andrew Geller shoes, see page 182. Christian Dior Legwear, see information page 186.

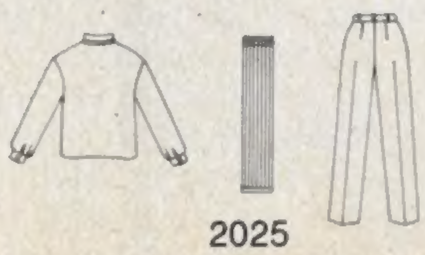
Page 190: Jilbari Designs earrings. Belt by Marchant. Panty stockings by Christian Dior Legwear. Andrew Geller shoes.

Page 191: Jerry Kott earrings. Bracelet by F.B. Durland. Henri Bendel.

VOGUE PATTERNS

Back views, yardages, details of pp. 190-191





Suit, Vogue Pattern 9832. Sizes 8-16. Size 10: 2 yds. of 54/56" fabric. $4. Canada, $4.40. **Blouse and pants,** Vogue Pattern 2025. Sizes 6-14. Size 10: blouse—3 yds. of 36" fabric; pants—3 yds. of 36" fabric; cummerbund—1 yd. of 35, 44/45, 60" fabric. $5. Canada, $5.50.

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